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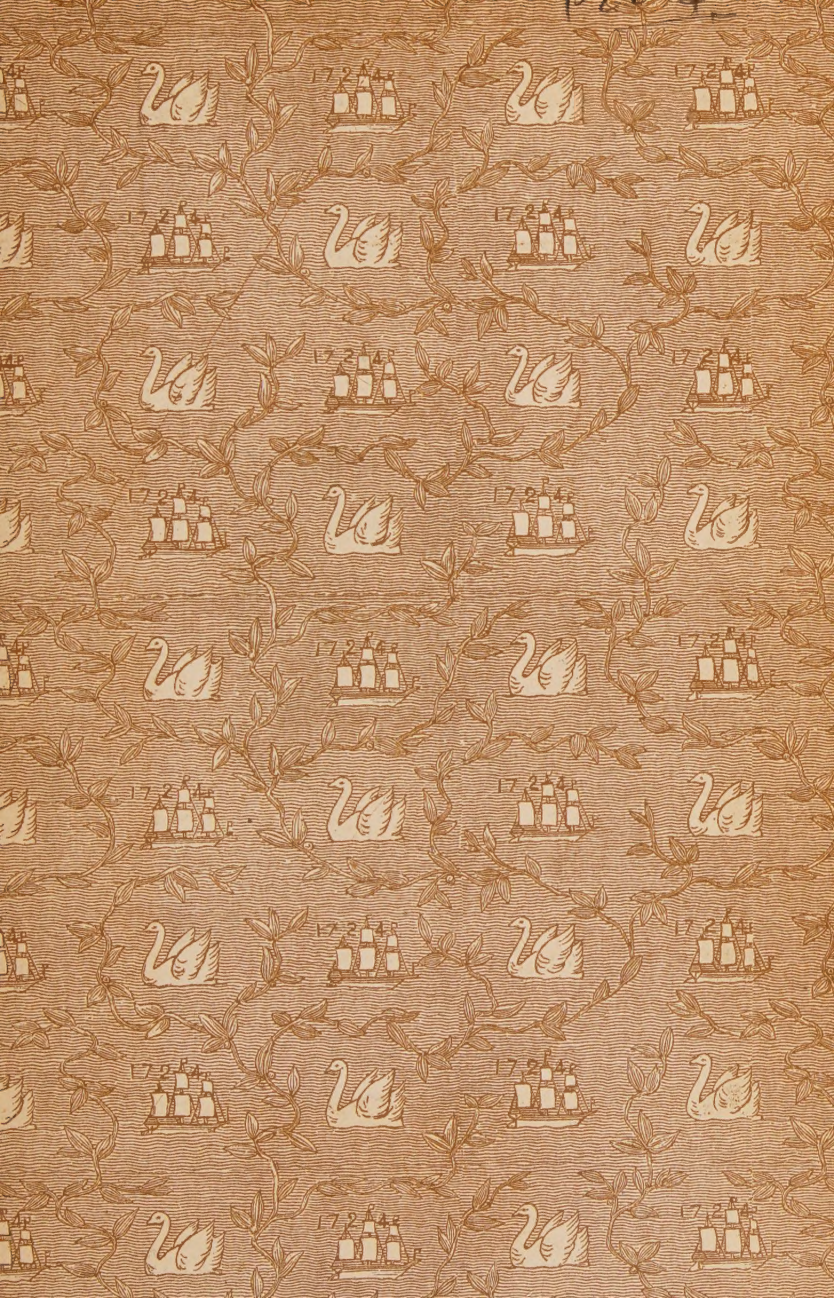
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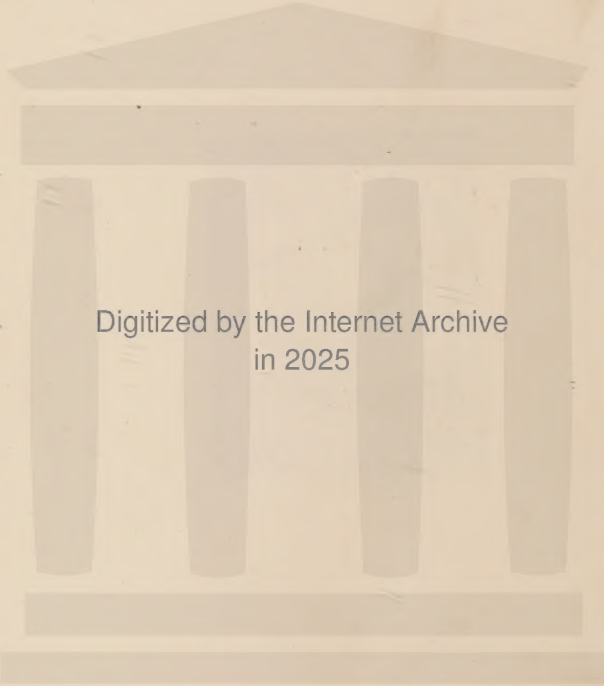
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VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES

BY
WILLIAM HOWITT

AUTHOR OF 'THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND' 'BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK' ETC.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY SAMUEL WILLIAMS



Wolsey blessing children

NEW IMPRESSION

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TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

MR. HOWITT remarks in the Introduction to the former Edition of this work that 'to visit the most remarkable scenes of old English history and manners, and to record the impressions thence derived in their immediate vividness; to restore, as it were, each place and its inhabitants to freshness, and to present them freed from the dust of ages and heaviness of antiquarian rubbish piled upon them, would be a labour responded to with emphasis by readers of the present day.' The great and lasting popularity of the 'Visits to Remarkable Places' has justified the expectations of the Author. But the book, in two volumes, was unavoidably large and costly. The present condensed edition of it is adapted to be the companion of the tourist and a source of amusement and instruction to a larger class of readers. All that is essential to the

history of the spots visited will be found in this volume, though a good deal of redundant matter is omitted. It should, however, be borne in mind that Mr. HOWITT describes these scenes as he saw them forty years ago, and that the lapse of time may have affected their aspect, though it has not changed or diminished their historical interest.

The designs executed for the former editions by Messrs. Richardson, Mr. Carmichael, and Mr. Weld Taylor have been retained, with one or two exceptions, and it is hoped that the work in its present shape will not be less attractive than that from which it is taken.

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*VISIT TO PENSHURST IN KENT, THE ANCIENT
SEAT OF THE SIDNEYS.*

* * * * * Tread,
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,—
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned.

SOUTHEY.

ENGLAND, amongst her titled families, can point to none more illustrious than that of Sidney. It is a name which carries with it the attestation of its genuine nobility. Others are of older standing in the realm. It is not one of those to be found on the roll of Battle Abbey. The first who bore it in England is said to have come hither in the reign

of Henry III. There are others too which have mounted much higher in the scale of mere rank; but it may be safely said that there is none of a truer dignity, nor more endeared to the spirits of Englishmen. In point of standing and alliance, there is hardly one of our old and most celebrated families with which it will not be found to be connected. Warwick, Leicester, Essex, Northumberland, Pembroke, Carlisle, Burleigh, Sutherland, Rutland, Strangford, Sunderland, are some of the families united by blood or marriage with the house and fortunes of the Sidneys. The royal blood of England runs in the veins of their children.

Of this distinguished line, the most illustrious and popular was unquestionably Sir Philip. The universal admiration that he won from his contemporaries is one of the most curious circumstances of the history of those times. The generous and affectionate enthusiasm with which he inspired both his own countrymen and foreigners, has, perhaps, no parallel. Sir Philip still continues to be spoken of by all genuine poets and minds of high intellect with much of the same affectionate honour that he received from his own age. 'He approaches,' says Dr. Aikin, 'more nearly to the idea of a perfect man, as well as of a perfect knight, than any character of any age or nation.'¹

This perfection of character is shown by these particulars: that from his boyhood he was eager for the acquisition of all possible knowledge—language, philosophy, poetry, every species of art and science, were devoured by him; yet he did not give himself up merely to the pursuit of knowledge; he never became a mere bookworm. He was equally fond of field sports and manly exercises. He was looked up to as the perfect model of a courtier, without

¹ *Annual Review*, p. 919.

the courtier's baseness of adulation. Elizabeth pronounced him the brightest jewel of her crown. He was deemed the very mirror of knighthood. In the camp he was the ardent warrior; he was sent on foreign embassy of high importance, and proved himself a dexterous politician.

His tender attachment to his sister, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, is known to all the world. It was to Wilton that he betook himself during his temporary absence from court, on account of his difference with the insolent Earl of Oxford, to write his *Arcadia*. It was to her that he dedicated it, and more than dedicated it, calling it '*Pembroke's Arcadia*.' It was to her that he sent it, sheet by sheet, when he was not present with her to read it to her; living in her approbation of it, and seeking no other fame from it, for it was not published till after his death.

The death of Sir Philip Sidney, from a wound received on the field of Zutphen, has become celebrated by the circumstance continually referred to as an example of the most heroic magnanimity—giving up the water for which he had earnestly implored to a dying soldier near—saying, 'he has more need of it than I.' But the whole of his behaviour from that time to the hour of his death, twenty-five days afterwards, was equally characteristic—being spent amongst his friends in the exercise of the most exemplary patience and sweetness of temper, and in the discussion of such solemn topics as the near view of eternity naturally brings before the spirit of the dying Christian.

Algernon Sidney is as fine a character, though seen under another and a sterner aspect. He was born to more troublous times and a less courtly scene. He had evidently formed himself upon a model of Roman virtue. He was a pure republican, placing public virtue before him as his

guide, from which neither interest nor ambition were ever able to make him swerve. We see in his portraits the firm and melancholy look of a man who had grown up for political martyrdom, and the times afforded him but too much opportunity to arrive at it.

Sir Philip Sidney grew under the most favourable auspices. His mother was Mary Dudley, the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and sister of Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey. The tragedies which the enthronement of Lady Jane brought into her family, made her retire from the world, and devote herself to the careful education of her children. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was one of the noblest and best of men, and one who, had he not been eclipsed by the glory of his descendants, must have occupied more of the attention of the English historian than he has done. In his arms expired the pious young prince Edward VI., who entertained the warmest friendship for him ; and his conduct in the government of Ireland, of which he was thrice Lord Deputy, and all his recorded sentiments, exhibit him a rare example of integrity and wisdom.

Such were some of the Sidneys of other days : and, as if poetry were destined to break forth with periodical lustre in this family, it has now to add Percy Bysshe Shelley to its enduring names ; for Shelley was a lineal Sidney ; Sir John Shelley Sidney being his paternal uncle, and his cousin Philip Sidney, Lord de L'Isle, being the late possessor of Penshurst.

In these preliminary pages I have traced some of the causes which must throw a lasting and peculiar interest around Penshurst : let us now hasten thither at once.

Having received from Lord de L'Isle an order to see

everything of public interest at Penshurst, accompanied by an expectation that he would himself be there, and ready to give me all the information in his power, I went there on Tuesday, September 25th, 1838.

I took coach to Tunbridge on Monday, and after breakfast on Tuesday morning walked on to Penshurst, through a delightful country; now winding along quiet green lanes, and now looking out on the great beautiful dale in which Tunbridge stands, and over other valleys to my left. Green fields and rustic cottages interspersed amongst woods; and the picturesque hop-grounds on the steep slopes and in the hollows of the hills, now in their full glory; and all the rural population out and busy gathering in the hops, completed just such scenery as I expected to find in the lovely county of Kent.

The whole road as I came from town was thronged with huge waggons of pockets of new hops, piled nearly as high as the houses they passed, a great quantity of these going up out of Sussex: and here, at almost every farm-house and group of cottages, you perceived the rich aromatic odour of hops, and saw the smoke issuing from the cowls of the drying kilns. The whole country was odoriferous of hop.

The first view which I got of the old house of Penshurst, called formerly both Penshurst Place and Penshurst Castle,¹ was as I descended the hill opposite to it. Its grey walls and turrets, and high-peaked and red roofs rising in the midst of them; and the new buildings of fresh stone, mingled with the ancient fabric, presented a very striking and venerable aspect.

It stands in the midst of a wide valley, on a pleasant elevation; its woods and parks stretching away beyond,

¹ Originally Pencester

northwards ; and the picturesque church, parsonage, and other houses of the village, grouping in front.

From whichever side you view the house, it strikes you as a fitting abode of the noble Sidneys. Valleys run out on every side from the main one in which it stands ; and the hills, which are everywhere at some distance, wind about in a very pleasant and picturesque manner, covered with mingled woods and fields, and hop-grounds. The park ranges northward from the house in a gently ascending



The Sidney Oak.

slope, and presents you with many objects of interest, not merely in trees of enormous growth, but in trees to which past events and characters have given an everlasting attraction ; especially Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, Saccharissa's Walk, and Gamage's Bower. Southey and Waller have both celebrated the Sidney Oak. Southey says—

That stately oak
Itself hath mouldered now.

Zouch, in his life of Sir Philip, on the contrary, says it was cut down in 1768. It is probable that both statements are

erroneous; for the oak which tradition has called 'the Sidney Oak,' and 'the Bear's Oak,' no doubt in allusion to the Bear-and-ragged-staff in the Leicester arms, is still standing. Probably the one cut down was what Ben Jonson calls 'the Ladies' Oak.'

The house now presents two principal fronts. The one facing westward formerly looked into a court called the President's Court, because the greater part of it was built by Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip, and Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales.

The north and principal front, facing up the park, was restored by its late possessor, and presents a battlemented range of stone buildings of various projections, towers, turrets, and turreted chimneys, which, since the windows have been put in, not fully done at the time of my visit, has few superiors amongst the castellated mansions of England.

The old gateway tower remains, and still forms the carriage entrance. Over the door is a stone tablet with this inscription :--

THE MOST RELIGIOUS AND RENOWNED PRINCE EDWARD THE SIXTH KINGE OF ENGLAND FRANCE AND IRELAND GAVE THIS HOUSE OF PENCESTER WITH THE MANNORS LANDES AND APPURTENANCES THER UNTO BELONGINGE UNTO HIS TRUSTYE AND WEL-BELOVED SERVANT SYR WILLIAM SYDNY KNIGHT BANNARET SERVINGE HIM FROM THE TYME OF HIS BIRTH UNTO HIS CORONATION IN THE OFFICES OF CHAMBERLAYNE AND STUARDE OF HIS HOUSEHOLD IN COMMEMORATION OF WHICH MOST WORTHIE AND FAMOUS KINGE SIR HENRIE SYDNEY KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL ESTABLISHED IN THE MARCHES OF WALES SONNE AND HEYRE OF THE AFORE NAMED SYR WILLIAM CAUSED THIS TOWER TO BE BUYLDED AND THAT MOST EXCELLENT PRINCES ARMS TO BE ERECTED ANNO DOMINI 1585.

The royal arms are accordingly emblazoned in stone on another tablet beneath.

Immediately on the right hand of this gateway, as you front it, remains a piece of ancient brick front with its armorial escutcheons, tall octagon brick tower, and cross-banded chimneys. The rest, with the exception of the stone tower terminating the western end, is all new ; containing another entrance arch, with the family arms emblazoned above it, and which, with its Elizabethan windows,



corbels, and shields, is in excellent keeping with the old portion. From the eastern end of this front runs a fine avenue of limes, and at a short distance in the park is Gamage's Bower, now a mere woody copse.

In the court, opposite the door of the banqueting-hall, hangs a large bell, on a very simple frame of wood. The whole has a genuine look of the ancient time when hunters came hungry from the forest, and needed no gilded belfry to summon them to dinner. On the bell is inscribed, in raised letters :

ROBERT EARL OF LEICESTER, AT PENSHURST, 1649.

The old banqueting-hall is a noble specimen of the baronial hall of the reign of Edward III., when both house and table exhibited the rudeness of the martial age, and

both gentle and simple revelled together, parted only by the salt. The floor is of brick. The raised platform, or dais, at the west-end, advances sixteen feet into the room. The width of the hall is about forty feet, and the length of it about fifty-four feet. On each side are tall gothic windows, much of the tracery of which has been some time knocked out, and the openings plastered up. At the east-end is a fine large window, with two smaller ones above it ; but the large window is, for the most part, hidden by the front of the music-gallery. In the centre of the floor an octagon space is marked out with a rim of stone, and within this space stands a massy old dog, or brand-iron, about a yard and a half wide, and the two upright ends three feet six inches high, having on their outer sides, near the top, the double broad arrow of the Sidney arms. The smoke from the fire, which was laid on this jolly dog, ascended and passed out through the centre of the roof, which is high, and of framed oak, and was adorned at the spring of the huge groined spars with grotesque projecting carved figures, or corbels, which are now taken down, being considered in danger of falling, and are laid in the music-gallery.



The whole of this fine old roof is, indeed, in a very decayed state, and unless repaired and made proof against the weather, must, ere many winters be over, come down : a circumstance extremely to be regretted, being said to be the oldest specimen of our ancient banqueting-hall remaining.

The massy oak tables remain. That on the dais, or the

lord's table, is six yards long, and about one wide ; and at this simple board no doubt Sir Philip and Algernon Sidney, the Countess of Pembroke, Saccharissa, Waller, Ben Jonson, and, though last mentioned, many a noble, and some crowned heads, have many a time dined. What a splendid group, indeed, may imagination summon up and set down at this



Banqueting Hall.

rude table, where unquestionable history will warrant us in placing them ! At one time the gentle and pious Edward VI. ; at another his more domineering and shrewd sister, Elizabeth, with her proud favourite, Leicester or Essex, Cecil or Warwick, all allied to, or in habits of intimacy with, the lord of the house. James I., and Charles,

then prince, no doubt took their seats here; and the paintings in the gallery and rooms above will show us many a high-born beauty, and celebrated noble and gentle-

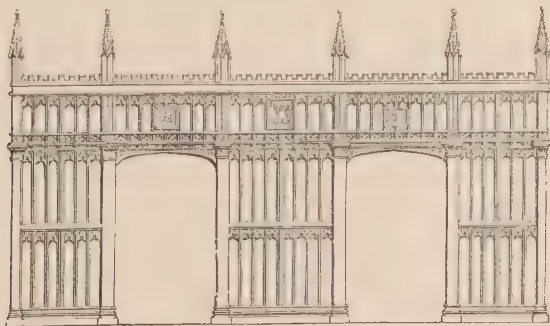


man, who have graced this old hall with their presence, and made its rafters echo to their wit and merriment.

The tables down the sides of the hall, at which the



yeomen retainers and servants sate, are seven yards long, and of a construction several degrees less in remove from the common trestle.



At the lower end of the hall is a tall wainscot screen supporting the music-gallery, the plainness and even rudeness of its fashion marking the earliness of its date. The

space betwixt it and the end of the hall forms a passage from one court to the other, and serves also to conceal the entrances to the kitchen, larder, and other similar offices.

Most of the wainscot and doors of this part of the house are of split oak, never touched with a plane, but reduced to their proper dimensions only by the chisel and the hatchet : sufficient proof of their antiquity. The arched passages and doorways from the courts to the hall are nevertheless of excellent style and workmanship.

At the back of the music-gallery, and up to the very top of the hall, hang shields, matchlocks with their rests, steel caps, banners, and different pieces of armour ; but much the greater portion of those trophies has fallen down, and they lie in the music-gallery, or some of the disused rooms.

On each side of the dais, as in our old colleges, ascends a flight of loo stairs ; one leading to the old apartments of the house, the other into a sort of little gallery, out of which the lord could look into the hall, and call his wassailers to order if any unusual clamour or riot was going on, or call to any of his retainers, bells not then being introduced.

On the right hand of the dais is the entrance into the cellar ; an odd situation to our present fancy, but then, no doubt, thought very convenient for the butler to bring up the wine to the lord's table. Passing the cellar door to the right of the dais, and ascending the loo stairs, you find yourself in the ball-room ; a large room, with two ancient lustre chandeliers surmounted with the crown royal, and said to have been the first made in England, and presented by Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester. In this room are several columns of verd-antique, giallo, and porphyry from Italy ; antique burial urns, and old tables of mosaic marble.

There are four large frescoes by Vanderbrecht :—the Triumph of Cupid ; Venus rising from the Sea ; Europa on the Bull ; and Cupid trying his Bow. Amongst some indifferent portraits is one of Lady E. Sidney, and another of Lady Egerton.

In the pages' room are numerous paintings. Amongst them are the Duke of St. Albans, Nell Gwynn's son, a boy of about eight or ten years of age, in a rich murrey-coloured doublet and breeches, with roses at his knees and on his shoes ; an excellent painting. Heads of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, 1545, the father of Lord Guildford Dudley ; of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester ; and of Mary Dudley, the mother of Sir Philip Sidney. Head of the Duchess of Portsmouth : small full-length of Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland. the Egerton family, three children : head of old Parr, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two : Catherine Cecil, Countess of Leicester, of whom there are several other portraits in the house : head of Algernon Sidney, in a defective state : Duns Scotus : supposed portrait of General Leslie.

There is a small recumbent statue of Cleopatra, from Herculaneum, here ; and the bridle of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I., hangs by one of the windows ; the front martingal, and the bosses of the bits, gilt and much ornamented.

Queen Elizabeth's Room.—It is said that Elizabeth, when visiting Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip, furnished this room. The chairs are fine, tall, and capacious ones, the frames gilded, and the drapery yellow and crimson satin, richly embroidered. They must have been very splendid when in their full glory. The walls of each end of the room are covered with similar embroidered satin, said,

as in all such cases, to have been worked by the queen and her attendants.

Here stand the three most interesting portraits in the house—those of Sir Philip, Algernon, and Mary Sidney, the Countess of Pembroke.

Sir Philip Sidney is here apparently not more than two or three and twenty years of age. His dress is a rich laced doublet of pale crimson; ruff, and scarlet mantle hanging loosely from his shoulder. He is standing reading, with a staff of office in his hand, and with his armour about him. It is a lively portrait, very much resembling that belonging to the Duke of Bedford, from which Lodge's engraving is taken, and also that in Warwick Castle; but of a younger aspect than either. His hair is cut short behind, and turned aside from his forehead; its colour is of a ruddy brown. His complexion is also that of a person who has a tinge of the red in his hair. The same tinge is visible in the hair of many of the Sidneys, both as seen in their portraits and in locks which are preserved.

Lodge's portrait of the Countess of Pembroke is a very good transcript.

Algernon Sidney is also here represented as we see him in the engravings; standing by a column, leaning on a folio book labelled *LIBERTAS*. He is in a buff coat embroidered, a scarlet sash, and steel cuirass. The tower where he was beheaded is in view, and the axe of the executioner behind. His long dark-brown hair is combed over his shoulders; his nose is Roman; and the expression of the whole countenance stern and melancholy. From the emblems of his fate about him, it is evident that this painting was done after his death. The original likeness is in the gallery.

Near this is Lord Lisle, the son of Lady Egerton, by

Lely : Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, the husband of Saccharissa : Col. Thomas Sidney, his wife and child, the father and mother of Mrs. Perry, the grandmother of Sir John Shelley Sidney. The Earl of Leicester, 1618 : Robert, Earl of Leicester, 1632, by Vandyke : Philip, Lord Lisle, Earl of Leicester, 1678 : his mother, again, Lady Elizabeth Sidney (a Bridgwater Egerton) : and the late Lord de l'Isle. Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, by Gerard : Ambrose Dudley, his brother, Earl of Warwick : Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, by Vandyke. A large family piece—Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, 1596, and her six children, all in the formal dress of the time. In this room are various other family portraits, and George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Gainsborough. There is a *Sleeping Venus*, by Titian ; a *Charity*, by Guido ; and perhaps, as a painting, the most attractive piece of all is a Vandyke, Philip, Lord Lisle—a boy with his dog, and his hunting pole upon his shoulder. He has on an embroidered scarf and buskins, richly worked with gold. He appears to be advancing through a wood, and his attention is arrested by something in the trees before him. The whole figure is full of youthful buoyancy, and the countenance of grace and nature.

Tapestry Room.—Full-lengths of William and Mary : William IV., by Sir Thomas Lawrence : Edward VI., by Holbein ; an excellent portrait : Sir Henry Sidney, the president, in a black velvet cap and robe ; a portrait in keeping with his character as a high-minded gentleman.

The most curious painting in this room is perhaps one containing the portraits of the two celebrated sisters, Lady Dorothy Percy, Countess of Leicester, and Lady Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle. These ladies, daughters

of the Duke of Northumberland, so well known in their own day, are well known too by their portraits in Lodge. Here they are given together, and the variation of their character is obvious in their persons. The Countess of Leicester is a woman of that bold beauty which answers to what we know of her; a woman who seemed born to command and to be admired. She had quick passions and a strong will, but she knew both her own nature, and was quick to see that of all who came about her. She had great self-command, and could fascinate, or repel by a cool air of dignity, at her pleasure. Her husband has left us in his letters a very touching account of her death-bed farewell of him. She was the mother of Algernon Sidney; and looking on her fine, but firm and high-spirited face, we recognise at once the source of his lofty and unbending qualities.

The Countess of Carlisle was a woman of similar character in many points, but more devoted to political intrigue.

Here are besides, heads of William and Mary: Nell Gwynn, by Lely, as a Venus lying on a couch with a child standing by her; a strange picture, but beautifully executed. Some family pictures: a sea-piece, by John Tennant, a fisherman looking out with a spying-glass: a curious old piece, a music party: a head of a female, by Giorgione, full of strong character: and St. Peter delivered out of Prison, by Steenwick. There are on the walls two large pieces of Gobelin tapestry; Eolus unbarring the Winds; and the Triumph of Ceres. A card table stands here, given by Queen Elizabeth, the middle of which is covered with needlework embroidery.

Picture Closet.—Algernon Percy as high-admiral of England: Titian's Mistress, by himself; a soft, fattish woman with yellow hair, but beautifully painted: Madonna and

Sleeping Christ, by Guido : the face of the Madonna full of expression, and the light thrown upon it with fine effect : head of a Saint, by Giorgione, in a praying attitude with clasped hands ; the colour of the flesh is of a rich deep yellow as if the saint were the inhabitant of a sultry country : a Crucifixion : Bandits, by Spagnoletto : and various small pieces by good masters.

The Gallery.—A Flemish Woman, by Peter Thoue, 1560, with fruit, very good : a curious old piece, a Madonna and Child, probably brought from some ancient shrine : full-length of Lady Mary Dudley, wife of Sir Henry, and mother of Sir Philip Sidney, with a guitar, and in a rich embroidered gown and Elizabethan ruff, her hair frizzled close to her head : the original portrait of Algernon Sidney, by Verres : Languet, Sir Philip Sidney's friend : Bacchanals, by N. Poussin : piece on marble, a Woman with her Distaff, and a Shepherd playing on his Pipe, with sheep and cattle about : James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, by Vandyke : Dying Mother, probably copied from Murillo : Abraham offering up Isaac ; a large piece, by Guercino da Cento : a Procession, by Rubens, evidently a piece full of life and grace, from what little can be seen of the figures, but nearly invisible from want of cleaning : Telemachus in the island of Calypso.

Dorothea, Countess of Sunderland, by Hoskins, that is, Saccharissa after her marriage : on the other side of the gallery is Saccharissa before her marriage—Dorothea Sidney, by Vandyke. She is represented as a shepherdess in a straw hat, the brim of which is lined with blue satin, her hair is disposed in ringlets on each side of the face, leaving the crown of the head smooth and round in the favourite fashion of the time. Like that of the Sidneys in general, it has a ruddy, or, in her case, rather golden tinge.

For beauty, the portrait of Hoskins, done after her marriage, has the highest claim ; but though there is great softness of figure and complexion about this lady, we are led by the praises of Waller to look for more striking charms than we immediately perceive in Saccharissa. As in Sir Philip Sidney, so in this celebrated woman of his race, there were undoubtedly those fascinations of manner and spirit, which,

though visible to all beholders, have escaped the hand of the painter.



Sir Philip and Robert Sidney

The most curious piece in the gallery, and indeed in the house, is one of Sir Philip Sidney and his brother Robert, afterwards first Earl of Leicester of this line. Sir Philip, a youth of perhaps sixteen, is standing arm-in-arm with Robert, a boy of about thirteen or fourteen. They are in court dresses, both exactly alike, a sort of doublet and collar. The collar is just the boy's collar

of a recent day, except that it is trimmed with lace. The doublet is buttoned down the front with close-set buttons, it is fitted exactly to the body with very close sleeves, and turned up with lace cuffs. The colour of the doublet is French grey. They have trunk-hose, very full indeed, of crimson figured satin, stockings and garters of the same colour as the doublet, with roses at the knees, and on the shoes. Their shoes are of leather, with tan-coloured soles,

and are cut high in the instep, having much the look of listing shoes of the present day ; their swords complete their costume. Their hair is cut short behind and turned aside on the forehead. There is a hat of white beaver lying on a table close to the elbow of Sir Philip, with a stiff upright plume of ostrich feathers, with edges dyed crimson.

The lads have a strong likeness as brothers, and bear the same likeness to the portrait of Sir Philip in Queen Elizabeth's room. Philip has something of an elder-brother, patronising air, and is full of a frank, ardent spirit, such as we may imagine marked the boyhood of such a man.

This curious family and national picture bears about it every mark of authenticity, and has never yet been engraved.

But there are other relics of the family at Penshurst. There are the MSS. In a cabinet, in one of the front rooms, is preserved a considerable collection of these.

One is a MS. with this title—

An. Dom. 1583.

Inventory of Household Furniture, etc. at Kenilworth Castle,
belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

An. Dom. 1583.

What a volume this would have been for Sir Walter Scott when writing his romance of Kenilworth ! Here we have a thorough and particular account of the whole furnishing and household array of Kenilworth, at the very time at which Leicester gave his entertainment to the Queen. There is every article in the house from roof to cellar, and from the lady's bower to the stable. With this MS. before

him, Sir Walter might have given us a portraiture of Kenilworth not only as graphic as was his wont, but as true as if he had been at the entertainment himself. As it is, it is a most valuable exposition of the real state and fashion of a princely house in the reign of Elizabeth.

There are also two volumes of the Household Book of the Sidneys remaining. They are those of Algernon Sidney's father, and are thus entitled—

1624.

Household Expenses of the Right Honourable Lo. vicont Lisle, at London and Pencehurst, from the xiii of Aprill unto xxi of March.

Expenses

In Kitchens, Larders, Buttric, Sellers, Brewhouse, Laundreys, Stables, fewell, and in other places, As here-after may appeare.

In this book, as in the Household Book of the Percys, which has been published, there is a most exact and well-kept account of all expenses throughout the entire establishment. Of the methodical and business habits of our great families in the days of tilting and court revelry, nothing can give more ample proof. Everything is entered, and everything is valued. There was the lord's table ; the table in the hall, probably for the steward, yeomen, and retainers ; the kitchen for the kitchen servants ; the nursery ; and Algernon's room.

We find continual entries in 1625, 'for Algernone,' of puddings, birds, mutton, etc. If Algernon was born in 1622, as it has been asserted, he would now only be three years old, and would be in the nursery ; but if in 1617, as is more

probable, he would be eight, and thus at a more suitable age to be advanced to the dignity of a separate table. Whatever be the fact, such are the entries.

In these books are duly entered the names of all the guests, so that by looking through them we can tell who were the visitants and associates of the family for those years. Many of these entries are very curious, as they regularly note how many attendants the guests brought, and how long they stayed.

1625—30th December.—Sir Geo. and John Ryvers, and their La.; Mr. Geo. Ryvers; Justice Dixon; Justice Selliard and his brethren; and Lord Cruckendon; Anthony Cambridge; and about thirty others at dinner.

Prices of expenses for this weeke.—Kitchen, for flesh, fish, poultrie, butter, eggs, groceries, 29*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; Pantry and seller, in bread, beere, sack, claret, etc. 14*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*; Brewhouse—Laundrie, soape and starge, 1*s.* 11*d.*; Stables, for hay and oats, 1*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; Fewell, in charcoal and billets, 3*l.* 9*s.*

This, it must be confessed, was jovial housekeeping, amounting to about 50*l.* for the week, or 2,500*l.* the year, for mere eating and drinking, when a good pig was worth 1*s.* 8*d.*, and everything in proportion.

These are interesting peeps into the lives and characters of the various members of an ancient line, of some of whom no other memorial remains except the portrait on the wall.

We must here close our visit to Penshurst; only adding, that in the church which stands near the house are to be found monuments of the Sidneys. The remains of Sir Philip lie in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The church, the parsonage, the rustic churchyard—which is entered by an old-fashioned gateway through the very middle of a house, and has some of its graves planted with shrubs and flowers in the manner which John Evelyn says was common in his time in Surrey, the village, and the old mansion itself, are all so pleasantly grouped on their gentle eminence, and surrounded by so delightful a country, that, were there no other cause of attraction, it would be difficult to point out a spot where the lovers of a rural excursion, and a social party, could spend a day more to their hearts'



Saccharissa's Walk.

desire. Who then would not the more love to visit this spot for the recollections that cling to it?

Here you see Sir Philip Sidney, as the boy and the man; you walk under his oak; you tread with Ben Jonson beneath the mighty chestnuts still crowning the hills of the park; you pace under the stupendous beeches of Saccharissa's Walk, now battered with time and tempests; you see Algernon Sidney, not merely as the stern patriot, planning the overthrow of monarchy, but as the delicate child of a stately line, daintily fed in his separate chamber; you recog-

nise the Fair Pembroke as a daughter of this house ; and everywhere tokens of the visits and favour of Edward VI., of Elizabeth, and James, bring us back in spirit to those remarkable reigns. Numbers of portraits of those who figured most eminently on the political stage then, complete the impression ; and we cannot bid adieu to the venerable pile of Penshurst without feeling that it has not merely afforded us a deep satisfaction, but has stimulated us to a closer acquaintance with some of the proudest characters and most eventful times of English history.



The Garden Terrace.



VISIT TO THE FIELD OF CULLODEN.

THERE are few things more interesting than a visit to an old battle-field. The very circumstance impresses indelibly on your mind the history connected with it. It awakes a more lively interest about the deeds done there than can the mere perusal of them in books. It kindles a curiosity about all the persons and the events that once passed over it; and when you have personally traced out the scene, the living knowledge which you have gained of the place and its localities fixes the facts for ever in your memory.

Of the battle-fields in this country I know none which have more interested my imagination than those of Flodden and Culloden. Both were peculiarly disastrous to Scot-

land : in one the king was slain with nearly all his nobility, in the other the regal hopes of his unfortunate descendants were extinguished for ever.

It is no wonder that the struggles of the exiled Stuarts and the exploits of the Highlanders have produced such a multitude of Jacobite songs, and such romances as those of Scott ; and, as thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen now traverse every summer the very scenes inhabited by these heroic clans, and where the principal events of the last rebellion took place, it may be as well, before describing the visit to Culloden, to take a hasty glance at the events that so fatally terminated there.

The moment that our summer tourists enter the great Caledonian Canal, one of the most magnificent, and now one of the most accessible, routes which they can take, they are in the very cradle of the Rebellion of Forty-five. Right and left of those beautiful lochs over which they sail, in the glens and recesses of the wild hills around them, dwell the clans that carried such alarm into England. The fastnesses of Lochaber, Moidart, and Badenoch, sent forth their mountaineers at the first summons of their Prince. Not a splintered mountain towers in view, nor a glen pours its waters into the Glen More nan Albin, or Great Glen of Scotland, but bears on it some trace or tradition of those times. Fort William, Fort Augustus, the shattered holds of Inverlochy, Invergarry, Glen Moriston, all call them to your remembrance. It was here that Lochiel summoned them around the standard of Charles ; it was here they gathered in their strength and drove out every Saxon, except the garrison of Fort William ; and it was here that the troops of the bloody Duke of Cumberland came at his command, and blasted the whole region with fire and sword. It is wonder-

ful how nature, in ninety years, can so completely have reclothed the valleys with wood, and turned once more that black region of the shadow of death into so smiling a paradise. When you ascend to the justly celebrated Fall of Foyers, you are again reminded of Forty-five, by passing the house of Fraser of Foyers ; and as you approach Inverness, you only get nearer to the startling catastrophe of the drama. Your whole course has been through the haunts of the Camerons, the Macdonalds, the Grants, the Macphersons, and Frasers, the rebel clans of Forty-five, and it leads you, as it did them, to the Muir of Culloden.

From the first commencement of the troubles of the Stuarts to the last effort in their behalf, the Highlanders were their firm, and it may be said almost their only, friends. The lowland Scots, incensed at the attempt of Charles I. to impose the English liturgy upon them, were amongst the earliest to proclaim the Solemn League and Covenant, and to join the English parliament against him ; but the Highlanders, under Montrose, rose in his cause, and created a powerful diversion in his favour. Again, when Charles II. attempted a similar measure and aroused a similar spirit in the lowlands, the Highlanders, under the celebrated Claverhouse, maintained the royal ordinance ; and again, under the same commander, fought for James II. against his successful rival William III. In George I.'s reign, in 1715, they once more, under the Earl of Mar, set up the standard of the Pretender, part of them marching as far as Preston in Lancashire, where they were compelled to lay down their arms, while the remainder were defeated by the Duke of Argyle. Finally, they made their most brilliant but untimely, fatal attempt, in 1745, under Prince Charles Edward. Thus, for upwards of a hundred years they maintained their attachment, and

were ready to shed their blood, for the fallen race of their ancient kings. So desperate, as it regarded all other aid, was become the Stuart cause, that Charles, when he landed on the west coast of Scotland in 1745, was attended only by seven men. He landed at Moidart ; erected his standard in Glen Finnan ; the Highlanders rose around him, and soon set forward with him on the most daring and adventurous enterprise that ever was undertaken—no other than to hurl his Hanoverian rival from the British throne, and place his own father upon it. Their success speedily astonished all Europe. They marched to Edinburgh and took possession of it. The Prince took up his quarters in Holyrood, the ancient palace of his ancestors, and proclaimed his father king. He marched out, and defeated the English forces at Preston-Pans with a facility and a total rout that appeared miraculous. His victorious army, amounting to less than 6,000 men, marched forward to invade England. The people of London soon heard with consternation and amazement that they had taken Carlisle, occupied Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster, Manchester ; and finally, in only thirteen days from their leaving Edinburgh, were quartered in Derby. Nothing could exceed the terror of the metropolis. The moneyed men were struck with a deadly panic ; numbers got together what property they could and fled into the country ; several vessels lay at the Tower quay, ready to convey the king and his treasures to Hanover ; the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, shut himself up alone for two days, deliberating whether he should avow himself for the Stuart line, or not. It is true that an army of 30,000 men, chiefly of militia, lay at Finchley, and the Duke of Cumberland, with another army, was hovering near the Highlanders on the edge of Staffordshire ; but such was the opinion of the

desperate valour of the Scots, and such were the spirits of the Scots themselves, that the Chevalier Johnstone, who was in the Prince's army, and commonly blames him for rashness, expresses his persuasion that had he then pushed on to London, the Finchley army would have melted away, and the crown might now have been on a Stuart's head.

But such was not the fortune of that line. The chiefs, struck with a sense of their own temerity, and with the fact that none of the English joined them, resolved to retreat northward, to the cruel chagrin of both Prince and soldiers. They made a retreat as extraordinary as their march had been. With the Duke of Cumberland now hotly pursuing, they yet pushed on without loss or molestation, except at Clifton in Cumberland, where they speedily repulsed the Duke's troops. They reached Falkirk, and there, mustering 8,000 men, they attacked and completely routed the English army under General Hawley, 13,000 in number. The chiefs, still deeming it prudent to retreat, contrary to the Prince's judgment, they now reached Inverness, doomed to be the scene of the termination of this most extraordinary and meteorlike adventure. The troops were worn out with their long and wonderful march. They were famished for want of provisions. They had had no pay for six weeks; and the bulk of them were dispersed, seeking rest and refreshment amongst their friends and families. These circumstances all pointed to the course which his chiefs counselled—to avoid a general engagement, and assume a strong position in the mountains. The evil angel of the Stuart race prevailed. Charles harassed his men by a miserable night march in a vain attempt to surprise Cumberland's camp; and when the worn-out and starving soldiers had just thrown themselves down in the neighbouring woods and

under the dykes on Culloden Moor to sleep, the Duke was upon them. It is melancholy to imagine those brave men, who had shown such unparalleled devotion, and had performed such wonders, thus forced to go into battle, faint with want of food, of rest, and sleep, with scarcely half of their numbers assembled. The English artillery swept them down by whole ranks, and they were speedily seen flying in all directions. The fate of the Stuart dynasty was sealed for ever, and the bloody butcheries of the monster Cumberland were then to begin.

Thinking and talking over 'this strange eventful history,' we set out from the interesting town of Inverness, to walk to Culloden Moor, on Thursday, August 11, 1836—just ninety years and about three months after the occurrence of that memorable battle, it being fought on April 16, 1746.

We found it a pleasant ramble of about four miles, partly amid cultivated fields, with their corn ripe for the harvest; partly along the shore of the Moray Firth; and partly through woods of Scotch fir. As we approached Culloden, we asked many of the peasantry living near the wood whether we were in the right direction, but not one could speak English. The ground gradually ascended as we advanced, and when we came in sight of the Moor, we found a sort of observatory tower built by the gentleman who now lives in Culloden House, and a number of old cannons lying about, evidently intended to give the place a fortified air: one of those whims which so frequently seize people in picturesque situations, but of which the interest dies before the object is finished. We were now speedily on the Moor, and were at a loss whether to admire more the black and blasted aspect of this fatal spot, or the magnificent scenery of which it is the melancholy

centre. To the south, beyond the river Nairn, rose wild ranges of hills which run into the mountains of Badenoch ; to the north lay at our feet the Moray Firth, to the right showing Fort George, built on a narrow promontory pushing into it from the southern shore, and on the opposite shore Fort Rose ; to our left lay the dark woods and green hills between us and Inverness, and all before us one wide and splendid prospect—the mountain regions of Ross-shire with Ben Wyvis lifting his cloudy bulk far above the rest.

Between us and the Moray Firth ran a narrow strip of cultivated country, and just below us appeared, shrouded in its solemn woods, Culloden House, at the time of the Rebellion the residence of the celebrated Lord Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of Session ; a man whose advice, had it been taken, would, in all probability, have prevented the Rebellion, and whose exertions actually broke it of so much of its force that its defeat may be attributed to him more than to any other cause. The Moor itself, on which we stood, we found, as Robert Chambers in his *Picture of Scotland* has correctly stated, ‘a vast table-land covered with heath, over which are scattered a few wretched cottages.’ These cottages, however, are chiefly sprinkled over that side of the Moor nearest to Inverness, with their little patches of corn and potatoes, and give some aspect of life and cultivation to the scene ; but the site of the battle itself, and the heath far beyond, are as free from the marks of culture as they could be in the days of Adam. All is, in fact, in strict poetical keeping with our feelings on visiting such a place. Culloden Moor ought to be Culloden Moor ; not a mere common-place tract of pasture or corn-field.

Though ninety years (1836) have passed since the battle of Culloden, the field is covered with the marks of that day

The moment you set foot on the scene of action, you recognise every position of the contending armies, and the objects which surrounded them. The night before the battle, Prince Charles and his officers lodged in Culloden House. There stands Culloden, restored and beautified since then, but occupying the same site and surrounded by the same wood. The battle took place between this house and an extensive inclosure on the Moor, the north wall of which screened the right flank of the Highland army. This wall the English troops partly pulled down, and raked the flank of the rebels with such a murderous fire of artillery as cut down nearly every man, and caused the almost instantaneous rout of the right wing. The mouldering remains of that old and shattered wall still stretch across the Moor in the very course laid down in the original plans of the battle. In the centre of the place of action the ground was hollow and boggy. The ground is now sound, but you see plainly the hollow extent of the morass.

To the south-west stood, at that day, a large farm-house, called Balvraid: to this house the right wing of the rebels retreated; here great numbers of their comrades gathered to them, and in a body made good, and indeed without pursuit, their way into Badenoch. The house stands there yet. On the northern edge of the battle-field, near the extremity of the left wing, is marked the site of a hut: this was unquestionably the hut of a blacksmith, the only house then standing precisely on the battle-field. This smith, so says the current tradition of the place, was a stalwart fellow, but not at all desirous to take part in the fray, but the Highlanders compelled every man that they found in the vicinity to come forth to their help. Their numbers were diminished by absence, and their strength by starvation and excessive

fatigue ; they needed all the aid that they could command, and they insisted on the jolly smith taking arms. The smith was very loth and very dogged, but, snatching up the shaft of a cart that was reared against the wall of his smithy, he took his post beside them. When, however, he saw the havoc made by the English cavalry amongst his countrymen his blood was up, and, rushing into the thickest of the fray, he laid about him with his tremendous weapon, knocking down the troopers from their horses, and levelling all that



he came near. The exploits of this son of Vulcan turning the attention of the cavalry on him, he was beset by overwhelming numbers, and after performing prodigies of valour, and laying low many with his cart-shaft, he was at length compelled to fly. He took the road towards Inverness, the direction which the greater number of the fugitives were taking, and after turning repeatedly on his pursuers, and bringing down several of them, he was at length killed, not far from the mill, about a mile from Inverness, where the last bodies were found. The country people yet tell the

spot where the sturdy blacksmith dropped. His smithy stood from year to year on the fatal field, deserted and gradually falling to decay. It remained a heap of mouldering ruin till within these few years, when several fresh huts springing up upon the Moor not far off, the people gradually conveyed away the stones of the walls to construct their own habitations. It is said that the forge, the tools, and heaps of rusty iron, were found beneath the ruins of the roof, which had fallen in. Such had been the horror connected with that fatal field, that none had cared to carry them away. When we saw the place every stone was grubbed up to the bottom of the foundations, and a pool of water nearly filled the hollow ; but you had only to turn up any part of the floor which was bare, and you found it to consist of the cinders and smithy-slag of the brave old blacksmith's forge.

That we might not miss any information connected with the spot, we entered a hut not very far from the old smith's forge, and to our great satisfaction found a family that could speak English. They were, a widow of the name of Mackenzie, and her son and daughter, both grown up. They appeared very intelligent, and took a warm interest in everything relating to the field of battle. They told us that some of their family had lived on this spot from the day of the contest. That, besides the smith's hut, this was the only one in the immediate vicinity of the field. That it had been called Stable Hollow ever since, from a number of the English troopers after the fight putting up their horses in the shed belonging to it, while they went to strip the slain. Many who fought in that battle have left more or less some written account of it ; but remarkably enough, an officer of each contending army has been the historian of the whole

war. Home in the king's army, and the Chevalier Johnstone in that of the prince, have left us vivid records of the field of Culloden, and all that led to it, and all that followed it. The escape and wanderings of Prince Charles for more than five months through the Highlands, with the king's soldiers after him, with the price of 30,000*l.* set upon his head, and the peremptory orders of the Duke of Cumberland to put him to death the instant he was found—his living in the cave in the mountains with the seven Macdonalds—his escape by Captain Mackenzie personating him, and sacrificing his life for him; the adventure of Flora Macdonald, the prototype of Scott's Flora MacIvor, who rescued him from his pursuers in one of the Western Isles, by conveying him away disguised as her Irish maid Betty Burke—all these things, from their own romantic nature, and the rank of the person concerned, have been made familiar to all readers.

As we left the field, we gave, with our thanks, a small gratuity to our intelligent young guide, Wully Mackenzie, which seemed to him so much beyond services, that, in the height of his gratitude, he was quite uneasy that he could not show us some further good office. 'Was there nothing more that he could do? Would we go in, and sit down to rest us awhile? Would we like a tune on the bagpipes?' As it is always a pleasure to gratify a generous feeling, in we went, and took our seats in their little hut, a regular Highland habitation, with smoky rafters, while Wully produced his pipes, and began to put them in order. There is something very delightful to sit in the simple cabin of these mountaineers, and see them converse with an easy and unembarrassed air, and with a mixture of intelligence and local superstition nowhere else to be found. We observed that the beds, and

various parts of the roof, were canopied with birch boughs, which had dried with all their leaves on. These, they assured us, were a certain protection from the plague of flies, for not a fly would go near the birch. This, we suppose, is a fact which experience has taught them, and, if so, is a valuable one. We had a long talk with these good people about the battle-field and its traditions.

Having finished our discussion, Wully Mackenzie struck up on his pipes. The pipes are the true instrument of the Highlands, as the harp is that of Wales, or the guitar of Spain. We never felt so strongly their power as on this occasion. Our musician was a short, stout Highlander; he was clad in coarse blue cloth, every thread of which his mother had spun, and which, when woven, had been made up too by his mother and sister in this very cabin: yet, as he stood playing his native airs, he seemed quite inspired, and we could not help being struck with the manliness of his attitude, and of his whole bearing. We never heard the music of the bagpipe in perfection till then. He played the tune with which the Highlanders were said to have marched into the battle of Culloden. We could see the gallant bands pass over the heath on which we were gazing through the open door. We could see the glimmer of their weapons, and the fluttering of their tartans, and feel, peaceful people as we are, the romantic spirit of heroism which had led them on their expedition into England, and now brought them here to destruction.

We took leave of this simple, intelligent, and kind-hearted family, and walked back, on a delicious evening, a nearer way over the fields to Inverness; having passed one of the pleasantest days of our life on the Field of Culloden.



Hall of Charlecote.

*VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AND THE
HAUNTS OF SHAKSPEARE.*

THE country about Stratford is not romantic, but extremely pleasant. The town stands in a fine open valley. The Avon, a considerable stream, winds past it through pleasing meadows. The country is well cultivated, and the view of wooded uplands and more distant ranges of hills, gives spirit to the prospect. The town itself is a good, quiet, country town, of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants. In Shakspeare's time it could be nothing more than a considerable village ; for by the census of 1801 the total of its

inhabitants was but 2,418. In that day, the houses were, no doubt, built of wood or of framework, such as the dwelling of Shakspeare's parents still remains. Fires appear, by the history of the place, to have been frequent and destructive.

Stratford appears now to live on the fame of Shakspeare. You see mementos of the great native poet wherever you turn. There is the Mulberry-tree Inn ; the Imperial Shakspeare Hotel ; the Sir John Falstaff ; the Royal Shakspeare Theatre ; the statue of Shakspeare meets your eye in its niche on the front of the Town-hall. Opposite to that, a large sign informs you that there is kept a collection of the relics of Shakspeare, and not far off you arrive at another sign, conspicuously projecting into the street, on which is proclaimed—'IN THIS HOUSE THE IMMORTAL BARD WAS BORN.' The people seem all alive to the honour of their town having produced Shakspeare. The tailor will descend from his shopboard, or the cobbler start up from his stall, and volunteer to guide you to the points connected with the history of the great poet.

One of the first places which I hastened to visit was the birthplace of Shakspeare's wife. Millions, perhaps, have visited the house where he was born ; tens of thousands have certainly inscribed their names on the walls of that simple chamber where he is said to have first seen the light ; but not so many have visited, or known of, or inquired after the house where his modest, faithful, and affectionate wife,

Ann Hathaway, she hath a way,

was born, and lived, and became the wife of Shakspeare when he was nineteen, and she twenty-seven.

Shakspeare seems to have had no personal ambition. If

he had, we should have had more account of the incidents of his existence. He seems to have thrown off his inimitable dramas, rich with passion and poetry, more from the very enjoyment of the act than from the glory to be derived from them. So, too, in his youth, he married the first humble object of his affections; and after having seen all the fascinations of London life, after having conversed with the most celebrated beauties and wits of Elizabeth's splendid court, he retired with a competence to the quiet, uneventful town of Stratford, the quiet haunts of his youth, and to domestic peace with his true Ann Hathaway.

That Shakspeare valued the enjoyments of domestic life, beyond both the brilliant life of successful literature in London and beyond the fame of his works, his long, quiet retirement at Stratford sufficiently proves. There have not been wanting those who have accused him of indifference or infidelity towards his wife; but, whatever might be the occasional dissipations in which he indulged during his London sojourn, he has himself left the most triumphant testimonies of his strong and changeless affection to his Ann Hathaway, and that it was in the depth of domestic existence that he found his real happiness. Nothing can be more beautiful than those of his sonnets which refer to these subjects:—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. *Love is not love*
That alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come

*Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,—
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.*

I must confess that there was no spot connected with Shakspeare at Stratford that so strongly interested me as Shottry, the little rustic village where Ann Hathaway was born, and where Shakspeare wooed, and whence he married her. The house in which he was born was turned into a butcher's shop ; his birth there was a mere accident, and the accidents of time have not added to the intrinsic interest of the place ; the house which he built, or improved for himself, and in which he spent the last years of his life, was pulled down ; but the birth-place and the marriage-place of Ann Hathaway is just as it was ; and, excepting the tombs of Shakspeare and herself, the only authentic and unchanged traces of their existence here. I therefore hastened away to Shottry the very first moment that I could get out of the inn. It is but a short walk to it across some pleasant meadows, and I pleased myself with thinking, as I strode along, with what delight Shakspeare in his youth trod the same path on his way to see his fair Ann Hathaway ; and how often, in his latter years, when he had renounced public life, and she was his 'all-the-world,' they might, led by the sweet recollections of the past, often stroll that way together, and perhaps visit some of their kindred under the same rustic roof.

The village is a real rustic village indeed, consisting of a few farm-houses, and of half-timbered cottages of the most primitive construction, standing apart, one from the other in their old gardens and orchards. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and quiet of this rustic hamlet. It is the *beau*

ideal of Goldsmith's Auburn. The village public-house is the 'Shakspeare Tavern,' a mere cottage like the rest. No modern innovations, no improvements, seem to have come hither to disturb the image of the past times. The country around is pleasant, though not very striking. Its great charm is its perfect rurality. Ann Hathaway's cottage stands at the farther end of this scattered and secluded hamlet, at the feet of pleasant uplands, and from its rustic casements you catch glimpses of the fine breezy ranges



Ann Hathaway's Cottage

of the Ilmington and Meon hills, some miles southward ; and of Stratford church spire eastward peeping over its trees.

The cottage is a long tenement of the most primitive character ; of timber framing, filled up with brick and plaster work. Its doors are grey with age, and have the old-fashioned wooden latches, with a bit of wood nailed on the outside of the door to take hold of while you pull the string.

The antiquity of the house is testified by the heads of

the wooden pins which fasten the framing, standing up some inches from the walls, according to the rude fashion of the age, never having been cut off. The end of the cottage comes to the village road ; and the side which looks into the orchard is covered with vines and roses, and rosemary. The orchard is a spot all knolls and hollows, where you might imagine the poet, when he came here a-wooing, or in the after-days of his renown, when he came hither to see his wife's friends, and to indulge in day-dreams of the past, as he represents the king of Denmark

—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon—

lying on the mossy turf, and enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and the flickering shadows of the old apple-trees. The orchard extends up the slope a good way ; then you come to the cottage garden, and then to another orchard. You walk up a little narrow path between hedges of box, and amongst long grass. All the homely herbs and flowers which grow about the real old-English cottage, and which Shakspeare delighted to introduce into his poetry—the rosemary, celandine, honeysuckle, marigold, mint, thyme, rue, sage, etc.—meeting your eye as you proceed.

I pleased myself with imagining the quiet happiness which he had enjoyed with his Ann Hathaway in this very spot, while these rural images and happy illustrations silently flowed into his mind from the things around him. There was an old harbour of box, the trees of which had grown high and wild, having a whole wilderness of periwinkle at their feet ; and upon the wooden end of a shed forming one side of this arbour grew a honeysuckle, which seemed

as though it might have grown in the very days of Shakspeare, for it had all the character of a very old tree ; little of it showing any life, and its bark hanging from its stem in filaments of more than a foot long, like the tatters and beard of an ancient beggar. At the door looking into this orchard is a sort of raised platform up three or four steps with a seat upon it, so that the cottagers might sit and enjoy at once the breeze and the prospect of the orchard and fields beyond. There is a passage right through the house, with a very old high-backed bench of oak in it, said to have been there in Shakspeare's time, and old enough to have been there long before. The whole of the interior is equally simple and rustic. I have been more particular in speaking of this place, because perhaps at no distant period this interesting dwelling may be destroyed, and all that I have been describing have given way to the ravages of modern change. The place is sold, and perhaps the cottage of Ann Hathaway ere long may be no more.

On my way to Shottry, I met with a little incident which interested me greatly by its unexpectedness. As I was about to pass over a stile at the end of Stratford into the fields leading to that village, I saw the master of the national school mustering his scholars to their tasks. I stopped, being pleased with the look of the old man, and said, ' You seem to have a considerable number of lads here ; shall you raise another Shakspeare from amongst them, think you ? ' ' Why,' replied the master, ' I have a Shakspeare now in the school.' I knew that Shakspeare had no descendants beyond the second generation, and I was not aware that there was any of his family remaining. But it seems that the posterity of his sister Joan Hart, who is mentioned in his will, yet exist ; part under her marriage name of Hart,

at Tewkesbury, and a family in Stratford, of the name of Smith.

‘I have a Shakspeare here,’ said the master with evident pride and pleasure. ‘Here, boys, here!’ He quickly marshalled his laddish troop in a row, and said to me, ‘There now, sir, can you tell which is a Shakspeare?’ I glanced



A young Shakspeare in the shape of a School-boy

my eye along the line, and instantly fixing it on one boy, said, ‘That is the Shakspeare.’ ‘You are right,’ said the master; ‘that is the Shakspeare: the Shakspeare cast of countenance is there. That is William Shakspeare Smith, a lineal descendant of the poet’s sister.’

The lad was a fine lad of, perhaps, ten years of age; and

certainly the resemblance to the bust of Shakspeare, in the church at Stratford, is wonderful, considering he is not descended from Shakspeare himself but from his sister, and that the seventh in descent. What is odd enough is, whether it be mere accident or not, that the colour of the lad's eyes, a light hazel, is the very same as that given to those of the Shakspeare bust, which it is well known was originally coloured, and of which exact copies remain.

In front of the Town-hall, in a niche, stands the full-length figure of Shakspeare, cast for the jubilee, and presented by Garrick to the corporation; at which time this Town-hall, a new erection, was dedicated also by Garrick to the memory of Shakspeare. 'The bard,' to use the words of Wheeler, the historian of Stratford, 'is represented in a graceful attitude, as on his monument in Westminster Abbey, resting upon some volumes placed on a pedestal, ornamented with three busts, viz. Henry the Fifth, Richard the Third, and Queen Elizabeth. Upon a scroll, to which he points, are the following lines, judiciously selected from his own *Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes; and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Upon the pedestal beneath, are these words from *Hamlet* :—

—————take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

Within the hall is a painting of Shakspeare, by Wilson, wherein he is represented sitting in an antique chair, and

upon the ground lie several books and MSS., as North's Plutarch's Lives, Holinshed's Chronicles, Cynthio's Novels, etc., being some of the works which Shakspeare consulted.

Opposite to this Town-hall is a house occupied by a Mr. Reason, who has a sign in front of it, announcing that there is kept a collection of articles which were in the house where the poet was born, and remained there till Mary Homby, the mother of the present Mrs. Reason, was obliged to leave

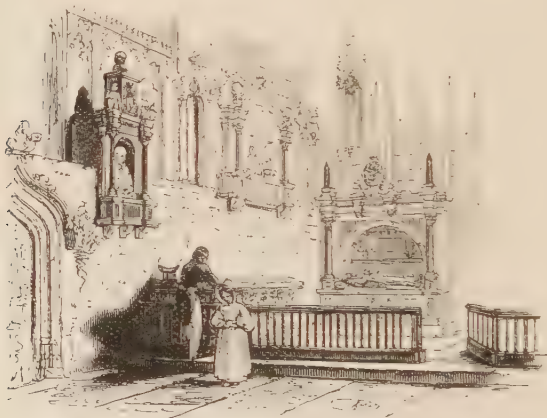


The House in which Shakspeare was born

it on account of the proprietor raising the rent so much in consequence of the numerous visits to it. In fact, this house, which was some years ago purchased of Joan Shakspeare's descendants, the Harts, with other property, for 250*l.*, is now said to be worth 2,000*l.*

After all, the church is the most interesting place in Stratford connected with Shakspeare, because you have here proofs of him and his family connexions beyond all question. There is the well-known bust of him in a niche close to the

communion rail, on the north wall of the chancel, placed on a cushion, holding a pen in his right hand, and his left upon a scroll. Above his head are his arms, and on each side of them a small sitting figure : one holding in his right hand a spade, the other, whose eyes are closed, to indicate mourning,



Shakspeare's Tomb.

has one hand upon a skull, and in the other an inverted, torch Beneath the cushion is engraved this distich :—

JUDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRIT, OLYMPUS HABET.

And on a tablet underneath, these lines—

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast !
Read if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakspeare, with whome
Quicke Nature dide ; whose name doth deck ye tombe
Far more than coste ; sicth all ytt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616, Ætatis 53. Die. 23. Ap.

This monument is said to have been raised very soon after Shakspeare's death. Wheeler thinks it probable that it was erected by Dr. John Hall, his son-in-law and executor, or relations, at a time when his features were perfectly fresh in every one's memory, or, perhaps, with the assistance of an original picture, if any such ever existed. He adds, that some verses by Leonard Digges, a contemporary of the poet, prove that it was here before 1623 ; that is, within seven years of his death. Sir William Dugdale, in his *Diary*, states the artist to have been Gerard Johnson, 'a Hollander, a tombe-maker, who lived in St. Thomas's Apostells.' It is undoubtedly the most authentic representation of him that we possess, and we have some additional argument for its resemblance to the original in its likeness to the print in the folio edition of his works printed in 1623, which Ben Jonson, in his verses under it, plainly asserts to be a great likeness. Yet, when we call to mind how little notice was attracted to this spot for years after Shakspeare's decease, and how easily satisfied are country people with a piece of monumental art, we cannot entertain too sanguine notions that we have a very characteristic representation of Shakspeare before us.

The head must fulfil and confirm all the faith of the phrenologists ; it is a noble structure, but the remarkable gravity and massiness of the features do not answer to our notions of that soul of mirth, and whim, and passion, which must have shone through the outer veil of Shakspeare. The character is that of a sensible, grave, and benevolent man.

It is well known that the bust was originally painted to resemble life ; that the eyes were light hazel ; the hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet,

over which was a loose black gown, without sleeves; the lower part of the cushion before him was crimson, and the upper green, with gilt tassels. In 1748 this monument was carefully repaired, and the original colours of the bust restored, the expense being defrayed by the receipts of the acting of Othello at the old Town Hall, which were given by Mr. Ward, the manager, grandfather of Mrs. Siddons. In 1793 the bust and figures above it, together with the tomb of John a Combe, were, to correct the false taste of the erectors, by the perpetration of the worse taste of altering an original monument of so much consequence, painted white, at the request of Mr. Malone.

Below, and in front of the monument, we have, facing the communion-rail, a row of inscribed flags, covering the remains of himself, his wife Ann Hathaway, his daughter Susanna, and her husband, Dr. John Hall. We see the rude sculpture of that characteristic and awful warning which he left to be placed over his remains.

GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE forbear
 TO DIGG T—E DUST ENCLOSED HERE
 BLESE BE T—E Man $\frac{T}{y}$ spares T—E S STONES
 AND CURST BE HE $\frac{T}{y}$ MOVES MY BONES.

That this hearty malediction was not unnecessary; that Shakspeare knew the freedoms that the worthy churchwardens, in their ignorant authority, were accustomed to use with the dead in his native place, is strikingly proved by the disgraceful liberty taken with the tomb of his daughter Susanna. Besides her arms, Hall impaling Shakspeare, and the following inscription still remaining:—Here lyeth ye body of Susanna, wife to John Hall, gent., the daughter of

William Shakspeare, gent. She deceased ye 11th July A.D. 1649, aged 66. There was originally this epitaph :—

Witty above her sexe ; but that's not all ;
 Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall ;
 Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
 Wholly of him with whom she's now in bliss.
 'Then passenger, ha'st ne're a teare,
 To weepe with her that wept with all ?
 That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
 Them up with comforts cordiall,
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
 When thou hast ne're a teare to shed.

These verses were long ago obliterated to make way for another inscription, carved *on the same stone*, for Richard Watts of Ryhm Clifford, a person in no way related to the Shakspeare family, and who, no doubt, was buried in the grave of Mrs. Hall. Thus it is probable that had not Shakspeare taken care of his bones in his lifetime, they would long ago have been dug up, and added to the enormous pile which used to lie in the charnel-house, and which was seen, so late as the year 1793, by Mr. Ireland.

The church stands pleasantly, between Stratford and the Avon, surrounded by trees, with a pleached avenue up to the porch door. The chancel is of beautiful architecture, which has lately been restored with great care. It also contains some grotesque and curious carving on the seats, which used to be occupied by the chanting priests, and now serve the clergy at visitations.

Since this visit was made, the house in which Shakspeare was born has been purchased by a public subscription, in order to preserve it, and is now in the care of the London and Stratford Committee, and a variety of memorials of Shakspeare are collected in it.

No person who feels a lively interest in the history and

haunts of Shakspeare, will think he has seen all that has drawn him to his native neighbourhood till he has visited Charlecote, the abode of that Sir Thomas Lucy who drove Shakspeare, for his deer stealing and his satirical sallies, from the obscurity of his original condition and calling, to London and universal fame. Charlecote lies on the banks



Charlecote House.

of the Avon, about four miles from Stratford. It is a pleasant walk along a level road, through a country well shaded with large elms, and presenting on one hand rich meadows, and on the other as rich corn-lands. It was a fine autumn morning when I set off to walk there, and I pleased myself, as in going to Shottry, in thinking that I was treading the ground Shakspeare had trod many a time, and gazed on

the same scenery, if not on the very identical objects. As I advanced, I met a country lad : 'So,' I said, 'this, I suppose, is where Shakspeare came for some of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer? You have heard of Shakspeare, I warrant you.' 'Yes,' said the lad, 'often and often, and yonder he is upon a deer that he took.' 'What, Shakspeare?' 'Yes, sir, Shakspeare.' I went on towards the image, wondering at the oddity of taste which could induce the Lucys to place an image of Shakspeare there, and with the deer too ! When I came near, behold it was a leaden statue of poor innocent Diana. She was in the attitude of the Apollo Belvidere, having apparently just discharged an arrow and watching its career, still holding aloft the bow-hand, and grasping the centre of the bow. Close to her side was the figure of a fallow deer ; and the simple country people have converted her into Shakspeare.

Charlecote House stands pleasantly on the banks of the Avon, where it makes a bend. One side looks down upon the river and towards Stratford ; the opposite front looks into the old court, now a garden, and in part of which stands a fine old gate-house ; this front is entered by a porch, built to admit Queen Elizabeth when she paid a visit to Sir Thomas.

The park is finely wooded with the natural growth of this part of the country, elms of a large size, and is nobly stocked with fallow deer. Mrs. Lucy told me that it was a very common and perpetually repeated mistake that it was from this park that Shakspeare stole the deer, but that it was actually from the old park of Fulbrook on the Warwick-road, where Fulbrook Castle formerly stood, which ground is now disparked. This accords with Mr. Ireland's statement. It was, however, in this hall that he was brought before the magistrate.

The entrance-hall, the scene of Shakspeare's examination, is a fine room, with a grained oaken roof, having been restored with admirable taste ; and contains objects which cannot be looked on without great interest. The family paintings are collected, and well disposed around it, with others connected with the history of the family.



On the ample mantel-piece are the large, old-fashioned initials of Sir Thomas Lucy, T. L., raised and gilt ; and the date of the building of the hall, 1558. Upon this mantel-piece also stands a cast of the bust of Sir Thomas, taken from his monument in the church. There is also a

painting of him, sitting at a table with his lady ; in a black velvet dress with slashed sleeves, large bunches at the knees, of a zigzag pattern, in black-and-white stripes ; light-coloured roses in his shoes, and with a ruff and cuffs of point lace. The portrait and bust bear a striking resemblance to each other ; and though they do not give us any reason to suppose him such an imbecile as Shakspeare in his witty revenge has represented Justice Shallow, they have an air of formal conceit and self-sufficiency that accord wonderfully with our idea of the country knight who would look on the assault of his deer as a most heinous offence, and would be very likely to hold his dignity sorely insulted by the saucy son of a Stratford woolcomber, who had dared to affix a scandalous satire on his park-gate, and to make him ridiculous to all the country.

At a short distance, in the park, stands the little church of Charlecote ; and it is well worthy of a visit from the stranger. It contains the monuments of the Lucys, and they are some of the richest and most beautifully executed to be found in any of our country churches. There, too, you see the hatchments of the different knights, with their *lucies* (the three fishes—pikes) in the escutcheon, made so notorious by Shakspeare. Old Sir Thomas lies on his tomb in effigy, and his lady by his side. It is from this effigy that the bust in the hall has been taken, with its ruff, and peaked beard cut square at the end.

Sir Thomas's son and successor, who appears to have only survived him five years, lies on his stately tomb by himself. His lady, in a black hood, is placed in a praying attitude in front of the tomb, thereby indicating that she was the sorrowful survivor ; while, on the plinth, is a whole procession of little images of sons and daughters, two by two—six sons on the panel before the mother, and eight

daughters on that behind her. The tomb of the third Sir Thomas, the grandson of *the* Sir Thomas and his lady, is a very splendid one by Bernini, executed in Italy. It is a pediment of white marble, bearing the family escutcheon, the panels and shafts of the columns black. It is indeed of beautiful workmanship. Sir Thomas is in a recumbent position, leaning on his elbow, as if contemplating the effigy of his wife, whose figure and drapery are finely wrought. Behind him, on the one hand, are seen books as in a library, with various classical titles on the back : and on the other hand, himself, mounted on his favourite horse—probably intended to intimate his prevailing tastes, as well as an accident in hunting which hastened his death. The bust of the lady is particularly soft and rich ; the arms and hands are beautiful.



Shakspeare writing on the Park-gate.

CLOPTON HALL.

There is one more place, the history of whose proprietors is, in a slight degree, connected with that of Shakspeare, in this neighbourhood, which we will take some notice of before we quit his Stratford haunts altogether ; and the more because it is a specimen of a large class of old mansions which once held families of great note, but are now passed into other hands, leaving no trace of their once important inhabitants, beyond the monuments in the parish church, the brief record of their genealogy in the history of the county, and some fragments of mysterious traditions that float about amongst the common people, but which are fast fading away too.

The ground on which Shakspeare's own house in Stratford stood had been the property of the Cloptons of Clopton. In course of time it was again purchased by a member of the Clopton family ; and in 1742, Sir Hugh Clopton entertained Garrick, Macklin, and Dr. Delany there, under the poet's mulberry-tree. Shakspeare also mentions, in his will, lands belonging to him in Welcome ; which probably also had been the property of the Cloptons, as Welcome adjoins the present estate of Clopton, both of which are, in fact, now in the hands of one proprietor. At Welcome, too, Shakspeare used to visit and make merry with his friends, John and William Combe.

But we have only to enter Stratford church to see that the Cloptons were the great family of that neighbourhood. At the east end of the north aisle, the chapel formerly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin is occupied with their stately tombs. Above hang numerous hatchments, recording so

many deaths ; and family banners, dusty and worn with age, waved there too. These now are gone ; but the monuments remain, with a massy and time-worn splendour which dwarfs all others around, and marks the once high estate of the race. Under a Gothic arch is raised an altar-tomb, about four feet and a half from the pavement, with numerous panels, originally filled with brazen shields of arms, but which have been long since torn away. A marble slab, without effigy or inscription, covers the tomb ; but the arms of Clopton, with those of the city of London, and those of the Company of Woolstaplers, of which he was a member, carved and yet remaining on the arch above, mark it as the tomb of Sir Hugh Clopton, who in 1492 was Lord Mayor of London, and by his will directed that his remains should repose exactly on this spot. Sir Hugh, a younger branch of the ancient family of the Cloptons, had not disdained to enter into trade, and, becoming not only very wealthy but Lord Mayor of London, was a man of princely liberality. Besides numerous benefactions to the city of London, to Aylesbury, and other places, in building bridges and making causeways, leaving perpetual charity to the poor, etc.—he, at his own charge, built the chapel of the Holy Trinity in Stratford, the transept of the church, and the bridge over the Avon ; as is still recorded on a tablet on the bridge itself. Sir Hugh also left an exhibition to three poor scholars in Oxford, and three in Cambridge.

The stately old mansion where this family resided for more than five hundred years, stands advantageously on a fine upland about a mile above the town of Stratford, and commands all the fair vale in which Stratford stands. It looks full upon the woody spot to the right of the town in which Shottry lies nestled, and has for the boundary of its

view, at the distance of some eight or ten miles, the long line of the Ilmington and Meon hills. Though thus elevated, it stands in a little hollow, as it were, in the upland slope, as if to give it that snug and protected air of which our ancestors were so fond, while behind it still ascend upland pastures, their hedgerows finely scattered with noble elms.

It was of this goodly old abode that a fair lady¹ thus wrote to me on seeing the announcement of this volume. 'I wonder if you know Clopton Hall, about a mile from Stratford-on-Avon. Will you allow me to tell you of a very happy day I once spent there? I was at school in the neighbourhood, and one of my schoolfellows was the daughter of a Mr. W——, who then lived at Clopton. Mrs. W—— asked a party of the girls to go and spend a long afternoon, and we set off one beautiful autumn day, full of delight and wonder respecting the place we were going to see. We passed through desolate, half-cultivated fields, till we came within sight of the house—a large, heavy, compact, square brick building, of that deep, dead red almost approaching to purple. In front was a large formal court, with the massy pillars surmounted with two grim monsters; but the walls of the court were broken down, and the grass grew as rank and wild within the enclosure as in the raised avenue walk down which we had come. The flowers were tangled with nettles; and it was only as we approached the house that we saw the single yellow rose and the Austrian briar trained into something like order round the deep-set diamond-paned windows. We trooped into the hall, with its tessellated marble floor, hung round with strange portraits of people who had been in their graves two hundred years

¹ Since well known as the authoress of 'Mary Barton.'

at least ; yet the colours were so fresh, and in some instances they were so lifelike, that, looking merely at the faces, I almost fancied the originals might be sitting in the parlour beyond. More completely to carry us back, as it were, to the days of the civil wars, there was a sort of military map hung up, well finished with pen and ink, showing the stations of the respective armies, and, in old-fashioned writing beneath, the names of the principal towns, setting forth the strength of the garrison, etc. In this hall we were met by our kind hostess, and told we might ramble where we liked, in the house or out of the house, taking care to be in the "recessed parlour" by tea-time. I preferred to wander up the wide shelving oak staircase, with its massy balustrade all crumbling and worm-eaten. The family then residing at the hall did not occupy one-half—no, not one-third—of the rooms ; and the old-fashioned furniture was undisturbed in the greater part of them. In one of the bed-rooms (said to be haunted, and which, with its close, pent-up atmosphere and the long shadows of evening creeping on, gave me an "eerie" feeling) hung a portrait so singularly beautiful ! a sweet-looking girl, with pale gold hair combed back from her forehead and falling in wavy ringlets on her neck, and with eyes that "looked like violets filled with dew"—for there was the glittering of unshed tears before their deep dark blue ;—and that was the likeness of Charlotte Clopton, about whom there was so fearful a legend told at Stratford church. In the time of some epidemic, the sweating-sickness or the plague, this young girl had sickened, and to all appearance died. She was buried with fearful haste in the vaults of Clopton chapel, attached to Stratford church ; but the sickness was not stayed. In a few days another of the Cloptons died, and him they bore to the ancestral vault ; but as they

descended the gloomy stairs, they saw, by the torchlight, Charlotte Clopton in her grave-clothes leaning against the wall; and when they looked nearer, she was indeed dead, but not before, in the agonies of despair and hunger, she had bitten a piece from her white round shoulder! Of course, she had *walked* ever since. This was "Charlotte's chamber;" and beyond Charlotte's chamber was a state-chamber carpeted with the dust of many years, and darkened by the creepers which had covered up the windows, and even forced themselves in luxuriant daring through the broken panes. Beyond, again, there was an old Catholic chapel, with a chaplain's room, which had been walled up and forgotten till within the last few years. I went in on my hands and knees, for the entrance was very low. I recollect little in the chapel; but in the chaplain's room were old, and I should think rare, editions of many books, mostly folios. A large yellow-paper copy of Dryden's "All for Love, or the World well Lost," date 1686, caught my eye, and is the only one I particularly remember. Every here and there, as I wandered, I came upon a fresh branch of a staircase; and so numerous were the crooked, half-lighted passages, that I wondered if I could find my way back again. There was a curious carved old chest in one of these passages, and with girlish curiosity I tried to open it; but the lid was too heavy, till I persuaded one of my companions to help me; and when it was opened, what do you think we saw?—BONES! but whether human, whether the remains of the lost bride, we did not stay to see, but ran off in partly feigned, and partly real terror.

'The last of these deserted rooms that I remember, the last, the most deserted, and the saddest, was the Nursery—a nursery without children, without singing voices, without

merry chiming footsteps ! A nursery hung round with its once inhabitants, bold, gallant boys, and fair, arch-looking girls, and one or two nurses with round, fat babies in their arms. Who were they all ? What was their lot in life ? sunshine, or storm ? Or had they been 'loved by the gods, and died young' ? The very echoes knew not. Behind the house, in a hollow now wild, damp, and overgrown with elder-bushes, was a well called Margaret's Well, for there had a maiden of the house of that name drowned herself.'

Clopton, independent of its family interest, has, in fact, little interest. The north and west sides of the house are said to have been built in Henry VII.'s time ; the south and east part in that of Charles II. When Ireland visited it in 1792 or 1793, he found in it a bed given to Sir Hugh Clopton by Henry VII., and in which he is said to have frequently slept ; the furniture being of fine cloth of a darkish brown, with a rich fringe of silk about six inches deep. In the attic story also was a chapel, with Scriptural inscriptions in black-letter, and religious painting on the walls, as ancient as the house.

This chapel, which one of the Cloptons, a staunch Catholic, is said to have used after the Reformation, is exactly such a chapel as is still found in the roof of Compton-Winyates.¹

In its later years, Clopton must have been, in its desolation, just the place for generating tales of superstition. Its old carving and decayed paintings, its ruinous windows and rotting floors—all around its fences and gates going to decay, and its mighty trees spreading higher and wider, and casting over it a brooding gloom. It will now, no doubt, soon become a goodly and splendidly-furnished mansion ; but the visible traces of the ill-fated Cloptons are nearly

¹ See Visit to Compton-Winyates.

erased, and it can only in future be said, such a family once lived there, and such were the traditions of their fate. The Cloptons have evidently been not only a powerful, but a well-featured race ; but they had not their poet—they had not even their painter—who could invest them with immortality. They, therefore, now hang in the back passage of a house no longer theirs. Its master does not share their blood ; he has no interest in them, and how long they will be tolerated, even there, is a dubious problem.

Can any termination of the career of a once honoured and fortunate race be imagined more melancholy ? Yet, of how many a proud line is this the end !

As I returned towards Stratford, I met the new lady of the mansion driving up in her gay equipage, and I could not help wondering at what period the portraits of herself and her descendants would be displaced by some other family, and the Cloptons be exiled, even from the back passage to make room for the Wards !

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

VISIT TO COMBE ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE

THIS pleasant old mansion, the seat of the Earl of Craven, which is situated about four miles from Coventry, besides its own particular attractions as a good specimen of an old monastic building, contains a considerable number of valuable paintings. It lies also in a pleasant park, and retains its gardens in their primitive state—thus forming altogether a very agreeable spot to visit on a summer's day, with cheerful hearts and cheerful friends. Besides all this, a great deal of interest attaches to it, through its having been the scene of some of the earliest and latest fortunes of the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. and Queen of Bohemia. It was hence that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot endeavoured to seize and carry her off when a mere girl ; and it was hither she returned after all the troubles of her most troublesome and disastrous reign, and enjoyed the only peaceful days of her existence. Elizabeth was a Stuart, and, like the rest of her family, was doomed to drink deep of misfortunes ; but, strictly virtuous and highly amiable, Providence seemed to concede to her what so few of her family were permitted, or indeed deserved—a quiet termination of a stormy life. If ever the finger of an ill fate, laid on evil deeds, was, however, manifest, it was not merely in her family, but in the families of those who were concerned in the attempt to carry her off from this place. Such were the

singular fortunes connected with that circumstance and its great cause—the Gunpowder Plot—that, perhaps, no other spot of the strangely eventful soil of England can show more remarkable ones. It will be curious to trace these uncommon and melancholy facts before we make our visit to the house.

The Princess Elizabeth was, at the time of the plot, living here under the care of the Earl of Harrington, the then proprietor of the abbey. This circumstance, and the fact also that several of the conspirators were closely connected with that part of the country, drew them in their defeat in that direction, and made Warwickshire, with its neighbouring counties of Worcester and Stafford, the grand scene of the catastrophe.

It appears singular, at first view, that so many of the principal conspirators were from the midland counties ; but Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire were inhabited by more staunch Catholic families than perhaps any other part of England. Catesby, the originator of the plot, was, indeed, of Ashby St. Legers in Northamptonshire—*itself*, however, not far distant from the scene of action, and he was intimately connected with the Catholics in these counties. He was lineally descended from that Catesby who was the favourite and one of the base ministers of Richard III., whose fame is still preserved in the old popular rhyme :—

The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel the dog.
Rule all England under the Hog.

He appears to have been one of the most zealous and devoted bigots that this country ever produced. He was for many years the sworn friend of Garnet, the principal of the Jesuits in England, and was supposed to be concerned,

more or less, in all the plots and schemes of treason which fermented and occasionally came to the light during the reign of Elizabeth. On her death, the hopes of the Catholics rose high. James, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, a queen who had suffered so much from the heretic Elizabeth, and a queen, too, so fervently attached to the Catholic religion, was fondly expected by the Papists, when seated on the throne of Great Britain, and free to avow his own predilections, to show that the influence of blood and of filial resentment were not unfelt. They hoped from him, if not the restoration of the ancient worship, at least a most indulgent toleration of it. James disappointed them. He showed every disposition to put into rigorous force the laws against Popish recusants ; and when, on the conclusion of a peace with the king of Spain, even that monarch was found to have secured no stipulation in favour of the English Catholics, their rage and disappointment grew desperate. Catesby hit upon the grand idea of blowing the whole Protestant government of England into the air. He soon found in Thomas Percy, a branch of the illustrious house of Northumberland, a ready coadjutor, for Percy was smarting under personal resentments towards the king, and already brooding on a plan of assassination.

One of the earliest to join these desperate men in so desperate an enterprise, was a gentleman who, at first sight, would have seemed the most unlikely of all persons, and that was the handsome, the accomplished, the fortunate, and—as far as personal disposition, the resources of mind and of fortune, elegant pursuits, and the dearest domestic ties, could make any man so—the singularly happy Sir Everard Digby.

Sir Everard was descended of a highly distinguished line.

He was distinguished at the court of Elizabeth by the graces of his person, and his accomplishments ; from James himself he had received the honour of knighthood. His father died when he was but eleven years old, and the priests of the Catholic families with which he was most intimately connected seized on the opportunity to mould his naturally fine and generous mind to the views of their party. They brought him up with the most devoted notions of the claims of the Catholic Church, and the duties which every gentleman in this country owed it ; and he eventually became the victim of these their inculcations.

The plot being all ready, and the whole of the royal family being expected to be blown up—except the Duke of York, whom Percy was to seize, and the Princess Elizabeth, who was at Combe Abbey—Sir Everard Digby undertook to be at Dunchurch with a body of horse raised amongst his friends thereabout, and seize upon the princess. As she was a child, and therefore not too old to be educated in the Catholic faith, her they proposed to proclaim queen. When the day came, and, instead of the blowing up of the parliament, the discovery of the plot was made, and Guy Fawkes seized, Catesby, Percy, the Lyttletons, and others of the conspirators, as if struck with infatuation, instead of making their escape abroad, all hastened down to Dunchurch to Sir Everard Digby, in the wild hope of seizing the princess, and raising a civil war in her name. The princess, by the activity of Lord Harrington, was conveyed into Coventry. The celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, who was deputy-lieutenant of the county, appeared in force against them. He seized the horses, arms, and persons of the suspected ; the sheriff raised the country ; and the unhappy conspirators soon found the population from whom they had vainly hoped for

support, up, and in full chase of them. The pursuit was hot : gentle and simple, cavalry and peasantry, came fiercely upon them from all quarters, and they flew in wild confusion across the county into Worcestershire ; some taking shelter in Hendlip Hall, the seat of Thomas Habington, Esq., a zealous Catholic and a secret favourer of their views, but the greater number fleeing to Holbeach House, the fortified mansion of Stephen Lyttleton.

When the sheriff came with a party to Hendlip to search for the fugitives, Habington stoutly denied that any of them were there ; but the sheriff was too certain to the contrary to be easily put off. A most minute and persevering search was made, when in the gallery over the gate there were found two cunning and artificial conveyances in the main brick-wall, so ingeniously framed, and with such art, as cost much labour ere they could be found. Three other secret places, contrived with no less skill and industry, were found in and about the chimneys, in one whereof two of the traitors were close concealed. These chimney conveyances being so strangely formed, having the entrances into them so curiously covered with brick, mortared and made fast to planks of wood, and coloured black like the other part of the chimney, that very diligent inquisition might well have passed by without throwing the least suspicion on such unsuspecting places. And whereas divers funnels are usually made to chimneys according as they are combined together, and serve for the necessary use in several rooms, where were some that exceeded common expectation, seeming outwardly fit for carrying forth smoke ; but being further examined and seen into, the service was to no such purpose, but only to lend light and air downwards into the concealment where such as should be enclosed in them any time should be

hidden. Eleven such corners and conveyances were found in the said house, all of them having books, massing stuff, and trumpery in them, only two excepted, which appeared to have been found in some former search, and therefore had now the less credit given to them.

Three days had been fully spent, and no more found there all this while ; but upon the fourth day in the morning, from behind the wainscot in the galleries came forth two men of their own voluntary accord, as being no longer able to conceal themselves ; for they confessed that they had had but one apple between them, which was all the sustenance they had received during the time they were there hidden. One of them was named Owen, who afterwards murdered himself in the Tower, and the other Chambers. On the eighth day, the before-mentioned place in the chimney was found. Forth of this secret and most cunning conveyance came Henry Garnet, the Jesuit sought for, and another with him named Hall ;¹ marmalade and other sweetmeats were found there lying by them, but their better maintenance was by a quill or reed, through a little hole in the chimney that backed another chimney into a gentlewoman's chamber, and by that passage caudles, broths, and warm drinks had been conveyed to them.

But the most singular fortune befel the Lyttletons. They, with Sir Everard Digby and a considerable number of the other conspirators, made good their flight to Holbeach House, the seat of Stephen Lyttleton, where they determined to make a desperate resistance ; but by a curious coincidence, the very death which they had intended for the king and parliament, had nearly been their own—their

¹ This Jesuit, called also Alcuine, or Oldcorn, was domesticated in the family.

gunpowder, by some accident, exploded, blew up the roof, wounded some of them, and rendered the house untenable. There was nothing left but to make a bold sally, in which Stephen Lyttleton and Winter made their escape, but Percy, Catesby, and some others were killed, and Sir Everard Digby and the rest made prisoners.

Stephen Lyttleton and Winter, though they had escaped immediate death or captivity, were in a condition little better. They were in a country swarming with active enemies in quest of them, and were obliged to skulk in woods, and hide themselves from view in a miserable condition of hourly fear and starvation. At length, Humphry, the cousin of Stephen Lyttleton, conducted them to Hagley, then the house of the widow of his late unfortunate brother John, by which he rashly endangered the very property which had been recently restored to her by the king. Luckily, however, she was absent, and could not be held accountable for their entering there ; and there, moreover, they soon found that treason in a servant which they had entertained against the whole body of the government, and were delivered up to their fate.

So perished this singular body of conspirators, many of them closing with a fearful catastrophe very remarkable histories ; and what is not less remarkable, the lines of Digby and Lyttleton, as if sufficient expiation had now been made for their ancestral crimes, again extended in dignity and prosperous state.

The Princess Elizabeth, thus rescued from the meditated grasp of the conspirators here in her youth, returned once more to Combe Abbey in her latter days. Like that of all the Stuarts, her fate had a melancholy hue. The story of her unfortunate husband, Frederick, the Elector Palatine, of

his being raised to the crown of Bohemia ; of his struggles to maintain his elevation, in which he was left without the smallest aid by his cold-blooded and pedantic father-in-law, James I. , of his dethronement and melancholy end, is well known to most readers. If Elizabeth knew any enjoyment of life, it must have been in those later days when she resided in England. Many English gentlemen had chivalrously fought to maintain the cause of her and her husband in this kingdom, and amongst them she found a most devoted friend in the then Lord Craven. She is supposed, during her residence in this country, to have been privately married to him, and she left him her collection of paintings, most of which are here. In the great gallery of the house, the portraits of her husband and herself are surrounded by those of almost every individual of her own family, the Stuarts, and of most of those gallant officers, English and German, who distinguished themselves in their endeavours to maintain the Elector on the throne of Bohemia.

The great interest of this house consists, indeed, in its connexion with the history of this amiable but unfortunate princess. The beautiful but dissipated Margravine of Anspach, whose portrait will be found on the staircase, may excite a momentary attention, but the mind will here speedily revert to Elizabeth, and every room of the house will present you with the characters and memorials of her story. In the Breakfast Room are white marble busts of Elizabeth and her daughter the Princess Sophia. In the Great Gallery are portraits of a daughter of Charles I. ; Dukes of Richmond and Brunswick ; Charles I. ; Charles II. at fourteen ; Earl of Craven ; Prince Edward, Count Palatine ; the Queen of Bohemia herself, a half-length by Honthorst, a very different face to that of the full-length at Hampton Court attributed

to the same artist. She has here all the Stuart countenance, an amiable but melancholy look, her crown on her head, and is robed in ermine. There is also a head of the king ; of Gustavus Adolphus, the king's firm friend ; Honthorst the painter to the Court of Bohemia, by himself ; a great number of the officers who fought in the king's wars ; the queen's daughter as an abbess ; Charles II. and James II., and their queens ; Princes Rupert and Maurice, and Dukes of Richmond and Brunswick again ; Duke of Richmond again, full-length ; Prince Henry. In the Bohemia Room, you have the queen again, full-length, with six daughters and four sons. In the Vandyck Room are the Countess of Bedford, the daughter of Lord Harrington, who was educated with the Princess Elizabeth ; two daughters of Elizabeth. On the Staircase are Rupert and Maurice again ; a fine portrait of Lord Craven, and another in armour ; Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I., by Vandyck. In the Library, Charles II. in buff and cuirass ; the Duchess of Cleveland, said to be by three masters, Lely, Dobson, and Kneller. In the Drawing Room, full-lengths of the King and Queen of Bohemia, by Honthorst. The king is represented in armour, with a surcoat of velvet lined with ermine. The sceptre is in his hand, and the crown, which was a most uneasy one to him, on his head. It is a fine portrait, expressing great mildness of character. Elizabeth is in black, richly adorned with pearls. We have here again Charles I., by Mytens ; and full-lengths of Maurice and Rupert, in their youth, in buff. In the Beauty Parlour, so called from the portraits of the beauties of Charles II.'s court formerly hanging there, are now Charles I. and his queen, three-quarter lengths, by Vandyck, painted at the request of Elizabeth. They are crowned, and Henrietta is

presenting Charles with a laurel-wreath. The king was evidently drawn in an hour of domestic comfort ; and his countenance is more cheerful and happy than you see it anywhere else. In the Hunting Parlour are the beauties of Charles II.'s court. They are said, many of them, to be by Lely, but they are merely small heads, and not very striking.

Perhaps so many portraits of the Stuart family are not to be met with in any one place besides, as these which were chiefly collected by the affection of Elizabeth. There is none, indeed, like the grand equestrian Vandycks of Charles I. at Warwick Castle, Windsor, and Hampton Court ; but there are many of a high character, and some nowhere else to be found. These render a visit to Combe well worth making ; but besides these, the Abbey contains many admirable subjects by first-rate masters—Vandyck, Rubens, Carravagio, Lely, Kneller, Brughel, Teniers, Merelveldt, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Albert Dürer. Amongst them I may particularly mention fine and characteristic portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Thomas More, General Monk, Lord Strafford, Vandyck by himself, Honthorst by himself ; heads of the Saxony Reformers, by a Saxon artist ; Lot and his Daughters, by Michael Angelo. There is also a very curious old picture of a lady with a golden drinking horn in her hand, and a Latin legend of Count Otto, who, hunting in the forest, and seeing this lady, asked to drink out of her horn, for he was dreadfully athirst ; but on looking into it, he was suspicious of the liquor, and pouring it behind him, part of it fell on his horse, and took off the hair like fire.

The Gallery is a fine old wainscoted room ; the cloisters are now adorned with projecting antlers of stags and black-jacks. There are old tapestry, old paintings, old cabinets

one made of ebony, tortoiseshell, and gold ; and the house altogether has that air, and those vestiges of old times which must, independently of its connexion with the Queen of Bohemia, give it great interest in the eyes of the lovers of old English houses, and of the traces of past generations.



*VISIT TO LINDISFARNE, FLODDEN FIELD, AND
OTHER SCENERY OF 'MARMION.'*

THE poem of 'Marmion' has always been reckoned the highest in merit amongst those of Scott, as more active, bustling, and spirited than the rest.

Next to the great natural interest which bears upon the Battle of Flodden, is that produced by the fate of Constance de Beverley in the dungeon of Lindisfarne Abbey. In this episode Scott has portrayed one of those horrid practices of the Catholic Church in its days of unlimited power, which forcibly act upon the imagination, because they are surrounded with mystery and darkness, and involve their destinies in a machinery so vast and overwhelming as to

present no result to the sufferers but despair and death. This scene in the dungeon of Lindisfarne is one of the most intensely interesting and powerfully painted in English poetry. The victims, a young, beautiful, and faithful, but ill-requited woman, roused by the passions of love and jealousy and resentment to deeds against her rival of a deadly character, and the sordid wretch by whom she strove to accomplish her vengeance. The high spirit of the woman, which rises and towers over the heads of her judges in majesty of injured feeling, and the base fear of the man,

Who shamed not loud to moan and howl ;
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch like hound beneath the lash,

contrast finely, as does the impassioned eloquence of the unhappy lady, with the awe-stricken aspects of her judges, who pronounce the fatal words,

Sister, let thy sorrows cease,
Sinful brother, part in peace ;

and hurry up to the light of day. The place a dungeon, whose access was a secret, except to the abbot and a few of his familiars, a hundred steps below the surface, where the thunder of the ocean above it was heard as a dull sound ; the figures of the judges in their monastic robes and seated on their stone seats ; the dim cresset showing the sepulchral vault ; the two executioners and the two niches ready to receive their living victims, and the stones and mortar ready to build them up,—unite to raise the tone of mind to that pitch in which even the exaggeration of the midnight passing-bell, which is made to be heard fifteen miles off, becomes grand and imposing.

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung ;
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;

To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then crouched him down beside the hind,
And quaked amid the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

But Scott was aware of the excellent effect of connecting as much of the circumjacent country as possible with the scene of his subject. The reader of 'Marmion' will recollect the pleasure with which he perused the description of the voyage of the Abbess of Whitby and her nuns to Holy Isle ; and no one can have passed over the high ground of the Great North road, between Alnwick and Belford, without being struck with admiration at the vast extent of sea and shore thence beheld, embracing nearly the very places which he has included in the following lines :—

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland ;
Towers, towns, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monkwearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;
They marked amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton Delaval ;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
They passed the tower of Widrington,
Mother of many a valiant son ;
At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
To the good saint who owned the cell.
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;
And next they crossed themselves to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore.

Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there ;
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown.
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

We left the coach and dined at Belford, and set off for Holy Island. From the hill above the town we saw it lying off the coast below, at apparently no great distance. The distance is, nevertheless, four good miles, yet a pleasant walk through fields, and past farm-houses, with the wide wild sea-view before us ; to our right Bamborough Castle, on its lofty rock, and in the offing the Fern and Staple islands. When we reached the strand, the scene was wild and solemn. Scott conducts his fair bevy of voyagers thither at high water.

The tide did now his flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the saint's domain ;
For with the flow and ebb the style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dryshod o'er sands twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way :
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.

But we arrived at low water, and the sands between the mainland and isle, called Fenham Flats, were partly bare and partly intersected with creeks and pools of salt water. If the pilgrims could cross twice a-day dryshod, it was more than we could do. We were told, indeed, that it might be done, but only by those who knew both the track and the proper hour ; those who are ignorant of these, run a good chance of being set fast in quicksands, or overtaken by the tide, for it is more than a mile across. We imagine, too, that the holy pilgrims were not dainty about wetting their sandals. We found it necessary to pursue the curvature of

the shore, which forms a vast circuit at the lower end of the inlet. From this point of view the projecting land and the island appear a continuous range running for some miles parallel to the shore, a brown and jagged range of rocks and sand-banks, worn and torn by the ocean into an aspect sufficiently savage. On our right hand ran these sand-banks, high, and thrown up in irregular heaps, and overgrown with sea-grass, behind them the ocean booming with an awful grandeur. The strand was rent and undermined by the violence of the tides. In some places patches of smooth turf overhung the beach, crimson with flowering thrift ; in others, huge masses of the sward were lying half-buried in the sands. The sand-hills were at intervals scooped into caves by the assaulting ocean ; an old boat lay half-buried in the sandy drift, and long heaps of sea-weeds, shells, and pebbles, at high-water mark, added to the picturesque effect of the scene. Near these sand-hills we found the strand dry ; and as we advanced,

Higher and higher rose to view,
The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle :

and besides these appeared a solitary hut on the sandy promontory, and two tall white obelisks—landmarks which kept continually varying their apparent relative position in that singular manner that most of my readers must have noticed. Here the promontory terminated, and across a passage of not more than a quarter of a mile wide lay Holy Island. On the summit of a range of dark rocks opposite, appeared the ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey, and to our right the castle, perched on, or rather built into, the summit of a singular and most inaccessible pile of rock. In this are

stationed a few individuals of the preventive service ; and a king's cutter is generally cruising not far off. Some fishermen on the island observed us, and put across for us. Truly a wild place, and an amphibious population ! Evening was coming fast upon us, and no doubt greatly heightened the effect. We landed under a dark range of cliffs, on a shore scattered with huge blocks fallen from above. There were numbers of sailor-looking figures about ; boats drawn on shore, drying-houses, fish-bones scattered around, and all the signs of a fishing-place. We climbed the cliff ; and at once appeared the ruins of the Abbey, and a village just by them. Troops of children were at play, and their familiar cries sounded strangely in this desolate-looking place.

We found the ruins of the Abbey far surpassing our expectation, both in extent and beauty. They are of a massy construction, but of genuine Saxon, and in a state of preservation, their age and exposure considered, truly remarkable. The description in the poem is one of the many instances of the extreme accuracy of Sir Walter's details.

There is a singular arch of grand dimensions, stretching in a diagonal direction from one part of the fabric to another, and richly adorned with the Saxon zigzag. It appears to have been a sort of bridge-way, to some upper part of the building, reached by a spiral staircase. The walls about the arch itself have disappeared ; and it stands in its naked grandeur, 'like a rainbow in the sky.'

Within the ruins of the Abbey stands a rustic chapel, built from the fallen stones ; and within its green enclosure rest the dead of the island. There was one circumstance which struck me in reading the inscriptions, both here and in the burying-ground of Tynemouth Priory—the numbers of deaths by shipwreck and other seafaring causes, which

are recorded in these maritime cemeteries, and which makes them so different to any others.

As we quitted the island, the gloom of evening was upon it, the tide was rolling over the sands between it and the mainland with whitening billows, the sea-birds were scudding about in the gloaming with wild cries, and the roar of the ocean beyond the sand-banks was loud and awful. The beacon-lights on the Fern and Staple islands shone out ; and we walked on in the gathering darkness, strongly impressed with the wildness of the scene, and glad that we had visited it at such a time.

FLODDEN FIELD.

A fearful field in verse to frame,
I mean that if to mark ye list.
O Flodden Mount ! thy fearful name
Doth sore affray my trembling fist.

Ballad of Flodden Field.

From Belford to Flodden ! We have got our seven-league boots on, and it is but one stride.

We approached the Field of Flodden with great interest. It is a place invested, alike by history and poetry, with a melancholy glory. As the field most fatal to Scotland of all those so fatally contested by that disastrous family the Stuarts, as the field where

The flowers of the forest were a' wede away :

where indeed fell twelve Scottish earls, thirteen lords, five eldest sons of peers, fifty chiefs, knights, and men of eminence, and ten thousand common men—it has a gloomy fame peculiar to itself. The name of the field itself is one of gloom and desolation. Our imaginations naturally picture it as black and melancholy ; to mine no name in history or

poetry had a sound more dreary. Our astonishment was therefore proportionate, to find the 'dark Flodden' of the poets so fair and so cultivated, a scene of plentiful corn-fields and comfortable farms. The track which used to lie between the two countries—a blasted and desolate region, ravaged with fire and sword, drenched with blood, and peopled only with horrible memories—is now turned into a garden. The one country has blended so beautifully into the other, that the only line of demarcation is one of superior culture and abundance. In this neighbourhood, up to the very ridges of the Cheviots, extend large corn-farms, where all the improvements and scientific triumphs of modern agriculture are displayed.

Just below the King's-Chair Hill a farm-house has been erected, since the enclosure of what are called the Brank-some allotments ; and here is the little well which Scott has made the site of the Cross of Sibyl Grey—

A cross of stone,
That on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command ;

and which he has marked as the death-spot and grave of Marmion. It is, in fact, the well which supplies the house, and stands in the yard, so that a good deal of the picturesque of the poet's description is gone from that, too.

Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple cross of Sibyl Grey,
And broke her fount of stone
And yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry ;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel-bush,
And plait their garlands fair

Nor dream they sit upon the grave
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.

Now hazel-bush, water-flag, rush, and shepherd boys have all vanished before an Act of Parliament and the plough. Hence, however, you have a full and wide view of the scenery of the battle to 'Twizel bridge and castle, where the English crossed the Till. From Flodden Ridge you may see, in the direction of Millfield, Ford Castle, the seat of the Herons, whose conquest was so fatal to James--now the property of the Marquis of Waterford. The features of the battle-field have been tamed down by the hand of cultivation; the open waste of 'red Flodden' has given way to hedges; its heather to corn; and the very King's Chair itself is broken by the hammer and the pick; but the wooded ridge and the little well will not easily be annihilated; and many a ruin or site in the neighbourhood, connected with the field of Flodden, or with stirring passages in Border warfare, render this a most delightful resort for a summer-day's party; especially of such as have hearts and imaginations to raise again the ruined ranks, and see, as Scott saw, the last scene of that contest, when

On the darkening heath
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring.
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host, and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands,
 And from the charge they drew ;
As mountain waves from wasted lands
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong ;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield.



Lindisfarne



The Strid.

VISIT TO BOLTON PRIORY.

SCENERY OF 'THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.'

WE visited this scenery much in the order in which it is introduced to our notice in Wordsworth's poem. First, the White Doe is seen at Bolton Priory ; then you have a glimpse of the history of the Shepherd Lord, and his residence, Barden Tower ; lastly, the poet takes you to Rylstone, and enters, with earnest heart, into the fate of the Nortons. We took the same course. We walked from

Skipton Castle to Bolton Priory on the morning of the 6th of July. The country had nothing very remarkable in it, if we except the wild aspect of Rumbold's Moor—a corruption of Romilly's Moor—on our left as we went ; nothing which bore any relation to that exquisite scenery which we looked for in the neighbourhood of Bolton. Presently, however, a valley filled with dense wood appeared below us, stretching away northwards. We came to a few cottages in their gardens ; to a high stone wall ; and passing through a small arched gateway, the valley and ruins of Bolton Priory lay before us—one of the most delicious and paradisiacal scenes which the heart of England holds. There were the gables and pinnacles of the Priory, appearing amongst a wilderness of trees in the open bosom of the valley : there was the Wharf, sounding on its way with a most melancholy music, under the cliffs opposite ; there was the silver line of a waterfall, thrown from a cliff of considerable and nearly perpendicular height, a cliff of rich purple hue, facing the eastern end of the Priory ; there were the parsonage, and other houses shrouded in their trees ; beyond, lay the deep and densely wooded vale ; on the northern slope above it, the ancient oaks of the park ; and still farther, the fells and rocky distances of Barden and Simon-Seat.

As we descended and walked towards the Priory, the parsonage presented a very inviting aspect. Its garden, crimson with roses ; its old ivied porch, in a sort of tower, with an ancient escutcheon emblazoned on it—I believe of the Clifford arms ; its pleasant shrubberies, and its little garden gateway up a few steps, overhung, on each hand, with drooping masses of yellow fumitory, made it one of the most perfect little rural nests we ever set eyes upon. As soon as we passed this, the Priory broke upon us with a fine

effect. We need not attempt to describe it ; it is a fit subject for the pencil only ; and the pencils of many of our artists, particularly that of Turner, have made it familiar to the public eye. The magnificent ash-trees, however, which grew about, deserve especial mention.

The nave of the Priory church is now used for a parochial chapel.

In the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part—
A rural chapel, neatly drest,
In covert like a little nest ;
And thither young and old repair
On Sabbath-day for praise and prayer.

White Doe.

But the most singular feature of this beautiful structure is a tower, or western entrance, built like a screen before the old western entrance. This was begun by Prior Moore, the last prior before the dissolution, but never finished. It possesses a fine receding arch, and is embellished with shields, statues, and a window of exquisite tracery. Amongst others on this part of the work, is the statue of a pilgrim, with a staff in one hand, and a broad, flat, round hat in the other. The buttresses are surmounted with figures of hounds. Within this, partly darkened and partly hidden by it, appears the old front, with its lancet windows and slender columns—a work equally exquisite of its kind. The sculpture and carvings of the Priory altogether, its running trefoils and fleur-de-lis, have preserved their sharpness and distinctness most remarkably.

About a mile from the Priory we came to the celebrated
STRID—

• The pair have reached that fearful chasm—
How tempting to bestride !
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called THE STRID—
 A name which it took of yore ;
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come ;
 And what may now forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
 Shall bound across THE STRID ?

He sprung in glee—for what cared he
 That the river was strong and the rocks were steep ?
 —But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
 And strangled by a merciless force ;
 For never more was young Romilly seen,
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

The Force of Prayer. (WORDSWORTH'S *Poems*.)

The Strid is not so much a waterfall as a narrow passage torn by the river through its bed of solid rock, through which it rushes with tremendous fury and a stunning din. Many people, who go expecting to see a sheer cascade, are at first disappointed ; but no one can stand long by it without feeling a sense of its power and savage grandeur grow upon him. It is indeed a place 'most tempting to bestride ;' but narrow as the opening appears, its real width is much greater than its apparent one ; and very dangerous, both on that account and from the slipperiness of the rocks. One slip of the foot, and the *leap* is into eternity.

We now advanced to Barden Tower, the walk thither being still up the valley, along the banks of the Wharf, and through the most delightful scenery. The splendour of the day and the beauty of the place filled us with delight and admiration. We crossed a fine bridge to Barden, and soon stood before the ruined tower of the Cliffords.

It is a singular circumstance, out of what peaceful, pro-

found, old-fashioned nooks have gone forth some of the stormiest, sternest, and most ambitious characters in history. The place seems to belong to a past age of English history ; to make no part of bustling, swarming, steam-engine, and rail-road England ; but of England in the days of solemn forest, far-off towns, and the most peaceful and rustic existence. The tower stands a mere shell ; but the cottages about it are those which stood there in the days of its glory, and are peopled with a race as primitive and quiet as they were then. We inquired for a public-house to get a luncheon ; there was no such thing, but we procured bread-and-butter and milk at one of the cottages ; and, as we sate looking out of its door, the profound tranquillity of the scene was most impressive. Yet, from this place, and such as this, issued

The stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France—

ay, and in Scotland and England too—conspicuous in all the wars, from the time of the Conqueror to that of Cromwell ; the ‘ Old Clifford,’ and the ‘ Bloody Clifford,’ who slew the young Duke of Rutland, and afterwards the Duke of York, his father—of Shakspeare’s ‘ Henry VI.’ Thence, too, went out the great seafaring Lord Clifford, George, third Earl of Cumberland, of Elizabeth’s time, who made eleven expeditions, chiefly against the Spaniards and Dutch, and chiefly too, at his own expense, to the West Indies, Spanish America, and Sierra Leone. But the most remarkable characters connected with this place are—the Shepherd Lord Clifford ; the heroic Countess of Derby, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Cumberland, and granddaughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the Dowager Queen of France, sister of Henry VIII., whose romantic

story is known to all readers of English history, and especially Anne Clifford, Dowager Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, of famous memory : for the others made only occasional visits hither, from their more frequent residence of Skipton Castle, to enjoy field-sports at their lodge here ; but Anne Clifford has placed her memorial on the very front of the house, as its restorer ; and the Shepherd Lord constituted it his principal abode.

Anne Clifford has justly been termed one of the most extraordinary women which this country has produced. She was a woman of a high spirit, a determined will, and many good and magnificent qualities, and of a very commensurate consciousness of them. She did great works, and took good care to commemorate them. Two such builders of houses and of families, perhaps no nobleman of the present day can reckon amongst his female ancestry, as the Duke of Devonshire—Anne Clifford, and Bess of Hardwicke. The first thing which strikes your attention in front of Barden Tower, in this singular inscription :—

THIS BARDEN TOWER WAS REPAYRED
BY THE LADIE ANNE CLIFFORD COUNTE
SSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKEE DORSETT
AND MONTGOMERY BARONESS CLIFFORD
WESTMERLAND AND VERCIE LADY OF THE
HONOR OF SKIPTON IN CRAVEN AND HIGH
SHERIFFESSE BY INHERITANCE OF THE
COUTIE OF WESTMERLAND IN THE YEARRS
1658 AND 1659 AFTER IT HAD LAYNE
RUINOUS EVER SINCE ABOUT 1589 WHEN
HER MOTHER THEN LAY IN ITT AND WAS
GREAT WITH CHILD WITH HER TILL
NOWE THAT IT WAS REPAYRED BY
THE SAID LADY. IS. CHAPT. 58. V. 12.
GOD'S NAME BE PRAISED !

The text referred to is—‘Thou shalt raise up the foundations

of many generations ; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, and 'The restorer of paths to dwell in.'

When she came to her ancestral estates, she found six castles in ruins, and the church of Skipton in a similar condition, from the ravages of the Civil War. She restored them all ; and upon all set this emblazonment of the fact. One of the first things which she built was a work of filial piety—a pillar in the highway, at the place where she and her unhappy mother last parted, and took their final farewell. She erected monuments to her tutor, Daniell, the poetic historian, and to Spenser—the latter in Westminster Abbey. She wrote her own life—of which the title-page is indeed a title-page, being a whole page of the most vain-glorious enumeration of the titles and honours derived from her ancestors. Spite of her vain-glory, she was, nevertheless, a fine old creature. It is, however, her celebrated letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of Charles II., who had written to name a candidate for her borough of Appleby, that has given her name a Spartan immortality :—

'I have been bullied by an usurper ; I have been neglected by a court ; but I will not be dictated to by a subject—your man shan't stand.

'ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE,
AND MONTGOMERY.'

The history of the Shepherd Lord is one of the most singular in the peerage. When his father, Lord John Clifford—the bloody or black-faced Clifford—fell at the battle of Towton, which overthrew the house of Lancaster and placed Edward IV. on the throne, his mother was obliged to fly with him, for safety, into the wildest recesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland. She afterwards married Sir

Launcelot Threlkeld, of the latter county, who assisted to keep him concealed from the knowledge of the York family—to whom the Clifford blood was, for notorious reasons, most especially odious ; but to effect this, he was obliged to be brought up as a shepherd, and so lived for twenty-four years. On the accession of Henry VII. to the throne, the attainder against his father was reversed, and he succeeded to his ancestral honours and estates. At this period it appears that he was as uneducated as his fellow-shepherds ; but he was a man of strong natural understanding, and had, it would seem, learned much true wisdom in his simple abode up amongst the hills.

There is matter for a fine romance in the life of this lord : the stirring nature of the times when he was born ; the flight of his family ; his concealment ; his life on the mountains ; his restoration ; his secluded mode of existence and mysterious labours ; and then his emerging, as he did, after he had so spent the whole of the reign of Henry VII. and the first years of Henry VIII., at the age of nearly sixty, as a principal commander of the victorious army of Flodden ; showing that the military genius of the Cliffords merely slumbered beneath the philosophic gown. There is something very picturesque in the description of his followers, in the old metrical history of Flodden Field :—

From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts did till—
They with the lusty Clifford came ;
All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Wharfedale,
And all that Hutton Hills did climb,
With Longstroth eke and Litton Dale,
Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,
Well-browned, with sounding bows upbend ;
All such as Horton Fells had fed—
On Clifford's banner did attend.

Before leaving Barden Tower, we must just notice the singular old chapel which bounds one corner of the courtyard. You enter at a door from the court, and find yourself in a dwelling-house ; another door is opened, and you find yourself in the loft of a very old chapel, which remains in the state in which it was centuries ago, except for the effects of time, and where service is still performed by the clergyman of Bolton.

We now directed our course to Rylstone ; but hearing that the common way was circuitous, and being curious to pass along the very route of the White Doe, we determined to cross the moor, contrary to the earnest dissuasion of the villagers, who declared it was perfectly trackless, and that a stranger could not find his way over it. And sure enough we found it most solitary and impracticable. The distance was six miles ; not a track nor a house to be seen, except a keeper's lodge, standing in the brown heathery wilderness about a mile from Barden, with a watch-tower annexed to it, whence he might look out far and wide for depredators on the moor game. We had the precaution to take a young man with us as guide, and on we went, plunging up to the waist in the heather, and sinking in deep moss at every step ; now in danger of being swallowed up by a bog, and now put to our contrivances by some black ravine. A weary way of it the poor Doe must have had every Sunday from Rylstone to Bolton Priory ; and well, we thought, might the people deem it something supernatural. Our guide himself found it no very easy matter to steer his course aright, or to pursue it when he thought it was right. He directed his way by certain crags on the distant hill-tops, called the Lord's Stones ; and, when we gained the highest elevation, whence we had an immense prospect, we came to a track cut through

the moorland which the guide told us to follow, and it would lead us to the Fell-gate just above Rylstone. Here, therefore, we allowed him to return ; but we speedily repented the permission, for the track soon vanished, and before us lay only wild craggy moors with intervening bogs, which extended wider and wider as we went. The moor game, ever and anon, rose with loud cries and whirring wings ; the few sheep ran off as we made our appearance, and we seemed only getting farther and farther into a desolate region.

Knowing, however, that there was nothing for it but pushing on to the extremity of the waste, bring us whither it would, we hurried forward in spite of weariness and bewilderment, and presently found ourselves on a savage ridge of crags, from which a wide prospect of green and champaign country burst upon us, and the village of Rylstone itself lying at the foot of the steep descent before us. We hastened down as well as we could, and proceeded towards the churchyard, knowing that near it had stood Rylstone Hall, the abode of the Nortons. Here we soon found that all vestiges of the old house were gone, and that a modern gentleman's house was built upon the site. The village lies on the green and cultivated plain, just that sort of country which has a most attractive aspect to a grazier, but which the poet gives but one glance at. We found the tradition of the White Doe quite current still amongst the peasantry, who soon pointed out to us, on the moorland eminence whence we had descended, Norton Tower, exactly answering the description by the historian of Craven :—‘ Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines,

are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dods-worth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made on all sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable. The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the site of a watch-tower.' Here, no doubt, stout old Richard Norton used to assemble his retainers, to make their inroads into Barden Moor amongst the Cliffords' deer, in which he delighted, and for which he constructed, by help of natural crag and bog and ravine, that famous, and, to the Cliffords, most provoking pound, of which abundant traces yet appear. Here, too, as the poet has more than hinted, he used to come and make merry.

High on a point of rugged ground,
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single, Norton Tower its name.
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent,
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free,
As Pendle-hill, or Pennygent,
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet,
Had often heard the sound of glee,
When there the youthful Nortons met
To practise games and archery.
How proud and happy they ! The crowd
Of lookers-on how pleased and proud !
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the watch-tower did repair—
Commodious pleasure-house ! And there
Would mirth run round with generous fare ;

And the stern old Lord of Rylstone Hall,
He was the proudest of them all.

White Doe, Canto V.

If the village of Rylstone has little in the aspect of the present, or remaining of the past, to draw the feet of poetic wanderers to it—if Rylstone Hall itself, the hearth and home of the stout Nortons, be gone—if all its gardens, walks, waters, and topiary work, have vanished like a dream—yet there still stands that stern old tower, on those dark and frowning fells, which will rear their black and storm-shattered heads till the shock which commingles earth and heaven.

In this beautiful poem, the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' Wordsworth has shown how far he was capable of handling a romantic and historic subject ; and nothing is more obvious than that, if he had chosen to select such subjects, rather than undeviatingly attempting to develop his own views of the real nature and compass of the province of poetry, he might much earlier have stepped into that popularity which he has now attained, and avoided the long reign of ridicule and abuse under which he lived. He has cast over the sorrows of the Nortons a profound sympathy, and a golden glory over the scenery of the White Doe of Rylstone ; over Bolton Priory ; the Vale of Wharf ; over Barden Tower and Norton Tower, on the grim Rylstone Fells—which, as it drew us thither, shall draw thither also, from generation to generation, other pilgrims as devoted to the charms of nature, of poetry of history and tradition, as ourselves.

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VISIT TO HAMPTON COURT.

A VISIT to Hampton Court Palace is one of the bravest pleasures that a party of happy friends can promise themselves. Especially is it calculated to charm the thousands of pleasure-seekers from the dense and dusty vastness of London. It lies in a rich country, on the banks of the Thames—there unmuddled by commerce, but flowing free and pure, amid the greenest meadows, scattered villas, and trees overhanging its clear waters, and adding to its glad aspect the richness of their beauty. From the swelling hills of Richmond, Esher, and St. George, the palace is seen standing aloft amid a wide sea of woodland foliage, like a little town in its extent. Its ample and delightful gardens,

bounded by the splendid masses of its lime-tree avenues ; its ancient courts, with all their historic recollections ; its accumulated paintings – all are thrown open to the leisurely and perfect enjoyment of the public. There is no royal palace in England, excepting Windsor, which, after all, is to be compared to it ; and this is, as it should be, given up to the use and refreshment of the people.

To the visitors of cultivated taste and historic knowledge, Hampton Court abounds with subjects of reflective interest of the highest order. It is true that, compared with some



Wolsey's Tower at Esher

of our palaces, it can lay no claims to antiquity ; but from the days of Henry VIII. to those of George III., there are few of them that have witnessed more singular or momentous events.

Overbearing despot as Wolsey was, there is something magnificent in the sweep of his ambition, and irresistibly interesting in the greatness of his fall. He was the last of those haughty prelates who, in the good old Catholic times, rose up from the dust of insignificance into the most lordly and overgrown magnificence ; outdoing monarchs in the

number of their servants and in the pomp of their state. Wherever he was, he was busily employed in building, and his structures are everywhere remarkable for their superiority to the general style of the age. Esher Place, then the property of the see of Winchester, fell only into his hands a short time before his disgrace ; nevertheless, he is said to have repaired it, and built a new gate-house, which is yet standing, though the house itself, originally built by Bishop Waynflete, has been pulled down some years.

It was only at Hampton Court that his vast train of servants and attendants, with the nobility and ambassadors who flocked about him, could be fully entertained. These, as we learn from his gentleman-usher, Cavendish, were little short of a thousand persons ; for there were upon his ' cheine roll ' eight hundred persons belonging to his household, independent of suitors, who were all entertained in the hall. In this hall he had daily spread three tables. At the head of the first presided a priest as steward ; at that of the second a knight as treasurer ; and at the third his comptroller, who was an esquire. Besides these, there were always a doctor, a confessor, two almoners, three marshals, three ushers of the hall, and grooms.

This was his state at home. When he prepared to attend term at Westminster Hall, he summoned his retinue in his privy chamber, where he was ready apparelled in his cardinal's robes ; his upper vesture entirely of red, scarlet, or fine crimson taffeta, or crimson satin ingrained ; his pillion scarlet, with a sable tippet about his neck. He had in his hand an orange, which, having the inside taken out, was refilled with a sponge and aromatic vinegar, lest in the crowd he might inhale any pestilence.

Regularly on Sundays, when Henry held his court at

Greenwich, which was often, the great lord cardinal made thither his progress to visit him. He had then his magnificent state barge, with troops of yeoman standing upon the sails, and crowds of gentlemen within and without. He disembarked to avoid the fall at London Bridge, and there his mule and cavalcade awaited him, to conduct him from the Three-Cranes to Billingsgate, where he again went on board ; and the same solemn state was observed on his return. The whole establishment and style of life of Wolsey more resemble the gorgeous romance of an Arabian tale than anything which ever existed in the sober realm of England.

Henry VIII. added considerably to Wolsey's buildings, as appears by the preamble to the Act for creating the honour of Hampton Court, which states, that 'it had pleased the king of late to erect, build, and make a goodly, sumptuous, beautiful, and princely manour, decent and convenient for a king, and to ornate the same with parks, gardens, and orchards, and other things of great commoditie and pleasure thereto adjoining meet and pertinent to his royal majesty.' Here he used to keep his court frequently in great state, and here he used to celebrate Christmas in all its ancient festivity. Here he lost his third wife, Jane Seymour, a few days after the birth of his son Edward VI., and felt or affected much grief on that account, perhaps because he had not had the pleasure of cutting off her head. Here he married his sixth wife, Lady Catherine Parr, widow of Neville, Lord Latimer, and sister of the Marquis of Northampton.

Here, as we have said, Edward VI. was born ; and three days after he was baptized in the king's chapel in the palace with great state—Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and

the Duke of Norfolk, being godfathers. Hampton Court was appropriated by the guardians of Edward as his residence, and he was residing here when the council rose against the authority of the Protector Somerset, and was removed by him hence to Windsor Castle, lest the council should obtain possession of his person. Here bloody Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain, passed their honeymoon in great retirement ; and here—when they were desirous of effacing from the mind of their sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the recollection of her imprisonment at Woodstock, and the vain attempts of their arch-rascal priest Stephen Gardiner, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester, to coerce her into popery, or to convict her of heresy, and probably bring her to the flaming stake—they invited her to spend some time with them, and set on foot banquets, masqueings, and all sorts of revelries. Here they kept Christmas with her as royally as their father Harry VIII. had kept it in his day, the hall on this occasion being illuminated with 1,000 lamps curiously disposed. Elizabeth was seated at the royal table with their majesties, next the cloth of state, and, at the removal of the dishes, served with a perfumed napkin and plate of confects by the Lord Paget. Here, too, during her stay, they gave a grand tournament, wherein two hundred spears were broken by the contending knights. Here Elizabeth also, when she was become the potent queen instead of the jealously watched sister, continued occasionally to assemble her brilliant court, and to hold merry Christmas, as Mary, Edward, and her father had done before. Here also the especial festivals of the Christmases of 1572 and 1593 were kept by her.

Here James I., notwithstanding his being accustomed to the mountain scenery of Scotland, was often to be found,

loving as well its level richness as he could have done the more magnificent landscapes of Stirling or Holyrood. He had a particular liking for this palace.

In 1606, the king and queen gave here a splendid entertainment to Francis, Prince of Vaudemois, son of the Duke of Lorraine, and to a large company of noblemen and gentlemen, keeping up the feasting and festivities for a fortnight. Here also died the queen of James, Anne of Denmark, in 1618.

The unfortunate Charles I. resided at Hampton in his happiest and in his most melancholy days. Like Mary and Philip, he and his queen Henrietta came hither to spend the honeymoon ; the plague having obliged them to leave London—and here they remained till it was passed. Nineteen years afterwards Charles and Henrietta again retreated hither under more menacing circumstances. A worse plague had broken out—the pestilence of civil dissension. The queen, despairing of safety, fled to France, and Charles was quickly enveloped in the very heart of that tempest which was now blackening to its discharge. Years of civil wrath left this once gay palace a place of solitude and desolation ; and when Charles again became its inhabitant, it was in still more lamentable condition. He was the thrall of his triumphant subjects ; sold by the army of Scotland to the army of England ; the mere phantom of a monarch, awaiting in the midst of the sorrowful remnant of a once brilliant court, whose noblest ornaments had fallen on many a battle-plain in his cause or were arrayed against him, or had fled for safety to other countries, the determination of his enemies. His queen was not with him—he had seen her for the last time—and, escaping from this sad mockery of a court, to seek one more chance for life—he

bade his last adieu to Hampton, and soon arrived—at the scaffold.

The next scene in the great political drama presented here was to find Oliver Cromwell, the destroyer of the monarchy and the betrayer of the republic, in possession of it; previous to which it had been sold by the Commonwealth to John Phelps and others, creditors of the state. Cromwell, one of the ablest men and most precious hypocrites who ever covered ambitious designs beneath the



Cromwell and Fox meeting

double cloak of liberty and religion, was now lord of Hampton Court, Windsor, and Whitehall; and if ever there was a spectacle to angels and to men, it was Cromwell in his last days, wandering from palace to palace—wasting away, in the fever of the mind and the breaking down of the body—and haunted with those terrors of death that he had never felt amid the smoke and thunders of a score of battles.

It was at this period that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, coming to Hampton Court, to beg him

to put a stop to religious persecution, met him riding in the park, and in his own expressive language, as he drew near him, said he 'felt a waft of death to go forth from him ;' and coming up to him beheld him with astonishment, looking already like a dead man. George had been accustomed to have interviews with Cromwell, who used to express great pleasure in his society, and would say, 'Come again, George, come often, for I feel that if thou and I were oftener together we should be nearer to each other.' He now desired George to come to the palace the next day ; but George looked on him already as a dead man ; and on going to the palace-gate found him too ill to be seen by any one, and in a few days he died.

If the last scene here was strange, the next was much stranger. Cromwell's power was gone like a dream - the republic had vanished, monarchy was restored ; and here was Charles, the exile, the son of the melancholy monarch, revelling in the midst of the gayest and most profligate court that ever insulted the spirit and the decorum of a too compliant nation. Charles fell, the victim of his excesses, and James was driven out of the realm by his indignant subjects. William and Mary came in, and added greatly to this palace, making it their favourite abode. The subsequent monarchs, down to George II., occasionally resided here, and their state beds and other vestiges of them yet remain.

There are two entrances to Hampton Court Palace—one by the gates opposite to the gates of Bushey Park, leading to the front of William III., and the other by the gates facing Hampton Green, leading to Wolsey's courts. We will take the former first, in order to survey the gardens and extensive grounds as left by William, and then pass to Wolsey's portion, and the picture galleries, by Wolsey's gate.

It is well known that Bushey Park was intended by Wolsey to form part of his park of Hampton Court, but, the public road passing between Bushey Park and Hampton Court, the public was so much opposed to its being taken away and made more circuitous, that even Wolsey in the plenitude of his power and royal favour did not find it practicable or prudent to insist on removing it ; and thus Bushey and Hampton Court Parks have continued separate to this day. Bushey is laid out with a fine sheet of water, having in its centre a bronze statue of Diana, and thence called the Diana Water, and with splendid rows of horse-chestnut trees, on each side of the public road, which runs through it to Teddington and Twickenham. In it also is the house in which William IV. passed thirty-six years of his life, and where his widow, Queen Adelaide, afterwards resided. It is a very pleasant drive through this park , especially when the chestnuts are in full blossom, or in autumn, when the nuts are falling amongst the discoloured leaves, and the deer are eagerly running to feed on them. The beauty of these trees is great ; their fine massy piles of foliage, their wide and low-sweeping boughs, and the length of the avenues,—being no less than nine or them running parallel for upwards of a mile.

But leaving Bushey Park behind us, and entering the gates of Hampton Court opposite, we are agreeably struck with the aspect of the palace gardens. They are on a perfect flat, and though laid out in the Dutch style, you are inclined to think that no style could have suited the situation better. The great terrace walk, which leads past William III.'s front of the palace, stretches on in a straight line before you to the banks of the Thames, along which it is continued, veering away to the left between the river and the

park, as far as opposite to the village of Thames Ditton, the whole length of the walk being half a mile. On your right, behind a high wall, lies that part of the grounds called the Wilderness, which is full of walks overshadowed with trees of the loftiest and noblest growth, and in which, near the gates, is the celebrated Maze—a labyrinth, formed by pleached hedges of hornbeam. This sort of plaything was a great favourite with our ancestors ; and if we are to judge by the number of people who throng to ‘thread the maze,’ and by the laughter and merry voices which you always find here, is no less agreeable to our contemporaries.

But, leaving the Wilderness on our right, we soon pass the old tennis-court, said to be the finest in Europe, and still used for that amusement, and find ourselves in front of the palace. This is of a Grecian character ; and here you find the pleasure-grounds swelling out into the half of a circle, divided by three broad walks, diverging as three radii from the centre, where you stand, at the gate of the palace. The sections between these walks are large lawns of the most neatly trimmed turf, surrounded by flower-borders, and rows of evergreen trees—a variegated holly and a yew alternating. The effect of the different-coloured verdure of these trees is excellent, and the rich masses of flowers around them, in the borders and in detached beds, contrast admirably.

A breadth of lawn also forms the outer boundary of these sections ; and on it, beneath the evergreen trees, are placed seats for the convenience of tired strollers, and loungers who do not wish to be tired. The walks are rolled to the most agreeable smoothness ; and in the centre of the garden is an ample fountain, in the circular basin of which is a famous shoal of gold and silver fish, who receive the crumbs and

admiration of all visitors. The garden is bounded by the park, which extends along the banks of the Thames as far as Kingston, and the lines of the three diverging walks are continued along the park by three noble avenues of lime-trees—the avenue to the left terminated by the view of Kingston church, and the area of the centre one occupied by a canal of nearly three quarters of a mile in length. These avenues are now in the pride of their growth, and with their long vistas, their noble piles of verdant foliage and wide-stretching amplitude of lower branches, are magnificent objects, and add greatly to the stately and delightful aspect of the whole scene.

At the south-eastern corner of this front a door leads you into what is called Queen Mary's Garden ; that is, a garden laid out by William and Mary, by whom this part of the palace was built. This is exceedingly pleasant. It is overlooked from the south windows of the palace, and by green terraces at each side. The centre forms a sort of valley between these terraces, planted, like the outer garden, with fine variegated hollies and yews alternating, with flower borders, fountains seen playing sweetly near the lower end, and on the south-west terrace, a fine old pleached walk of elm, called Queen Mary's Walk, the trees seeming to have grown into one solid arch. Orange-trees are ranged in front of the palace, where are, in the lower story, greenhouses to receive them in winter. Some of these trees are said to be as old as the reign of William. In an inner garden is the greenhouse, containing the celebrated vine, described as the largest in the world. It is one hundred and ten feet long, and has often from two to three thousand bunches of grapes upon it, said to weigh about fourteen hundredweight. These are regularly sent to the Queen's table.

The entrance to the portion of the palace built by Wolsey is by a sort of outer court of great extent, the gates of which have their pillars surmounted by a large lion and unicorn as supporters of the crown royal, and each of the side gates by a military trophy. Along the left side of the area are barracks and such offices ; the greater part of the right side is open towards the river, and there stand nine as lofty and noble elms, in a row, as perhaps any part of England can match. Two gateways are before you ; the one to the left leading to the kitchen-court, the centre one to the first quadrangle. This chief gateway has been restored, in excellent keeping with the old building, and has a noble aspect as you approach it, being flanked with octagon towers, pierced with a fine pointed arch, over which are cut, in rich relief, the royal arms, and above them projects a large and handsome bay-window, framed of stone.

You now enter by a Gothic archway the first of the courts of Wolsey remaining. These two are said to have been the meanest then in the palace. There were originally five, the three finest of which were pulled down to make way for William III.'s great square mass of brick-work. Those two courts which remain are said to have consisted only of offices ; and indeed we see that the first court we enter is, as represented in old drawings, much lower than the next, which did not itself nearly equal the stateliness of the rest.

In this first quadrangle, the tall gable of the banqueting-hall, with figures of dogs and griffins pursuing each other down its roof ; a griffin erect, supporting a vane on the summit ; a large window of the perpendicular order ; the octagon towers projecting from the wall of that side of the quadrangle ; the gateway with its Gothic arch, tall bay-

window, and armorial escutcheon, and the compartmented roof of the archway itself, are all excellent in their kind. The ceiling in this archway has a large rose in the centre, and in the different compartments the portcullis, fleur-de-lis, and other symbols of the Tudor arms, with the letters H. A., no doubt intended for Henry and Ann (Boleyn). On the gateway tower of this and the next quadrangle, are eight out of the twelve heads of Roman emperors sent by Leo X. to Wolsey. The four in the second quadrangle are almost totally decayed, the two in the first court continuing much more perfect. They appear to have been made of some very perishable composition.

The second court is still more striking than the first, having the side of the banqueting-hall on the left, and in the tower under which you enter, an ancient astronomical clock, erected in 1540, and said to be the first of the kind made in England.

Passing through the Queen's Staircase, we come into the court built by William III. This court has a fountain in it, probably occupying the position of the one mentioned by Hentzner in the original building.

It would have been a pleasure to wander through the chapel, the banqueting-hall, Wolsey's withdrawing-room, filled with ancient and most curious tapestries; the kitchen-court, with its old detached circular kitchen, of the true antique sort, like some huge dark lantern set upon the ground; and other parts of the building, not thrown open to the public, but to be seen by application to the house-keeper; but my space warns me that I must hasten through the state apartments, in which a vast treasure of paintings is kept for the public enjoyment; and even there only be able to point to some of the most remarkable

subjects. The hall, the chapel, the withdrawing-room, are all splendid specimens of Gothic grandeur, and possess many historic associations. In the hall, Surrey wrote on a pane of glass some of his verses to Geraldine ; and there, too, it is said the play of Henry VIII., exhibiting the fall of Wolsey in the very creation of his former glory, was once acted, Shakspeare himself being one of the performers ! But are not all these things to be found in the full histories of this noble old house ? Therefore we will ascend the grand staircase, with a throng of eager visitors, on our way to the state rooms.

This is a noble approach to the state rooms, and is painted by Verrio, in that gorgeous style which, though the interest diminishes in examination of details, yet as a whole is very gay and splendid. The ceiling and upper portions of the wall are filled with mythological and allegorical groups. The figures in general are too ponderous for their ethereal character and position ; yet here and there your eye is caught by some shape of sweetest grace, or countenance of sunny beauty. The lower panels are ornamented with paintings of military trophies, and above them, on your left-hand as you ascend, are the twelve Cæsars ; while before you Julian the Apostate is writing in a modern book, and with a modern inkstand before him, and Mercury appearing to encourage him in his labours.

The next is the Guard Chamber, a room of princely dimensions, the walls of which are nearly covered with arms—swords, muskets, daggers, halberts, with drums, bandoliers, and other equipments, sufficient for a thousand men—disposed in a variety of forms, by the same person who arranged the arms in the little armoury in the Tower of London. The remainder of the space is occupied by a large painting

of the Battle of Constantine by Julio Romano ; the Colosseum, by Canaletti ; eight battle pieces, by Rugendas, to which a peculiar character is given by the strong light thrown upon particular figures ; six portraits of English admirals, by Bockman ; and Queen Elizabeth's Porter by Zuccherro.

We next find ourselves in the First Presence Chamber ; the canopy of William III.'s throne being the first thing which meets the eye at entering. Here, as was fitting, you find, too, the principal figures are those belonging to William's court. Himself landing at Torbay forms the subject of a very large picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in which he is represented on horseback, in armour, with plenty of allegorical figures about him : his queen, by Wissing, and eight of the principal beauties of his court by Kneller, occupy a large portion of the walls. These ladies are, the Duchess of St. Albans, a granddaughter of Nell Gwynn ; the Countess of Essex ; Countess of Peterborough ; Countess of Ranelagh ; Miss Pitt ; Duchess of Grafton ; Countess of Dorset ; and Lady Middleton. They are full-length figures, represented, perhaps, too tall for their present position, and wanting variety of attitude ; yet there are those amongst them who would have been admired even in Charles II.'s court, and whose reputations are much better than if they had been there. Amongst them, Miss Pitt is a lovely young creature of seventeen, with an expression of the greatest sweetness and sincerity of character ; the Duchess of Grafton has a handsome and very intelligent countenance ; and Lady Middleton and the Countess of Ranelagh claim the title of fine women.

Amongst the other paintings in the apartment which deserve particular attention, are a Saint's Head, by

Lanfranco, full of strength and expression ; a portrait by Titian, a rough keeper-like personage, but with a countenance more like that of a living man than a painting ; a Jesuit-like portrait by Giorgione ; and by it a portrait of a Man showing a Trick, by L. da Vinci ; St. Matthew called from the Receipt of Custom, by Mabuse, is curious, as exhibiting the style and laborious peculiarities of that old painter. Besides these, are Sir John Lawson, by Lely ; a portrait by Pordenone ; Old Woman blowing Charcoal, by Holbein ; a portrait by Dobson ; Pharaoh Overthrown, by Jordaens ; St. William, by Giorgione ; a Man Reading, by A. Catalani ; a landscape, by Schiavone ; Calumny, an Allegory, by Zuccherò ; portraits by P. Bordone, Bassano, Tintoretto ; and other paintings by P. Veronese, Gennari, &c.

Amongst the numerous paintings in the Second Presence Chamber, we may single out, as curious, a large picture of the Doge of Venice in the Senate-house, by Fialetti, which formerly belonged to Sir Henry Wotton, and represents him sitting with his hat on at the Doge's right-hand ; the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli, the rival of Benvenuto Cellini, by Correggio ; Mrs. Leman, Vandyck's mistress, by Vandyck, a lovely woman ; a Holy Family by F. Vanni ; Virgin and Child, by Bronzini ; an Italian lady, by Parmegiano, in a most elaborately painted dress ; and the Seasons, by Brughel and Rothenamer, in which all sorts of beasts, birds, and fishes are brought together in an apparent state of great wonder and excitement. For their excellence we must notice the portrait of a sculptor, by Bassano, which, for strength of natural expression and colouring, would do honour to Titian ; a bandit-like warrior by Giorgione ; the female painter Artemisia Gentileschi, by herself ; a most admirable portrait of Alessandro de' Medici, by Titian ;

Charles I on horseback, one of the three well-known equestrian paintings of Charles, by Vandyck, the others being at Windsor and Warwick castles ; Guercino, by himself ; the marriage of St. Catherine, by P. Veronese ; St. Francis and the Virgin, by Carlo Maratti ; Peter Oliver, the painter, by Hanneman, a countenance of great life ; a Dutch gentleman by Vander Helst ; and Jacob with Rachel and Leah. This last is very beautiful ; it is full of the simplicity of the patriarchal age, of the sunny glow of the climate, and the individual characters of the three chief personages. The countenance of Jacob has great beauty, and the freedom and spirit of his attitude are masterly. There are many other paintings by eminent masters ; and over each door Roman Ruins, by Rousseau, by whom there are others in other rooms.

In the Audience Chamber, the eye is first arrested by five very large Scripture pieces by Ricci. Christ in the Rich Man's House ; Christ healing the Sick ; the Woman taken in Adultery ; the Woman of Faith ; and the Woman of Samaria. Horace Walpole has pronounced these paintings to be trash ; but spite of a good deal of coldness of tone and hardness of colouring, and a want of depth of shade, they possess merit of the highest kind. The heads of the old Pharisees are vigorously and truthfully designed : the grouping is frequently felicitous ; and the spirit of the transaction, and the passions and feelings of the spectators, are clearly developed. In the Healing of the Sick the figures of the benevolent Saviour, and of the Pharisee behind him, are very striking—and in the left-hand corner, the limbs of the sick boy, who is held in the arms of his stooping mother, are most touching in their expression of wasting and feebleness.

We have, besides these, admirable portraits of Ignatius Loyola by Titian, of Titian's uncle by Titian, and a Spanish lady by Sebastian del Piombo ; a full length of Elizabeth of Bohemia, by Honthorst ; and paintings—Venus and Cupid by Rubens, after Titian ; Venus, a heavy Dutch figure, but the flesh exquisitely painted ; two landscapes by Swanefeldt, in which a story is told—Venus attended by Cupid carrying away a child from a sleeping group, in one piece, and in the other delivering the child to an armed band ; a most curious but revolting Resurrection and Judgment, by Heemskirk, in which skeletons and figures, having only half recovered their flesh, are strangely mixed with erect living people ; fiends dragging their victims to the infernal regions ; and Mammon crowned, drawn in his car by imps and monsters. The heads of St. Peter and Judas by Lanfranco ; a Holy Family by Correggio ; a Madonna and Child over each door by Parmegiano ; and one of Mabuse's curious pieces, a Madonna and Child, with St. Andrew and St. Michael, deserve particular attention, the former for their high merit, the last for its singularity.

In the King's Drawing-room, as you enter, your eye is immediately arrested by an immense painting of George III. on horseback at a review, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and officers, by Sir William Beechy. There are two very large pictures also, by Tintoretto—the Muses and the Presentation of Queen Esther ; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, by Gentileschi ; the Offering of the Magi, by Luca Giordano, singular for the bright pink tint with which the flesh, and in particular the faces, of the personages in it are flushed. The Cornaro Family by Old Stone, representing four generations, in which the preservation of

the family likeness amid the variations of age, youth, childhood, and individuality, is admirably maintained. A Holy Family, by Parmegiano ; Christ's Agony in the Garden, and the Angels appearing to the Shepherds, by N. Poussin ; and the curious family of Pordenone, by himself, are perhaps the most striking of the lesser paintings.

We now arrive at William III.'s Bed-room, in which the state bed of Queen Charlotte stands, and, with its hangings of flowered needlework, embroidered on a rich white satin ground, executed for the queen by orphan daughters of clergymen, is extremely beautiful. An old clock is pointed out to you as made by Daniel Quare, to go twelve months without winding up. The ceiling was painted by Verrio, representing Night and Morning : but the great attractions of this room are the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. by Lely and Verelst. The greater part of these celebrated portraits were brought hither from the Gallery of Beauties of Windsor ; but we have not all here, and some of those which are here are not by the same artists. The Duchess of Somerset here is not the one by Lely, but by Verelst : here are neither the interesting Lady Chesterfield, who was said to have had poison given to her by her husband in the wine at the sacrament, nor Miss Bagot, afterwards Countess of Falmouth. The Duchess of Portsmouth is not the one by Lely from Windsor, but the one by Gascar, which was previously at Hampton Court. Most readers are familiar with the Beauties of Charles II.'s court from the engravings in Mrs. Jameson's *Memoirs* of them ; but it must be recollected that several of those portraits are after originals, not from Windsor, but from other galleries, as the Duchess of Tyrconnel and the Duchess of Portsmouth from Althorpe, and the Duchess of Devonshire from Hardwicke.

Amongst those which are here, there is great confusion. It is very singular that ladies who lived so near our own time, and who were so celebrated in their day, should have become as dubious in their identity as some of them were scandalous in their reputation. The Countess of Ossory here by Lely is the same person given by Mrs. Jameson, on the authority of Walpole and Granger, as the Duchess of Somerset ; so that we must here have two portraits of the same Duchess of Somerset under different names, or the Duchess of Somerset here by Verelst must be another Duchess, one of three living at or near the same time. The portrait of Nell Gwynn here, though said to be by Lely, is not the one from which the plate in Mrs. Jameson's *Memoirs* is engraved, said also at that time to be at Windsor. This portrait is unlike every portrait of Nell Gwynn which we have seen, and bears a far more striking resemblance to Mary of Modena, queen of James II. ; as any one may see by looking at the two portraits of that queen, one a half-length in the Portrait Gallery and the other a full-length over the door as you pass out of the Queen's Bed-room.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Duchess of Cleveland, the engravings in the *Memoirs* do not convey the full beauty of the originals ; yet such is the power of fame and imagination, that most people are disappointed on first looking on these beauties. Splendid women indeed they are ; but if Kneller's portraits want variety of attitude, those of Lely want variety of colouring and complexion. Sir Peter's flesh is in women and children too much alike. It has a delicacy and enamel-like transparency, which is conferred on all. Not one of this series of ladies differs in complexion from the rest. They are all equally fair, equally clear ; have all hands and arms of the same faultless uni-

formity, and nearly all dark hair and jet-black eyebrows. There must be a great want of truthfulness in the painter, unrivalled though he be in elegance and grace, or nature was at that period in a very monotonous humour. Having read also the glowing praises in the Memoirs of the beauty of Lady Byron and the Countess de Grammont, one is surprised to find the one anything but handsome, and the other very affected in her air, and somewhat insipid. The Duchess of Cleveland looks her real character—a woman of uncommon beauty, and of a spirit daring, impetuous, and imperious. Lady Denham, Lady Rochester, the Duchess of Richmond, and Mrs. Middleton (here styled Lady Middleton), are extremely beautiful ; but there are no two countenances more interesting than those of Mrs. Knott and Mrs. Lawson. The portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth by Gascar is vulgar in expression, and destitute of that beauty which Louise de Querouaille must have possessed, and which Lely has conferred on her. Was Lely insensible to the beauty of the female form, exquisitely sensible as he was of the divinity of the female face?—for almost all his full-lengths of ladies have their figure disguised by heaps of loose drapery, so that we have in reality, after all, seldom anything in his paintings of ladies but busts.

The portraits altogether in this room, as they stand in their present nomenclature, are—Anne, Ducness of York ; Lady Byron ; Princess Mary, as Diana ; Queen Catherine ; Mrs. Knott ; Duchess of Portsmouth ; Duchess of Richmond (La belle Stuart) ; Nell Gwynn ; Countess of Rochester ; Duchess of Somerset ; Mrs. Lawson ; Countess of Northumberland ; Lady Denham ; Countess of Sunderland ; Countess de Grammont ; Duchess of Cleveland ; Countess of Ossory ; Lady Whitmore.

Having quitted this constellation of beauty, we must now pass hastily on through the three small apartments—the King's Dressing-room, the King's Writing-closet, and Queen Mary's Closet, which, however, are filled with paintings, many of them of great merit and curiosity ; particularly a Magdalen's head by Sasso Ferrato ; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and family, by Honthorst (curious) ; Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Guido ; Prince Rupert, when a boy (curious) ; Singing by Candlelight, by Honthorst ; Duke of Gloucester, a boy, by Lely, in his favourite style of a young sandalled hunter, with his hunting-pole on his shoulder ; an Old Man's Head, by Bassano ; and a Laughing Boy, by F. Hals.

We then enter what is called Her Majesty's Gallery—a vast room completely filled with historical pieces and portraits, which of themselves would require a volume—and a most interesting volume it would be—to describe them in detail with all their associations. We can but take the merest glance at the multitude of objects presented to us. What is as conspicuous and curious as anything in the gallery is a series of large paintings said to be by Holbein, representing the exploits of Henry VIII. in France. They are curious, as being so out of the ordinary track of Holbein : they are not less so from their disregard of all perspective ; and they are most of all curious as being full of actual portraits of the persons introduced, as well as of the actual general representation of the scenes, these at the time of their execution being familiar to the minds of abundance of the very actors as well as spectators. They are Henry VIII. embarking from Dover ; the meeting of Henry and Francis I. on the Field of Cloth of Gold ; the meeting of Henry and the Emperor Maximilian ; and besides these

there are, of a similar character, the battle of Pavia, and the battle of Spurs.

This gallery is rich in the works of Holbein—including several of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, one of Francis I. of France, two of Erasmus, Holbein by himself, and also his father and mother. We have Elizabeth as a child, and as a young girl, by him ; to which are added Elizabeth in middle age, by Zuccherò ; and in old age, said to be the very last portrait taken of her, by Mark Gerrard.

Here are numbers of portraits of high historic interest of those times, too, by other artists, as Mabuse, Janet, Janssen, L. de Heere, Cornelisz, and Sir A. More. By the latter artist the portrait of a lady, hanging next to one of Mary I. when a child, by Holbein, is most natural, and exquisitely painted. Amongst the portraits of old statesmen we see the Earl of Nottingham, Earl of Leicester, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Nicolas Bacon, Sir Peter Carew, and Sir Henry Guildford. There is a very characteristic portrait of Henry VIII. as a child ; and another picture of a stout child in a dove-coloured silk frock, and with a white feather in its cap, which was formerly labelled as Henry VIII., and can be the childhood of nobody else. The child is there certainly 'the father of the man.' One of the most admirable pictures in the whole gallery, however, is that of the Jester of Henry VIII., perhaps the very man presented to him by Wolsey in his disgrace. The Jester's face is seen looking through a casement window, and every feature of his face—nay, the very crook of his fore-finger, as it is laid on the lead of the window—laughs, and is alive with merriment. One is surprised, after the unusually hard style of Holbein, to find here such freedom, such softness, and round richness of expression.

Amongst the multitudinous subjects that catch the eye as you proceed, perhaps the following have the greatest attractions : Lord Darnley, whom one looks at to wonder what Mary Stuart could have seen in his empty plain face to charm her ; the Admirable Crichton, worthy of the subject : a portrait of R. Walker the painter, by himself—a most spirited and intellectual head, worthy of a painter or a poet ; Cleopatra bitten by the Asp, by Caracci ; a Hermit, by Slingeland ; Youth and Age, by Denner ; Venus and Adonis, by Gennari ; St. Catherine reading, by Correggio ; Moses striking the Rock, by Salvator Rosa ; Marquis del Guasto and Page, by Titian ; Nymphs and Satyrs, by N. Poussin ; a Saint's head, by G. Dow ; Lucretius, by Titian ; a Jewish Rabbi, by Rembrandt ; a Dutch Lady, by Rembrandt ; and a Boy paring Fruit, by Murillo. Between the windows, and in a light where they are seldom seen, are sunny and ethereal figures of the Grecian deities, by Ricci.

We have still to pass through no less than eight rooms crowded with paintings, many of them by the best masters, before we arrive at the Gallery of the Cartoons, which it is impossible within the limits of this article to notice. The Queen's Bedchamber, where yet stands the rich state bed of Queen Anne, has its ceiling painted by Sir James Thornhill, representing Aurora rising out of the sea, and its walls adorned by the pencils of Honthorst, Parmegiano, Claude, Guido, Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Titian, and others. The Queen's Drawing-room, with a painted ceiling by Verrio, Queen Anne occupying the centre in the character of Justice, is entirely appropriated to the works of Benjamin West—full-lengths of the family of his great patron, George III., besides several historical subjects, the finest of which are—the Oath of Hannibal ; Peter denying Christ ; the Departure of Regulus : and the Death of General Wolfe.

The Queen's Audience Chamber, besides the state bed of William III., has a multitude of paintings, principally by Kneller, Mytens, Spagnoletto, Schiavone, Holbein, West, Ricci, P. Veronese, Julio Romano, &c. The Public Dining-room contains models of Buckingham Palace, and of palaces intended to have been raised in Richmond Gardens and Hyde Park ; the large old water-colour paintings, the Triumphs of Julius Cæsar, and several good paintings, amongst which Duns Scotus, by Spagnoletto, rivets the attention by its stern severity. We pass through the Queen's Private Chapel ; the Private Dining-room ; the King's Private Dressing-room, and George II.'s Private Chamber, and enter the Gallery of the Cartoons of Raffaele.

These celebrated and masterly works, it is well known, are seven in number—namely, the Death of Ananias ; Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind by St. Paul ; Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple ; the Miraculous Draught of Fishes ; Paul and Barnabas at Lystra ; Paul preaching at Athens ; Christ's Charge to Peter.

So much has been written about these noble drawings, and so well are their character and subjects known, through abundant comment and by engravings, that I shall confine myself to a few matter-of-fact remarks regarding them. No comment and no engravings can convey an adequate idea of their beauty and sublimity. They must be seen, and not only seen, but studied, and that repeatedly and long, before their whole force and perfection can be felt. The first view of them generally disappoints. In such enthusiastic terms have all been accustomed to hear them spoken of, or written of, that they come prepared to expect an instant burst of splendour of colours and startling magnificence of objects, that do not exist in part, and in part are not at once recognised. The colours, by exposure to damps, to the injuries

of ignorant neglect, and the silent action of years, are in a great degree dimmed and faded ; so that, coming to them from the rich colouring of oil paintings, with heated imaginations, and beholding them in the sober light of this gallery, they have even a dingy aspect ; and we have frequently witnessed the first disappointed wonder of visitants of taste. But it requires you to fix your eye upon them but for a short period before they begin to fill you with awe and surprise. You become speedily sensible of their ample size, and the admirable proportions of figure in each splendid group ; of the distinctive character of each separate scene, and of each individual in it ; of the strong and life-like expression in every form, both of physical power or weakness ; and of every passion, sentiment, and feeling, in each different countenance. You feel that the perfection of art has placed before you some of the most marvellous persons and events in the human history in all the truth of nature. These grand assemblages of sainted men momentarily grow on your eye and your mind ; they become solemn and sublime visions ; and you soon forget that you are merely gazing upon sheets of paper that were prepared for the weavers or Arras, and seem to be admitted, by the retrospective power of a sacred enthusiasm, to behold the presence of Christ and the deeds and faith of His greatest disciples on the hallowed ground of their occurrence.

The reader knows that these Cartoons were executed by Raffaele during the last two years of his life, when he was thirty-six and thirty-seven years of age, at the command of Pope Leo X., as patterns for tapestry to adorn the papal chapel. They are supposed to have been originally twelve in number, seven of which are here ; and four others, Pyne, in his 'History of the Royal Residences,' states to be also in this country. The Vision of Ezekiel and a Holy Family

at Broughton, formerly the seat of the Duke of Montagu ; a Holy Family, at the seat of the late Duke of Beaufort ; and the centre, or principal part of a Cartoon—The Massacre of the Innocents, in possession of Mr. Prince Hoare. They are called Cartoons, from being merely on paper. On being delivered to the weavers at Arras, they proceeded to cut them into six or seven slips each, in order to work more readily from them. The assassination of the Pope, as it prevented the tapestries being placed in the chapel for which they were intended, also left them unpaid for, and the Cartoons were detained by the weavers at Arras for the debt. Here they lay for about a century, it is said, in a cellar. They were then purchased for James I., of England, or, as is said by others, for Charles I., at the suggestion of Rubens. Scarcely were they arrived in this country, when our civil commotions threw them into danger. They were sold during the Commonwealth for 300*l.*; but by some means became overlooked, and lay for another century, till discovered at Hampton Court in William III.'s reign. They were afterwards conveyed to Windsor ; they have been lent to the Royal Academicians ; and after all these changes and perils were restored to Hampton Court by George III., who had them placed in their present frames at a cost of 500*l.* They have been copied by Sir James Thornhill of their full size, and by Charles Jervas and Goupy in small. And various engravings have been made from them, as by Gribelin, Dorigny, Holloway, Fitler, and Burnet.¹

Here we must quit the presence of these noblest conceptions of the divine Raffaele, rejoicing, however, that they are now free to our contemplation as the very landscape around them, and that we can, at our pleasure, walk into

¹ The Cartoons have now been removed to the South Kensington Museum.

this fine old palace, linger before these sacred creations at our will, and return to them again and again.

Quitting them, we shall now hastily quit the palace of Hampton Court ; for though there is a small room adjoining, containing Cassanova's drawing of Raffaele's celebrated picture of the Transfiguration, and several other interesting paintings ; and yet another long Portrait Gallery, filled from end to end with the forms and faces of celebrated persons by celebrated artists, we can but gaze and pass on. And yet who would not delight to have that one room to himself, to haunt day after day, and to ponder over the features and costumes of Locke, Newton, Sheridan, Boyle, Charles XII. of Sweden, Caroline, the queen of George II., made interesting to all the world by the author of *Waverley*, in the interview of Jeannie Deans ? Who would not pause a moment before even the little Geoffrey Hudson, and think of all the diminutive knight's wrath, his duel, and his adventure in the pie ? Lord Falkland's fine and characteristic face is a sight worth a long hour's walk on a winter's morning ; and the Earl of Surrey, flaming in his scarlet dress, scarlet from head to foot,—who would not stop and pay homage to the memory of his bravery, his poetry, and his Geraldine ? But there are Rosamond Clifford and Jane Shore. Lely had not brought the Graces into England in their day, and therefore, instead of those wondrous beauties which we expect, we find them—ghosts.

Here, too, is another portrait of Queen Elizabeth, a full-length by Zuccherro, where 'stout Queen Bess' is not in one of her masculine moods of laconic command—when she looked 'every inch a queen'—but in a most melancholy and romantic one indeed. She is clad in a sort of Armenian dress—a loose figured robe, without shape, without sleeves, and trimmed with fur ; a sort of high cap, and eastern

slippers. She is represented in a wood, with a stag near her ; and on a tree are cut, one below the other, after the fashion of the old romances, the following sentences :—
INJUSTI JUSTA QUERELA.—MEA SIC MIHI.—DOLOR EST
MEDICINA DOLORI.

We step through the door on which Jane Shore's spectral visage is hung, and lo! we are on the Queen's Staircase, and descend once more to the courts of Wolsey. Long as we have lingered in this old palace, we have had but a glimpse of it. Its antiquities, its pleasantness, and its hosts of paintings, cannot be comprehended in a Visit ; they require a volume ; and a most delicious volume that would be, which should take us leisurely through the whole, giving us the spirit and the history, in a hearty and congenial tone, of its towers and gardens, and all the renowned persons who have figured in its courts, or whose limned shapes now figure on its walls.



Wolsey's Well



*VISIT TO COMPTON-WINYATES,
WARWICKSHIRE.*

COMPTON-WINYATES is a curious old house belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, and gives the title of Lord Compton to his eldest son. It lies in the range of hills of which Edge-Hill forms a part, and is about four miles from Edge-Hill, and two from the village of Brailes. Perhaps there is no house in the kingdom which is located in a more hidden and out-of-the-world situation. It stands in a deep hollow of this range of hills, surrounded by woods and ponds.

In endeavouring to find it, I passed from Edge-Hill, down the vale of the Red Horse, leaving the Red Horse itself on my left hand ; passing through the obscure village

of Church-Tysoe, and there made inquiries. So little even did the villagers, who were perhaps not more than a mile from it, seem to know it, that one had to go and inquire of another the way to it. I was at last informed that there was a narrow lane which led to it ; but that it was so circuitous, I had better take a footpath leading over a hill which was in view, and to keep a mill which stood on its summit to my right. When within a short distance of this mill I observed a stile to my left, and on reaching it beheld, to my great satisfaction, this old house of Compton-Winyates lying down in the solitary and most secluded valley below me.

Far indeed from the abodes of men did it seem, though I had so recently passed through the village of Tysoe ; but it was far from the stir of the present men of cities and steam-engines. It was not of the fashion of these times. There stood, in its perfect calm, that dark-red old mansion, with all its gables, towers, and twisted chimneys ; with its one solitary smoke ascending above its roof, and around it no other habitation nor any visible object or sound of life. Its hills and woods seemed to shut it in to a perpetual loneliness ; and the gleam of still waters came dimly here and there through the openings amongst overhanging boughs.

To reach the great entrance of the house it was necessary to hold round some offices to the left, and then I came into the front of the old court. Here a scene of ruin presented itself. The buildings on one side of the court-yard were nearly pulled down ; on the other they consisted of a range of stables, coach-houses, &c., in a state of great dilapidation. This front, which is the south, is very venerable. It contains an old projecting gateway leading to the inner court, and

various gables, towers, and twisted chimneys. Over the gateway are the royal arms, supported by a griffin and a dog, and surmounted by the crown royal. The spandrel of the porch surrounding the arms in form of a tablet, and the whole of the moulding of the spandrel, are ornamented with quaint animals, as lizards, mice, dogs, &c. In the corners, between the elliptic arch and the spandrel, are emblazoned a portcullis on one side, and a castle on the other, with the rose between them and the point of the arch ; and, on each side of the spandrel, in the brick wall, is again emblazoned in stone the rose surmounted by the crown. These are indications of that loyalty of the Comptons and of that royal favour of which we shall speak presently.

Passing through this gateway, you find yourself in the square court round which the house is built. The great hall is opposite to you on the right. You are struck with its grand bay-window, with its turreted head, and ornamented frieze. The old hall is lofty, and retains the style and features of the feudal age. In its oaken roof may yet be seen traces of the aperture whence the smoke made its escape from the fire in the centre of the floor. It has its old music-gallery, and the screen beneath it is curiously carved with fine tracery of leaves, amongst which the thistle is conspicuous. In the centre of the screen is a cross-panel, with a rude escutcheon of the ancient arms of the Comptons. The chief bearings are meant to represent a lion passant guardant between three helmets, the present arms of the Northampton family. There is also a battle-scene upon this panel, with the most rude and grotesque figures of knights on horseback, fighting, others falling, others lying slain all sketched with a grace that would match some

of the Egyptian tombs, and a perspective that would delight a Chinese.

The hall, as the whole house indeed is, is stripped of its original furniture and decorations. The *daïs* is gone. The banners which waved in the smoky roof wave there no longer ; and the arms and armour, trophies of hard-fought fields, which were wont to cover the walls, have vanished. One solitary black-jack of capacious dimensions, and a large pair of stag's antlers, alone remained.

We noticed the royal arms and the roses emblazoned on the gateway ; and the thistle on the screen in the hall. These ceilings everywhere display the same emblems, and point to the two great eras of royal favour. The ceilings are of stucco-work. In many of these appear massy escutcheons of the royal arms ; in others the portcullis and castle ; in others large roses and thistles ; and, again, the rose and the thistle united, not merely in one bouquet, but half a thistle and half a rose joined into one strange heraldic flower. The room called Henry VIII.'s room has various emblazonments of the royal arms in stained glass in the windows.

All these armorial insignia, thistles, roses, and unions of thistle and rose, record the loyalty of the house in the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I., in which the Comptons received distinguished marks of the royal grace.

In the tower overlooking the outer court there was a trap-door, and the ladder yet remaining below. On inquiring where that ladder led to, my guide told me that the soldiers used to hide themselves down there. What soldiers? That was not in her book. We shall see that anon.

Another indication of what had been going on here during the great political changes of England, was given by the fact that there are two chapels in the house. One is on the

ground floor, still retaining on its walls the table of the Decalogue and Psalms, showing that it had been used as a Protestant chapel in the later days. But in the roof we came to another chapel, which is called the Popish chapel. This had evidently been constructed as a place of secret worship when Popery was become illegal, and could only be practised in the utmost privacy. It was therefore constructed in the roof by oaken frame-work fitted in between the timber of the roof, and wainscot partitions, leaving behind them a space into which the worshippers, if surprised by their now Protestant masters, could disappear through different doors leading to two private staircases.

In the lower chapel there were, as I observed, signs of Protestant devotion ; but there were also signs of Popish worship too of a more ancient date, or at least of that reformed worship of Henry VIII.'s time, which was Popery scarcely a single degree removed. There was an open screen, which formed a sort of division between the outer part of the chapel where the servants and dependents sate, from the inner, which was occupied by the lord's family solely. Along the top of this screen ran, on each side of the centre division which formed the doorway, a long narrow panel by way of frieze, and upon these panels, on both sides of them, were carved scenes, no doubt intended to be religious, and evidently by the same hand as that which adorned the screen beneath the music-gallery in the hall.

The Comptons were a distinguished family in Warwickshire from a period soon after the Conquest. From the reign of King John to the time of Henry VIII. they continued living here, holding various offices of honour and responsibility under the crown. One of them accompanied Edward II. in his expedition into Wales. But Sir William

Compton of the reign of Henry VIII. was the first to raise the family to a greater degree of honour. He was first page to Henry when he was but a boy ; then successively groom and chief gentleman of the bedchamber, and Chancellor of Ireland.

It was this Sir William who built the present house. His grandson Henry became Lord Compton in the reign of Elizabeth, and in the 16th of James I. his son William was created Earl of Northampton. The family had now risen to high rank. The Earl was also Lieutenant of the county, Knight of the Garter, and President of the King's council in the Marches of Wales ; and it was his fortune to bring by his marriage as much wealth into his house as he had brought honour into it. He wedded Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Sir John Spenser, alderman of London ; and there is that about this notable dame which it will be worth while to look at a little more particularly.

Miss Spenser was the richest heiress of the time. Her father's wealth, supposed to be approaching to a million of money, was enormous even for a lord mayor of London at that day. So great was it, that a scheme had once been set on foot by the pirates of Dunkirk to carry him off, in order to extort a famous ransom. When Lord Compton came to a sudden and full discovery of the wealth which Sir John had left, it so overcame him that he became unsettled in his intellect for a considerable period. His lady, who seems to have been a woman of great spirit, and by no means foolishly unconscious of the magnificence of her dowry, and the consequence it justly conferred upon her, took the most likely means to recall his scattered senses. She addressed to him a letter, suggesting to him the mode

of disposing of his affairs, which she concluded thus on her own behalf :—

‘ My sweet life, Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2600*l.* quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.* quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works ; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow : none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending ; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen ; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses ; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, or otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen ; one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses, for me and my women, and I will have such carriages as be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women’s, nor theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages,

to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, that it is undecent for me to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.*, and so, you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels; and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you. . . .

‘So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me 2000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance.’¹

¹ Harleian MSS.

The name of this splendid lady was retained in that of the late worthy and enlightened Marquis, who was Spenser Joshua Alwyne Compton ; and who married Margaret Clephane, the friend of Sir Walter Scott.

The son of this first Earl of Northampton and of this great heiress was Spenser Compton, commonly called the loyal Earl of Northampton, for his attachment to the cause of Charles I., and his active support of his interest in that county in opposition to Lord Broke, who exerted himself strenuously for the Parliament. The Earl was killed in the battle of Hopton Heath, and five years afterwards his house at Compton-Winyates was garrisoned by the Parliament army.

We have thus sufficient facts to explain most of the appearances which struck us in going through the house. The roses and thistles, the crowns and royal arms, point to the favours of Henry VIII. and James I. Henry is said to have slept in the room, when he visited Sir William Compton here, which is still called Henry VIII.'s room, and has his arms emblazoned in the window. James elevated the family to an earldom, and the thistle still proclaims the grateful story. The second Earl died in battle for James's son, and his house became the garrison of his enemies.

The church was rebuilt at the Restoration, and contains some monuments of the family since.

One only circumstance which is mysterious, is the existence of the Popish chapel in the roof. The family was always so loyal and so Protestant, that the existence of such a place in the house is no little curious. Henry Compton, the youngest of the six sons left by the loyal Earl, became bishop of London, and so distinguished himself as the opponent of all schemes for the restoration of Popery that

James II. suspended him ; and only restored him on the approach of the Prince of Orange. This prelate was active in effecting the Revolution, and settling the government of King William.

The late Marquis, struck with these facts, was inclined to doubt whether this ever was a Popish chapel at all ; yet he confessed that a curiously carved door, which he removed from a crypt or confessional in it, to Ashby Castle, looked suspicious. In fact, the situation—in the roof, the construction, with its private closets and staircases, so exactly on the principle of the secret chapels of the recusants, and



Compton-Winyates

the established tradition, all seem to reveal a secret which was no doubt well kept, when it was of the greatest consequence—that some one of this highly loyal and Protestant family, the lord, or perhaps his lady, was of the ancient faith, and here practised its rites in the profoundest secrecy.

The eastern part of the house, which we have not yet mentioned, appears to have been the side on which lay the pleasaunce. The boundaries of its walls are yet visible, and the basin of a fountain, now dry. From the pleasaunce the hills rise steeply, scattered with trees ; and in a glen to the

left are other old ponds, now choked up with mud and weeds, and wild with flags and the black spear-heads of the tall club-rush.

Of the seclusion and desertion of this old 'moated grange' some idea may be formed from this fact :—I asked the woman which was the way from the house to Brailes, the next village on my route. She replied, she 'really could not well direct me—for *there once had been a road*, but it was *now grown up* ; but I must go directly out at the front gate, through the belt of wood opposite and hold across the common, as well as I could, till I saw the tower of Brailes.'

In following these encouraging directions to the best of my ability, I speedily found myself on a wild hilly moorland to the south-west of the house, rough with furze, old ant-hills of a yard in height and width, and bogs full of sedge, that would have delighted the eye of Bewick. But I could discern no trace of a path, either to Brailes or any other Christian village. I looked round in silence, and above me on a hill to the left I beheld an old grey pyramid of stone, which had once boasted a vane on its summit, but now exhibited only its iron rod, ruefully leaning as if to look down after its old companions—the weathercock and initials of the four quarters of the heavens. I ascended to this object, in hope that it was meant to mark the site of a prospect into some inhabited country. I walked round it to discern some inscription, explaining the cause of its erection, or some entrance into it ; but there was neither entrance nor inscription. It was as mysterious a grey and ancient pyramid as any one could desire. Though not more perhaps than a furlong from the house, I turned and saw that the house was already hidden in its deep combe, and shrouded by its wooded hills, and I was sensibly impressed

with the utter loneliness and silence of the scene. The caw of a rook, or the plaintive bleat of a sheep on the moor, were the only sounds that reached me ; and the only moving objects were the sails of the old mill on the distant hill, and of slowly progressing plough-teams far off in the heavy fields. I never, in the moors of Scotland or of Cornwall, felt such a brooding sense of a forlorn solitude. I need not have wondered, had I looked, as I have done since, and found in the old maps of the county, this object laid down as Compton-Pike, and the place itself as the World's End !



A DAY-DREAM AT TINTAGEL

DURING the whole time I had been wandering in Cornwall, the weather had been most glorious. Now and then, indeed, the southerly wind brought up from the sea one of those thick fogs that wrap up everything in a moment, and make some of the dreary scenes of that wild country tenfold more dreary ; the wind veered to another point, and the whole was swept away ; driving over the plains like smoke, you might almost suppose there was a city on fire beneath it ; and rolling along the sides of the bare hills and high craggy coasts in a style that might rejoice the eye of the painter and the poet. It had been fine, but this morning seemed to rise as if it would outshine all its forerunners. The sun

ascended into a sky of cloudless and soul-inspiring azure ; a western breeze came with that fluttering freshness which tells you it comes from the ocean ; the dew lay in glittering drops on the sides of the green hills on each hand, and the lark was high in heaven overhead, sending forth all the fulness of the heart's rejoicing which mine endeavoured to express in vain.

I was fast approaching the western coast, and one of those deep wild valleys which, in so many places, run down from the mainland to the sea-shore—gashes cut, as it were, by some giant hand in the days of the earth's infancy, to give a speedy access to the ocean, which you might have otherwise sought in vain amongst craggy hills and continuous precipices—now suddenly opened before me, and gave me at once, sight of the magnificent Atlantic, flashing and rolling in the morning sun, and the lofty promontory and dark mouldering ruins I was in search of. I descended the ravine by its narrow rocky road. The polypody and hart's-tongue hung in long luxuriant greenness on the mossy acclivity at my right, the small wild rose blooming amongst them ; on the left ran, dashing and murmuring, a clear little torrent, soon intercepted by a picturesque old mill stuck in a nook of the hollow below me, whose large overshot-wheel sent the water splashing and spluttering down into a rocky basin beneath. I stepped across this little stream, and wound along a path like a sheep-track up the steep side of the lofty hill on which stood the old palace. What a magnificent scene was here ! The ruins of that ancient palace were visible over an extent that gave ample evidence of an abode befitting an old British king ; and their site was one worthy of the great hero of romance, the morning star of chivalry, and the theme of a thousand minstrel harps, ringing in hall and

bower, diffusing love and martial daring in the sound. They occupied the hill on which I stood, and a high-towering and rock-ridged promontory, whose dark tremendous precipices frowned awfully over the sea. Arches and flights of steps cut in the native rock remain ; and walls, based on the crags, as they protrude themselves from the ground, some at one elevation and some at another, and inclosing wide areas, which once were royal rooms, but are now carpeted with the softest turf ; where the goat, or the mountain sheep, grazes, or seeks shelter from the noon sun and the ocean wind, and where the children from the mill come up and pursue their solitary sports, build mimic castles with the fallen stones of the dwelling of ancient kings, and inclose paddocks and gardens with rows of them. Some of these stones I put into my knapsack, for I would not disturb a particle which time had yet left in the place where the builder laid it many an age ago. Other battlemented walls, which constituted the outworks and fortifications, run winding here and there up the steep, and along the strips of green turf, apparently natural terraces, on the heights of the promontory ; and, between the two hills, show themselves the massy foundations of the bridge which connected that part of the royal castle on the promontory with that on the mainland. This promontory is now called the island, because the mighty Atlantic has nearly succeeded by its perpetual attacks, century after century, with all the force of tides and tempests, in severing it entirely from the mainland. In stormy weather it rushes through the opening with a terrible roar and concussion ; and it has, in fact, made such an inroad between the island and the castle hill, as to have formed a large cove, surrounded by stupendous precipices, into which it pours, even at neap-tides, with a glorious rage and most

magnificent sound. It has carried away, in its aggression, half of the castle itself, and has left the other half aloft on the edge of a sheer descent of several hundred feet, awaiting its gradual destruction from the everlasting onset of the waves. The great circular tower—the one where we may suppose the Round Table to have stood—has thus fallen half into the gulf, and has half yet standing, to show a while longer, by its lofty walls and ample dimensions, what a noble banqueting-room for one hundred and thirty heroes, and a due proportion of ladies fair, it must have been.

I stood on the edge of this dizzy height, listening to the solemn roar of the sea, as it rolled its host of waves into the cove, white as a sea of milk, amongst the square masses of rock scattered over its bottom, and to the cries of the choughs or red-legged crows, that soared and darted about over this wild scene of agitated waters, and amongst the lofty cliffs, with an evident and intense delight, that one well might envy, and uttering, with never-ceasing din, their quaint, croaking cry of ‘choo, choo,’ whence they derive their name.

There is an air of antiquity on the very hills themselves ; they are high, and bare to the breezes of heaven and the ocean ; the rocks protrude from their green sides, grey with the stains of centuries—the ravages which the sea has committed on the land have not been effected in any trivial time—and the venerable walls of Tintagel have every character of an ancient and primitive masonry. They are built of the micaceous slate on which they stand ; a grey and sparkling substance, that, if found in blocks, might give a beautiful aspect to a building ; but existing in such thin laminæ—many not above a few inches thick—one cannot but equally wonder at the patience with which those old

builders piled them up, and at their not resorting to those endless blocks of harder stone that lie scattered over the hills of the neighbourhood. I know not whether Warton ever saw the place, but he gives you a very good idea of it in his 'Grave of King Arthur':—

O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
High the screaming sea-mew soared ;
On Tintagel's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide.

Yes ! you may well imagine it to have been a 'rough castle' of a very ancient day ; and yet you may as readily imagine it too in its first estate—in its majestic situation, with its walls of fresh silvery stone, with all its ample towers and halls, courts and ramparts, offices and gardens—to have stood a stately object of barbaric splendour. I threw myself with these thoughts on the warm green turf, leaning against a great block of stone on the edge of the gulf, and gazed on the strange scene. As the sound of the billows came up from below, and the cliffs stood around in their dark solemn grandeur, I gradually lost sight of the actual place, and was gone into the very land and times of old romance. The palace of Tintagel was no longer a ruin ; it stood before me in that barbaric splendour I had only before supposed. There it was, in all its amplitude, with all its bastions and battlements, its towers and massy archways, dark, yet glittering in the sun with a metallic lustre. The porter stood by its gate ; the warder paced its highest turret, beholding, with watchful glance, sea and land ; guards walked to and fro on its great drawbridge, their battle-axes flashing in the morning beams as they turned ; pennons

were streaming on every tower, and war-steeds were neighing in their stalls. There was a sound and a stir of life.

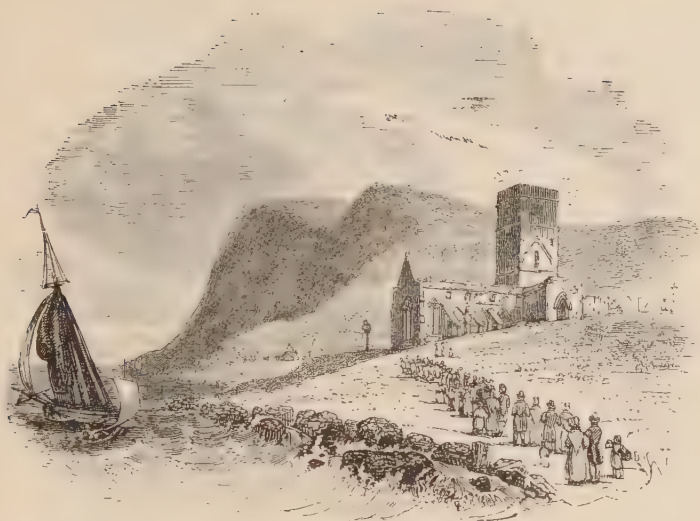
The bugle blew ; the great portcullis went up with a jar ; there was a sound of horns, a clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard pavement, a cry of hounds, and forth issued from the castle court the most glorious pageant that the eye could look upon. It was no other than King Arthur, Queen Geneva, and a hundred knights and dames, equipped and mounted for the chase. O ! for some old minstrel to tell us all their names, and place their beauty and bravery all before us ! There they went—those famous warriors of the Table Round, on their strong steeds ; the fairest dames on earth, on their ambling jennets of Spain, with their mantles of green and purple and azure fluttering in the breeze, and flashing in the sun. There they went—that noble, stalwart, and magnanimous Arthur at their head, wearing his helmet-crown as he was wont in battle : that monarch of mighty fame, but mild and open countenance, who at fifteen had brought all Britain from uproar to peace—who expelled the Saxons—conquered Scotland, and afterwards Ireland, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Gothland, and Swethland, and took captive their kings ; killed the brave Froll, and the grim giant Dynabus ; slew five Paynim monarchs, the Grecian Emperor, and put to flight Lucius the Emperor of Rome, whither he afterwards went himself, and was crowned by all the cardinals. There he rode with King Ban-Booght and King Bos, and the brave and loving friends Sir Gawain and Sir Ywain.

At length I saw them arrive in an open glade, where stood a rich pavilion ; and the ladies alighted, with certain of the younger knights and pages, and there they found meats and wines ready prepared for them.

There sate the noble Arthur—those warriors whose fame had gone through the whole world—that splendid Genevra, whose beauty was so queenly and dazzling that they who looked on her could scarcely remember her faults—and many a lady whose embroidered bodice and jewelled tiara the minstrels have described in such glowing terms, and who, they declared, were ‘bright as blossom on breeze.’

All there was poetical and picturesque, but all faded speedily—all passed away from me as I sate on the cliff of Tintagel; there was nothing left but the bare hill, the crumbling ruins, and the sea.

I rose from my rocky seat. The nakedness of the seaworn hill, the masses of crumbling ruins, seemed to me to be just as they ought—they have an aspect of antiquity which separates them from every-day things, and leads us back to a point in human history whence we look down to the present times with wonder and joy. For myself, rejoicing in the past, and confident of the future, I went on refreshed by my Day-dream at Tintagel.



Iona

VISIT TO STAFFA AND IONA.

IN the days of Dr. Johnson and of Pennant, it was deemed a vast and adventurous undertaking to reach the

Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

It was then only one or two zealous travellers in an age who accomplished so great and dangerous a voyage. In our boyhood we read Johnson's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' and the poetic allusions of Collins and Thomson to the Western Isles, with a feeling that those regions of poetical wildness were only to be reached by a few fortunate mortals. What a change have commercial wealth and steam produced ! The turbulent ocean of the west is laid open—the mists that

hang about the shores and mountains of its once mysterious isles are not cleared away, but they are daily penetrated by the barques of our summer tourists ; and Staffa and Iona are as familiar to thousands as St. Paul's or the Tower.

We are bound for the regions of ghosts and fays, mermaids and kelpies, of great sea-snakes, and a hundred other marvels and miracles. If it were only to skirt the busy banks of the Clyde ; to traverse the romantic Kyles of Bute ; to sit on deck quietly, but delightedly gazing on the cloudy heights and hollows of Arran ; on the solitary shores of Cowal and Cantyre—it were a little voyage of bold beauty, not readily to be matched in the same distance in any other quarter. But, steering along the western shore of Loch Fyne, you soon arrive at Lochgilphead, where your steam *Genie* suspends his energies, stops his busy paddles, and you are feasted on salmon and white herring, drawn fresh from the deep beneath you ; a feast, indeed, of such delicacy, that an epicure would think it worth going all the way for, solely. Your entertainment over, your vessel enters the Crinan canal, which runs across the Mull of Cantyre, and while it leisurely winds along, through a delightful country of wooded hills and moorland solitudes, you may walk on a-head, and find, when you come to speak with the inhabitants, that you are in the Highlands, where Gaelic is the native speech. But, emerging from the Crinan canal, you issue forth into the Sound of Jura, and feel at once that you are in the stern and yet beautiful region of your youthful admiration. There is the heavy swell and the solemn roar of the great Atlantic. You feel the wild winds that sweep over it. You see around you only high and craggy coasts, that are bleak and naked with the lashings of a thousand tempests. All before you are scattered rocks

that emerge from the restless sea, and rocky isles, with patches of the most beautiful greensward, but with scarcely a single tree. The waves are leaping in whiteness against the cliffs, and thousands of sea-birds are floating in long lines on the billows, or skimming past you singly, and diving into the clear hissing waters as they near your vessel. One of the very first objects which arrests your senses is the Corrievrekan, or great whirlpool of the Hebrides—an awful feature in all the poetry and ballads belonging to these regions,

Where loud the Corrievrekan roars.

I suppose we were not nearer than three miles to this 'loud Corrievrekan,' yet we heard its angry roar, and saw its waters white as snow, tossing and leaping in strange commotion. We glided along, gazing on the lofty heights of Jura, upwards of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the cloudy bulk of the huge Ben More in the more distant isle of Mull, and passed through similar scenery, to our haven for the night—Oban. Here we climbed the mountains that rise behind the town, and gazed far over the sea and its scattered islands; walked up to the picturesque Castle of Dunolly, and saw the eagle, confined in a hole of the ruined wall, which has been celebrated by Wordsworth; had a look at Dunstaffnage, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, and in the morning resumed our course to Staffa and Iona.

What a sweet voyage is that up the Sound of Mull! The clear, leaping waters; the wild, dreamy mountain lands all around you! Every object which successively catches your eye brings some poetical associations. There is the Castle of Duart—there is 'Artornish Hall'—there the stern fortress of Aros; and, lastly, on your right lies Morven itself—the land of Ossian—with its blue misty hills; its rugged,

wave-bathed coast ; and its clear streams, that come hurrying and shining in the sun ! Another night at Tobermory, and then round the north headland of Mull forth into the rough Atlantic. All before you, and to the right, Eig and Canna and Rum, and in the dim horizon the far mountains of Skye. The course now, however, was southward, past the clustered islands of Treshinish, with Gometra, Colonsay and Mull on your left, and Staffa rising like an isolated crag from the waves before you.

I never visited any part of Great Britain which more completely met my anticipated ideas than this. The day was fine, but with a strong breeze. The sea was rough ; the wild-fowl were flying, scudding, and diving on all hands ; and, wherever the eye turned, were craggy islands—mountains of dark heath or bare splintered stone, and green, solitary slopes, where scarcely a tree or a hut was to be discovered ; but now and then black cattle might be descried grazing, or flocks of sheep dotted the hill-sides. Far as we could look were naked rocks rising from the sea, that were worn almost into roundness, or scooped into hollows by the eternal action of the stormy waters. It was a stern wilderness of chafing billows and of resisting stone. The rocks were principally of dark red granite, and were cracked across and across, as if by the action of fire or frost. Everything spake to us of the wild tempests that so frequently rage through these seas.

But Staffa rose momentarily in its majesty before us ! After all the descriptions which we had read, and the views we had seen of this singular little island, we were struck with delightful astonishment at its aspect. It is, in fact, one great mass of basaltic columns, bearing on their head another huge mass of black stone, here and there covered

with green turf. We sailed past the different caves—the Boat Cave and the Cormorant Cave, which are themselves very wonderful ; but it was Fingal's Cave that struck us with admiration and awe. To see this magnificent cavern, with its clustered columns on each side, and pointed arch, with the bleak precipices above it, and the sea raging at its base, and dashing and roaring into its gloomy interior, was worth all the voyage. There are no words that can express the sensation it creates. We were taken in the boats on shore at the north-east point, and landed amid a wilderness of basaltic columns thrown into almost all forms and directions. Some were broken, and lay in heaps in the clear green water. Others were piled up erect and abrupt ; some were twisted up into tortuous pyramids at a little distance from the shore itself, and through the passage which they left, the sea came rushing—all foam, and with the most tremendous roar. Others were bent like so many leaden pipes, and turned their broken extremities towards us. We advanced along a sort of giant's causeway, the pavement of which was the heads of basaltic columns, all fitting together in the most beautiful symmetry ; and, turning round the precipice to our right hand, found ourselves at the entrance of the great cave. The sea was too stormy to allow us to enter it, as is often done, in boats ; we had therefore to clamber along one of its sides, where a row of columns is broken off, at some distance above the waves, and presents an accessible, but certainly very formidable, causeway, by which you may reach the far end. Let it be remembered that this splendid sea cave is forty-two feet wide at the entrance ; sixty-six feet high from the water ; and runs into the rock two hundred and twenty-seven feet. Let it be imagined that at eight or ten feet below us, it was paved

with the sea, which came rushing and foaming along it, and dashing up against the solid rock at its termination ; while the light thrown from the flickering billows quivered in its arched roof above us, and the whole place was filled with the solemn sound of the ocean. The roof is composed of the lower ends of basaltic columns, which have yet been so cut away by nature as to give it the aspect of the roof of some gigantic cathedral aisle ; and lichens of gold and crimson have gilded and coloured it in the richest manner. It was difficult to forget, as we stood there, that, if any one slipped, he would disappear for ever, for the billows in their ebb would sweep him out to the open sea, as it were, in a moment.

Venerable Iona—how different ! and with what different feelings approached ! As we drew near, we saw a low bleak shore, backed by naked hills, and at their feet a row of miserable Highland huts, and at separate intervals the ruins of the monastery and church of Ronad, the church of St. Oran and its burying-ground, and lastly the cathedral. The following is from Martin's account of these, as they remained in his time.

‘This isle was anciently a seminary of learning, famous for the severe discipline and sanctity of Columba. He built two churches and two monasteries in it, one for men and the other for women ; which were endowed by the kings of Scotland and of the Isles, so that the revenue of the church then amounted to four thousand marks per annum. . . . St. Marie's church here is built in the form of a cross ; the choir twenty yards long, the cupola twenty-one feet square, the body of the church of equal length with the choir, and the two aisles half that length. There are two chapels on each side of the choir ; the entry to them

opens with large pillars neatly carved in *basso relievo*. The steeple is pretty large. The doors, windows, &c. are curiously carved. The altar is large, and of as fine marble as I ever saw. There are several abbots buried within the church ; Mac Ilikenich, his statue is done in black marble, as big as the life, in an episcopal habit, mitre, crosier, ring, and stones along the breast, &c. The rest of the abbots are done after the same manner. The inscription of one tomb is as follows : *Hic jacet Joannes Mac Fingone, Abbas de Oui, qui obiit Anno Domini milesimo quingentesimo*. Bishop Knox, and several persons of distinction, as Mac Leod of Harris, have also been buried here. There are the ruins of a cloister behind the church, as also a library, and under it a large room ; the natives say it was a place of public disputations. There is a heap of stones without the church, under which Mac Ian of Ardnamurchan lies buried. There is an empty piece of ground between the church and the gardens, in which murderers and children that died before baptism were buried. Near to the west end of the church, in a little cell, lies Columba's tomb, but without inscription. . . .

‘Near St. Columba's tomb is St. Martin's Cross, an entire stone of eight feet high. It is a very hard and red stone, with a mixture of grey in it : on the west side of the cross is engraven a large crucifix, and on the east a tree. It stands on a pedestal of the same kind of stone. . . . A little further to the west lie the black stones on which Mac Donald, King of the Isles, delivered the right of their lands to his vassals in the Isles and Continent with uplifted hands and bended knees ; and in this posture, before many witnesses, he solemnly swore that he would never recall those rights which he then granted ; and this was instead

of his great seal. Hence it is that when any one was certain of what he affirmed, he said positively, "I have freedom to swear this matter upon the black stones."

'At some distance from St. Marie's is St. Oran's church, commonly called *Reliqui Ouran*. The saint of that name is buried within it.

'The Laird of Mac Kinnon has a tomb within this church, which is the stateliest tomb in the isle. On the wall above the tomb there is a crucifix engraven, having the arms of the family beneath—viz. a bovis head, with a couple of sheep's bones in its jaws. The tombstone has a statue as big as life, all in armour, and upon it a ship under sail; a lion at the head, and another at the feet. . . . There are other persons of distinction in the church all done in armour.

'On the south side of this church is the burial-place in which the kings and chiefs of tribes are buried, and over them a shrine. There was an inscription giving an account of each particular tomb, but time has wore them off. The middlemost had written on it, "*The Tombs of the Kings of Scotland*," of which forty lie there. Upon that on the right hand, "*The Tombs of the Kings of Ireland*," of which four were buried there. And upon that on the left hand, "*The Kings of Norway*," of which eight were buried there. Next to the kings is the tombstone of Mac Donald of Isla; the arms a ship with hoisted sails, a standard, four lions, and a tree. The inscription, "*Hic Jacet corpus Angusi Mac Donuil de Isle*." There are, besides the tombs of the Mac Donalds, Macleans, and Mac Alisters, with effigies in armour as big as life.

'About a quarter of a mile further south is the church *Ronad*, in which prioresses are buried. . . . Without the

nunnery there is such another square as that beside the monastery for men. The two pavements, which are of a hard red stone, are yet entire. In the middle of the longest pavement there is a large cross, like to that mentioned above, and is called Maclean's Cross.'

A good deal of these remains of this ancient and venerable establishment has been defaced or destroyed since Martin saw them ; and especially the altar ; but nothing is more striking than, in this wild and neglected spot, yet to walk amongst these ruins, and behold amid the rank grass those tombs of ancient kings, chiefs, and churchmen, with their sculpture of so singular and yet superior a style.

It is said that there were formerly three hundred and sixty stone crosses in the Island of Iona, which since the Reformation have been reduced to two, and the fragments of two others. The Synod of Argyle is reported to have caused no less than sixty of them to be thrown into the sea at one time ; and fragments of others, which were knocked in pieces, are to be seen here and there, some of them now converted into gravestones. Amongst the most curious sculpture remaining, are Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit under the tree, on St. Martin's Cross ; the carved pavement of St. Oran's chapel, especially that of some singular bells ; and the grotesque scenes carved on the capitals of the pillars in the cathedral, including the celebrated one of an angel weighing souls, and the devil putting his foot into the scale against them.

The details of these are too numerous for my limits, but the masterly style of the sculpture, the singular stories indicated in some of the carving on the walls, and the unique and beautiful foliage and flowers with which the tombs are adorned by the chisel, cannot be seen without a very lively

admiration. They lie on the margin of the stormy Atlantic; they lie amongst walls which, though they may be loosened by years, seem as though they never could decay, for they are of the red granite of which the rocks and islets around are composed, and defended only by low inclosures piled up of the same granite, rounded into great pebbles by the washing of the sea.

The children here gain a trifle by offering in little dishes pebbles of green serpentine which they collect on the shore; and the old schoolmaster, who acts as guide, makes something by his profession and his little books descriptive of the place; but even he has got an opponent, who on this occasion created both for the old guide and ourselves a good deal of confusion. Here we must bid adieu to Iona, only adding that the superstition related by Collins is still believed in by the inhabitants.

Where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreathed with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs ærial council hold.



VISIT TO EDGE-HILL.

THE nearness of Edge-hill to Compton-Winyates led me thither. Indeed, as I had walked from Stratford, Edge-hill had gradually risen, as it were, before me, till it filled with its lofty *edge* the whole of the horizon on that side. A tower near a mill which was conspicuous on this height was constantly pointed out to me by the country-people as standing just above the scene of the battle. The road continued to ascend nearly all the way from Stratford, being a distance of about ten miles, and then the edge rising high, and almost precipitately, it may be imagined that the elevation of the country on its summit is very great. So great, indeed, is it, that it gives you one of the most extensive prospects in the kingdom. The district towards Stratford, Warwick, and

Coventry, and across into Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, lies in a grand expanse before you. You seem to take in, on a clear day, the breadth of a kingdom almost. On the other side, into Oxfordshire, and towards Banbury, the views were also very airy and attractive, but not so extensive by any means, because Edge-hill is truly an edge, that is, it is a step, where the country takes an abrupt rise, and when you gain the summit you find yourself not so much on a hill as on the level of a higher country. I reached the inn in the dusk of the evening, after a long day's ramble, and was greatly struck with its solitary elevation in the dimness of a wild twilight. The country far below me showed through the mists and shadows of coming night, wide and vast.

In the morning I sallied forth, and passing Upton-House, a lonely looking seat of Lord Jersey, with a solemn avenue of large Scotch firs leading down to it, I was soon at the tower which had been my landmark the day before, and which the country-people always designated as the Round-house.

I had expected, from what the country-people said, that this tower was made a *depôt* for arms and armour found on the field of battle, but I was disappointed to find, instead of those, relics of the field of Waterloo. If, however, the tower deceived me in this respect, it afforded me an advantage of another kind—a most clear and interesting view both of the battle-field and of a vast stretch of country. Nothing could be more obvious than the situation of the battle. Below, on the campaign, at the distance of three miles, lay the little town of Kington, and midway between it and Radway, just below, the spot where the battle took place. At that time the whole country round, with the exception of a few in-

closures about Kineton and Radway, was open, now it is cultivated like a garden, and the hill side, down which the cavalry of the king rushed, is covered with fine woods.

Hume's concise account of this opening battle of the civil war gives its main features in a little space. 'The king, on mustering his army, found it to amount to ten thousand men. The Earl of Lindsey, who in his youth had sought experience of military service in the Low Countries, was general. Prince Rupert commanded the horse : Sir Jacob Astley the foot ; Sir Arthur Aston the dragoons : Sir John Heydon the artillery. Lord Bernard Stuart was at the head of a troop of guards. The estates and revenue of this single troop, according to Lord Clarendon's computation, were at least equal to those of all the members who, at the commencement of the war, voted in both houses. Their servants, commanded by Sir William Killigrew, made another troop, and always marched with their masters.

'With this army the king left Shrewsbury. . . . Two days after the departure of the royalists, Essex left Worcester. Though it be commonly easy, in civil war, to get intelligence, the armies were within six miles of each other ere either of the generals was acquainted with the approach of his enemy. Shrewsbury and Worcester, the places from which they set out, are not above twenty miles distant ; yet had the two armies marched ten days in this mutual ignorance. So much had military skill, during a long peace, decayed in England.

'The royal army lay at Banbury ; that of the parliament at Kineton, in the county of Warwick. Prince Rupert sent intelligence of the enemy's approach. Though the day was far advanced, the king resolved upon the attack. Essex

drew up his men to receive him. Sir Faithful Fortescue, who had levied a troop for the Irish wars, had been obliged to serve in the parliamentary army, and was now posted on the left wing, commanded by Ramsay, a Scotchman. No sooner did the king's army approach, than Fortescue, ordering his troop to fire their pistols into the ground, put himself under the command of Prince Rupert. Partly from this incident, partly from the furious shock made upon them by the Prince, the whole wing of cavalry immediately fled, and were pursued for two miles. The right wing of the parliament's army had no better success. Chased from their ground by Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston, they also took to flight. The king's body of reserve, commanded by Sir John Biron, judging, like raw soldiers, that all was over, and impatient to have some share in the action, heedlessly followed the chase which their left wing had precipitately led them. Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex's reserve, perceived the advantage. He wheeled about upon the king's infantry, now quite unfurnished of horse, and he made great havoc amongst them. Lindsey, the general, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner; his son, endeavouring his rescue, fell likewise into the enemy's hands. Sir Edmund Verney, who carried the king's standard, was killed and the standard taken, but it was afterwards recovered. In this situation Prince Rupert, on his return, found affairs. Everything bore the appearance of a defeat instead of a victory, with which he had hastily flattered himself. Some advised the king to leave the field; but that prince rejected such pusillanimous counsel. The two armies faced each other for some time, and neither of them retained courage for a new attack. All night they lay under arms; and next morning found themselves in sight

of each other. General, as well as soldier, on both sides, seemed averse to renew the battle. Essex first drew off, and retired to Warwick. The king returned to his former quarters. Five thousand men are said to have been found dead on the field of battle ; and the loss of the two armies, as far as we can judge by the opposite accounts, was nearly equal. Such was the event of this first battle, fought at Kington, or Edge-hill.

‘Some of Essex’s horse, who had been driven off the field in the beginning of the action, flying to a great distance, carried news of a total defeat, and struck a mighty terror into the city and parliament. After a few days a more just account arrived, and then the parliament pretended to a complete victory. The king also, on his part, was not wanting to display his advantages, though, excepting the taking of Banbury, a few days after, he had few marks of victory to boast of. He continued his march, and took possession of Oxford, the only town in his dominions which was altogether at his devotion.’

To this we may add the following particulars from the historians of the times. The number of slain, although generally stated as above at five thousand, appears, by a survey taken by Mr. Fisher, the vicar of Kington at the time, at the request of the Earl of Essex, to have amounted to little more than thirteen hundred. These were buried in two spots which are yet conspicuous, one of them being planted with fir-trees. The copse of fir-trees is said to have been a pit at the time of the battle, into which five hundred bodies were thrown. The farm on which it is, is still called the Battle-farm ; and the two places of the burial, the Grave-fields. They lie about half-way between Radway and Kington.

The two princes, Charles and James, were here, and the situation of their tent is laid down in old maps ; the boys are said to have watched the battle from the hill, and that during the temporary defeat of the royal army, they might readily have been taken. In the village of Radway, at the foot of the hill, is a cottage in which tradition says the king and the princes breakfasted on the morning after the battle, and an old table was formerly shown as the one they used, but it has been sold as a relic. In the church is also a tablet to the memory of an officer who fell there.

In the night after the battle, and during which both armies continued under arms, came a severe frost, with a most bitter wind from the north ; and any one who stands on that height in winter, and feels how keenly the air comes sweeping over the wide open campaign from that quarter, will not wonder that in the morning neither army felt much desire to renew the contest. I was there but ten days earlier in the season than the anniversary of the battle, and a heavy snow-storm, driving fiercely for two hours, made me feel sympathetically what must have been the sufferings of the hundreds who lay wounded on the open field ; yet to this very circumstance the preservation of the lives of numbers was attributed ; the cold stopping their bleeding, when they otherwise must have died of exhaustion. Such are the miserable comforts of miserable war.

*VISIT TO THE GREAT JESUIT COLLEGE OF
STONYHURST, IN LANCASHIRE.*

A College of Jesuits, existing in England in the nineteenth century, possessing a large property there, and flourishing, and proselytising the inhabitants all round them—is a subject of curious interest ! There is something in the very name of it that makes us prick up our ears, and open our eyes, and prepare to inquire and to wonder. At all events—after having read the annals of Romish persecution, the history of Inquisitions, and of this most subtle and distinguished Order itself—this was and has been long the effect upon me. When, years ago, I heard that there was a Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst, my curiosity was strongly aroused. To imagine the disciples of Ignatius Loyola erecting their standard amid the spinners and weavers of Lancashire—the fathers of that famous Order which had figured so conspicuously in the dark annals of the Inquisition; which had insinuated its members into every country and city—into the cabinets and councils of all kings; which had so often directed the political power of Europe, traversed the vast lands of India and America, and moulded savage nations to its designs ; of that Order so awful in history for its peculiar policy, its sagacity, and its talent, coming out into the face of the English people, into the full blaze of the freest opinion.

into the very midst of the jealous and searching scrutiny of Protestant sectaries,—was a moral phenomenon worthy of close attention. Accordingly, Mrs. Howitt and myself took the opportunity on our way northwards to visit this interesting place. We went thither from Blackburn, where we were spending a short time with our friends ; and found it a delightful drive of ten miles, principally along Ribblesdale, in which Stonyhurst is situated. After proceeding about two and a half miles north of Blackburn, Ribblesdale, one of the finest and most extensive vales in England, opened upon us, with Stonyhurst conspicuous on the opposite side of the valley, on a fine elevation, amidst its woods. The building has a noble and commanding aspect, worthy of its situation. From the first opening of this splendid vale you have Stonyhurst lying full in view ; Ribchester, the celebrated Roman station, to the left, in the level of the valley ; down the vale to the north-east you have the castle of Clitheroe, standing on its bold and abrupt eminence ; and as you wind along the eastern side of the dale, with the Ribble below you on your left, and, above you on the right, woods and cottages with their little enclosures, the ruins of Whalley Abbey come in view, and, high beyond, the bare and cloud-mottled heights of Pendle-hill. On our left, lying low amongst tall trees, appeared Little Mitton manor-house—one of those quaint, ancient, timbered houses with which Lancashire abounds. This is remarkable for its galleried hall of the age of Henry VII., of which an engraving may be found in Whitaker. All about us, as we ascended to the greater Mitton, or *the* Mitton, were green and whispering trees, and peeps into meadows rich with cattle ; and the sound of the two rivers—the Hodder and the Ribble, which unite just below—came up

to us delightfully. Mitton is as singularly as it is sweetly situated, on a point of land in the West Riding of Yorkshire which runs into Lancashire betwixt those streams ; and it is a spot at which I must request my readers to pause a moment, not merely because in it lie the greater part of the Sherburne family, the ancient lords of Stonyhurst, but because the village and church of Mitton are of themselves highly worthy of a visit from the lovers of antiquity and of rural peace and seclusion. The village stands surrounded with a profusion of trees. The church is a plain, unpretending structure, with a low square tower ; but it delights you as you approach with the green sequestered beauty of its churchyard, and, on your entrance, with such a group of effigied tombs as few village churches can show.

There are three tombs, with recumbent figures of knights and their ladies, executed with great spirit, especially one lady, who is really beautiful. But the most singular monument is one of Richard Sherburne, and his lady, who died in child-bed of twins, while he was Captain of the Isle of Man in 1591, 'and there lieth entombed.' 'That,' said the sexton, 'is Old Fiddle-o'-God and his wife. He went by that name because, when he was in a passion, that was his word.' The pair were kneeling aloft on the monument, at an altar, opposite each other, in prayer, clad and coloured in the quaint style of that age—he in his ruff and full-skirted jerkin ; she in a black gown and hood falling over the top of her head, and with tan-leather gloves on her arms. On the compartments below are seen the twins in bed, with their nurses watching by them ; and, not far off, monks praying for the lady's soul. However passionate and profane the old gentleman might be—and not only his speech betrays as much, but the inscription itself seems to

confirm it, praying most heartily for them, 'Whose souls God pardon ; grant them His heavenly pardon '—yet he has a most ludicrously pious look on the monument.

We must now hasten to Stonyhurst College—for we have stopped long by the way ; but who would not stop awhile at such a pleasant, antiquated place as Mitton ? Let my readers look upon it as a distinct episode in this account. We have seen where the Sherburnes lie—let us now see where they lived.

On approaching this interesting place, we found two roads, one diverging to the right, the other to the left. We took the right, which led us through pleasant, bowery lanes—the fine buildings showing themselves, ever and anon, over the trees—to the lodges, the usual way of entrance. Here visitors are expected to use the hospitality of the place, by giving their horses and carriages into the hands of the groom, who takes all possible care of them during their stay. As we were, however, not aware of this circumstance, we drove on, by a winding route, to Hurst's-Green, a little hamlet about half a mile from the college. We found here that the road diverging to the left from Mitton is the direct way to Hurst's-Green, where those who are not inclined to tax the hospitality of the establishment so much, will find a good village inn, where their horses will be well accommodated. We can only say, however, that, when the heads of the college found that we had not brought our horses to their stable, they expressed the greatest concern.

The approach from Hurst's-Green is a pleasant walk, and gives you the fullest and finest view of the college. Advancing from the Green, you pass several comfortable cottages, and then through a gate, which brings you into the

lawn in front of the house ; but at a distance of a quarter of a mile. But, before passing through this gate, you come to a charming little cemetery, belonging to the hamlet and neighbourhood, with a plain but very tasteful oratory, with a bell. The ground is adorned with a white cross, and a few scattered tombs of simple and appropriate style, and graves planted with shrubs and flowers. This rural cemetery stands well, giving wide views of the country round—of Pendle in one direction, and the wild uplands of Bowland Forest in another ; and is screened and skirted with trees, with good effect. Here, in winter and bad weather, the funeral rites are performed for the deceased, by one of the fathers of Stonyhurst, in the oratory ; but in summer and fine weather, in the open air.

Turning away from this cemetery, and entering upon the lawn, the view of Stonyhurst is very impressive. It is a house which accords well with the style of its former lords in Mitton church. You see that it was worthy of the Sherburnes. The grounds, woods, and waters about its solitary stateliness belong strictly to the ‘old English gentleman.’

An avenue of noble trees formerly skirted the carriage-road, which runs directly up to the lawn of the house. That is gone ; but woods on either hand of the lawn still form a wider kind of avenue, at the end of which appears this tall building, with its large entrance gateway in the centre, its large square windows, and two domed towers, surmounted with eagles. About half-way up the lawn, a railing runs across, marking the more immediate approach : and on each hand is a sheet of water. The house is in the style of Paul of Padua, and is said by the Jesuit fathers to be the most perfect English specimen of that style. It was built in the reign of Elizabeth, on the site of the older

edifice, by Sir Richard Sherburne, who received the honour of knighthood for his bravery in the battle of Leith, and was so great a favourite of her Majesty that she allowed him to have his chapel and his priest at Stonyhurst. He did not, however, live to finish it ; and the cupolas of the towers were added by Sir Nicholas Sherburne, at a cost of 40*l.* ! as is shown by the deed of contract still existing at Stonyhurst. Sir Nicholas was a travelled scholar ; and by him the gardens and grounds were laid out in the French taste. His only daughter, Maria Winifreda Francisca married Thomas, the eighth duke of Norfolk, and died without issue in the year 1768. The family possessions now passed to the children of Elizabeth, sister of Sir Nicholas, married to Sir William Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire ; and his eminence, Cardinal Weld, eldest son of the late Thomas Weld, Esq., of Lulworth, inherited this noble mansion from his father.

This family appears to have been always a staunch Catholic one ; and Stonyhurst coming into the possession of a cardinal, one is not surprised that it should be alienated from the family, and converted to the service of the Catholic cause. The estate is now not merely leased, but sold to the founders of the college.

Nothing could be more courteous than our reception, or more candid than the manner in which all answers to our inquiries, both regarding the place and the social and political views of the conductors, were given. We found the President, the Rev. Mr. Scott, was extremely ill at some other place—in fact, as was supposed, and as it proved, at the point of death ; but two of the priests, Mr. Daniells and Mr. Irvine, received us most kindly. They apprised us that we had arrived on a day on which it was contrary to their

custom to admit visitors—being no other than the anniversary of the dedication of their new church to St. Peter and St. Paul—but that they would gladly make an exception in our favour. They could not, indeed, both attend us, divine worship going on in the church the greater part of the day, and Mr. Daniells being now just going to celebrate mass ; but Mr. Irvine would show us the institution during that time, and luncheon would be on the table at our return. Accordingly, we made the round of the house, and were struck with admiration at the general style and nobility of the place its oaken floors, long galleries, paintings, ceilings, the library, the museum, the exhibition and philosophical apparatus-rooms, and all those relics and antiquarian remains which enrich it. The dormitories are large and airy rooms, every separate bed being enclosed within a screen, like the screens of a coffee-house ; and a large curtain is drawn in front, so that every boy, with the advantage of ample ventilation, possesses perfect privacy. The philosophical apparatus-room and exhibition-room merit all the praise bestowed upon them ; they are noble rooms, and well furnished with orreries, galvanic batteries, a small steam-engine, mathematical instruments, and every requisite for scientific demonstrations. Besides the fine painting by Annibal Caracci, there is one of St. Catherine of Padua in the hospital, well worthy of attention, for the contrast of benignant beauty in the saint with the wretched and agonised forms around her. This room is also furnished with a noble organ.

An excellent and effective mode of education is adopted here. After philosophical exhibitions in these rooms, and after silent reading in the hall of study, each class returns to the room of its particular teacher, and every boy is

carefully questioned upon what he has seen or read, so as to ascertain that he has clearly comprehended and made himself master of the matter presented to his mind. The silence and decorum of the school are beautiful. At one moment, the sound of one hundred and sixty-six boys at play, in front of the college, came up to us ; the next, we saw them marching to the hall of study ; and shortly afterwards, passing the door, so profound was the hush that we inquired whether it were not really empty.

Amongst the relics and sculptures in the library, which are secured in a glass case, the Prayer-Book, stated to have belonged to the Queen of Scots, was asserted by Mr. Irvine to have belonged to Mary of England ; and that with good reason—the words *Maria Regina* merely being written within the cover ; and amongst the emblematical silver embossments, on the binding, appearing the pomegranate, the emblem of Spain. The seals of James II., of Fénelon, and the cap, beads, seal, and reliquary of Sir Thomas More, were also at this time in the library. The relics of Sir Thomas More were given by Father More, the last of the family. Amongst the many interesting contents of the Museum none are more striking than the quaint old jewel-chest of Queen Christina ; a large cup of crystal ; a curious old ark surmounted with a cross ; and some old English MSS. written on long narrow slips of vellum. The recreation-hall is indeed a magnificent gallery, and is embellished with a great number of paintings, amongst which is a very curious large Spanish piece, a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, surrounded by those of almost every celebrated Jesuit. There is also a set of heads of the Apostles, very striking, and correspondent with their characters ; especially that of St. John, which is beautiful, and full of that spirit of

love which gave him the bosom-place with his Divine Master. The refectory is one of the finest baronial halls I have seen ; and the floors of this and other rooms are of oak, laid in squares, lozenges, and other figures, of a rich and antique beauty. This noble room had tables, seats, and other furniture then preparing for it, of a fashion accordant with, and worthy of, its old English magnificence. We proceeded from the house to view the playground and gardens. In the former, which has been taken from the gardens, we found one hundred and sixty-six boys at play—a fine set of lads, in all the eagerness and animation of their age—the sons of the principal Catholic nobility and gentry of England and Ireland. Charles Waterton and Sheil were educated here.

With the exception of the piece taken from the playground, the gardens remain pretty much in the form in which they were laid out by Sir Nicholas Sherburne. They are delightful in themselves, and delightfully situated—looking out over that splendid valley, with its river, woods, uplands, and distant hills. One side of the garden is still divided by walks of yew—in fact, tall screens or walls of yew, cut square, at least ten feet high, and four or five thick, and kept in fine order. From the observatory you see the whole plan of these fences ; but as you walk among them you are enveloped in a most green and pleasant solitude. Arched doorways are cut through them, and you come, in one place, to a large circular inclosure, formerly occupied by a fountain, but now converted into a bowling green. Thence you descend, by broad flights of easy steps, into a most solemn, cool, and twilight walk, formed by ancient over-arching yews—a place, of all others, made for the meditations of the religious devotee.

Reascending, you pass into the air and sunshine, amongst cheerful trees and delicious flowers. Similar flights, at the opposite side of the garden, lead you to walls hung with fruit, and kitchen gardens calculated for such an establishment.

From the garden we passed into the new church—an erection of great beauty, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, whose statues occupy niches on each side of the great western window, which is richly painted with the figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, St. John, and the other Apostles. The church contains four altars, decorated with considerable splendour ; the carving, which is very good, being principally executed by a working mason of Preston. The different parts of the church are copied from various celebrated ecclesiastical buildings : the pillars and arches forming the aisles, from Sir Winifred's Well ; the figures of the saints, from Henry VII.'s chapel. The roof and the organ of oak are fine.

This was the first anniversary of the opening of this church, and numbers of the country-people were at mass. But, about forty years ago, when the Jesuits came here, they found the place a wilderness, having been uninhabited for some years. The lands were wild, and overgrown with rushes ; now they present an aspect of great cheerfulness and good farming. About fifty cows are kept to supply the establishment with milk and butter. The place, indeed, is a perfect rural paradise.

We returned to the house, and found, instead of a luncheon, an excellent hot dinner awaiting us. Mr. Daniells, having now terminated his labours in the chapel, joined us, and our conversation naturally turned upon their peculiar position here, their success, and the general condition of Catholicism in England and Ireland.

We rose to take our leave, and our polite and hospitable hosts also took their caps and walked down with us to Hurst's-Green. More cheerful, friendly people than the Jesuit fathers it is impossible to find ; visiting the poor in their cottages with the utmost assiduity and familiar kindness. Differing most widely from the creed of these gentlemen, it is only justice to bear this testimony to their practice. And so far from cause of alarm, we think that that very success points out to Protestants of all persuasions the most luminous means of its counteraction. If the faith of these men be adulterated by grievous errors and traditionary superstitions, as it unquestionably is—and yet, by their simple practical policy of interesting themselves in the welfare of the people around them, they have succeeded in restoring to popular favour, a religion which for three centuries has been stigmatised throughout England and Scotland as a bloody and superstitious religion—a religion which, in fact, when it was the established religion of the land, crowned itself with odium for its rapacity, its sensuality, and for the folly, idleness, and everlasting bickerings of its monks ; and what is more, if they who have done this belong to an order of that religion which, beyond all others—by the depth of its policy, the ambition and the talent of its leaders, by the pliant and most persevering pursuance of its objects, rendered itself the terror and abhorrence of the English nation,—what shall not the professors of a purer faith achieve by the same means? The doings of the Jesuits of Stonyhurst are, in fact, a study of curious interest to all those who are alarmed at the growth of Popery, or who would strengthen their own influence in the hearts of the people around them.



VISIT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF WINCHESTER.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

WHAT an interesting old city is Winchester ! and how few people are aware of it ! The ancient capital of the kingdom —the capital of the British, and the Saxon, and the Norman kings —the favourite resort of our kings and queens, even till the Revolution of 1688 ; the capital which for ages maintained a proud, and long a triumphant, rivalry with London itself ; the capital which once boasted upwards of

ninety churches and chapels, whose meanest houses now stand upon the foundations of noble palaces and magnificent monasteries ; and in whose ruins, or in whose yet superb minster, lie enshrined the bones of mighty kings, and fair and pious queens ; of lordly abbots, and prelates, who in their day swayed not merely the destinies of this one city, but of the kingdom. Here lies the bones of Alfred—here he was probably born, for this was at that time the court, and the residence of his parents. Here, at all events, he spent his infancy, and the greater portion of his youth. Here he imbibed the wisdom and the magnanimity of mind with which he afterwards laid the foundations of our monarchy, our laws, liberties, and literature, and, in a word, of our national greatness. Were it only for the memory and tomb of this great king, Winchester ought to be visited by every Englishman with the most profound veneration and affection ; but here also lie the ashes of nearly all Alfred's family and kin : his father Ethelwolph, his noble-minded mother, his royal brothers, and his sons and daughters. Here also repose Canute, who gave that immortal reproof on the Southampton shore to his sycophantic courtiers, and his celebrated queen Emma, so famous at once for her beauty and her trials. Here is still seen the tomb of Rufus, who was brought hither in a charcoal-burner's cart from the New Forest, where the chance arrow of Tyrrel avenged, in his last hunt, the cruelties of himself and his father on that ground. But, in fact, the whole soil here seems to be composed of the dust of kings and queens, of prelates and nobles, and every object to have been witness to some of the most signal struggles and strange histories which mark the annals of the empire ; and in order to have a due idea of the wealth of human interest here accumulated, it is desirable that before we

ramble through the streets and beneath the crumbling ramparts of this queen of British cities, we should take a rapid glance at the long line of the illustrious personages who have figured within it, many of whose acts indeed have given an inextinguishable cast and colour to the destinies of the realm.

Throwing aside the fables of Nennius, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the pedigree of King Brute, drawn from Eneas of Troy, our historians claim a high antiquity for Winchester, as the *Caer Gwent* of the Celtic and Belgic Britons, the *Venta Belgarum* of the Romans, and the *Wintanceaster* of the Saxons. The history of Winchester is nearly coeval with the Christian era. Julius Cæsar does not seem to have been here, in his invasion of Britain, but some of his troops must have passed through it ; a plate from one of his standards, bearing his name and profile, having been found deep buried in a sand-bed in this neighbourhood : and here, within the first half century of Christendom, figured the brave descendants of Cassibelaunus, those noble sons of Cunobelin or Cymbeline, Guiderius and Arviragus, whom Shakspeare has so beautifully presented to us in his *Cymbeline* ; that Arviragus, the Cogidubnus also of his countrymen, and the noble Caractacus of the Roman historians. If we are to credit the Saxon Martyrology and Archbishop Ussher, not only were the descendants of Claudia and Pudens amongst the most eminent Christians of Rome ; but Lucius, the great-grandson of Tiberius Claudius Cogidubnus, our Arviragus or Caractacus, was the first Christian king in this or any other country. Hence was he called by the old historians *Lever Maur*, or the Great Light, and hence did he take the star of Jacob for his badge, as may be seen in the engraving of one of his medals in Camden. We learn that he founded in Britain churches in each of its

twenty-eight cities, and built here a noble cathedral. He was the last of the tributary kings ; the Roman emperors afterwards holding their government in their own hands till they finally withdrew from the island. But here it was that, while Caractacus himself reigned, the fate of the brave Queen Boadicea was sealed. Stung to the quick with the insults she had received from the Romans, this noble queen of the Iceni, the Bonduca of some writers, and the Bootta of her own coins, had sworn to root out the Roman power from this country. Had she succeeded, Caractacus himself had probably fallen, nor had there ever been a king Lucius here. She came breathing utter extermination to everything Roman or of Roman alliance, at the head of 230,000 barbarians, the most numerous army till then ever collected by any British prince. Already had she visited and laid in ashes Camulodunum, London, and Verulam, killing every Roman, and every Roman ally, to the amount of 70,000 souls. But in this neighbourhood she was met by the Roman general Paulinus, and her army routed, with the slaughter of 80,000 of her followers. In her despair at this catastrophe, she destroyed herself, and instead of entering the city in triumph was brought in a breathless corpse for burial.

Many were the stirring events which occurred here while the Roman emperors, or the tyrants who rose up in Britain, and assumed the purple in defiance of them, reigned ; but none were so bloody as the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, in which the streets of Venta were deluged with innocent blood, and the splendid minster of Lucius razed to the ground ; and none so curious as that a monk of this city, Constans, should go forth a warrior, assume the purple and the imperial crown, and become, in that character, the

conqueror of Spain. It was during the dynasty of the Saxon kings that Winchester was especially the seat of royalty, and the scene of singular events. Before the valiant Cerdic, the Saxon, the famous Uther Pendragon, the father of the yet more famous King Arthur, gave ground, and left *Caer Gwent*, or *Venta*, to become *Wintanceaster*, the capital of the West Saxons. Here then reigned *Ceaulin*, who beat, at *Wimbledon* in *Surrey*, *Ethelbert*, the first Christian king of *Kent*; *Kinegils*, the renowned king, who, victorious over all his enemies, received the Christian faith from *St. Birinus*, in 625, and began to build anew the cathedral, which his son *Kenewalk* completed, in which the bones of *Kinegils* are yet carefully preserved. Here, after a succession of stout kings, reigned *Egbert*, who first united the Saxon *Heptarchy*, and made *Wintanceaster* the capital of *England*. In the cathedral of this city his son *Ethelwolph*, the father of *Alfred*, signed and delivered, before the high altar, in the presence of two subject kings and a great number of nobles, one of the most important, and, from its consequences, most celebrated documents which ever issued from the hands of a king—the *Charter of Tithes* on all the lands in *England*; which, says *William of Malmesbury*, for the greater solemnity, he then placed on the altar. Here, as we have before said, lived the gallant, the philosophic, and the pious *Alfred*.

In the short period of twenty-nine years and a half, the period of his reign, he chased numerous armies of *Danes* from his country, though beset sometimes with several of them appearing in different quarters at once. Numbers of them he civilised and Christianised, and planted in the parts which they themselves had depopulated. He raised a national militia, and so trained it as to be ready to issue

forth at the shortest notice, and march to any point at which the enemy might appear. He was the first to build and maintain a fleet, and thus avail himself of the peculiar strength of our insular position. He established such a police, that when he hung, as a trial, golden bracelets on trees by the highways, not a man dared to take them down. Though Egbert, his grandfather, had united the Heptarchy under one nominal crown, it was he who first really cemented England into one kingdom ; the Welsh even acknowledging his authority, and the whole country, from the borders of Scotland to the south, submitting to his rule. Whatever had been fabled of Arthur seemed realised in Alfred. He was not only the founder of the monarchy in its geographical extent, but in its constitution and its laws. Having fought fifty-six battles himself, by sea and land, he sat down to the equally arduous task of framing the institutions of peace and knowledge. He wrote a body of laws, which, though now lost, are yet believed to be the origin of what we term our *Common Law*. He divided the whole country into tithings, hundreds, and shires, with proper magistrates in each, and with appeal from the court of the tithing to that of the hundred, thence to the shire ; and, finally, if necessary, to himself. Every man in each tithing was answerable for the conduct of another, and whoever did not register himself in his tithing was punishable as an outlaw. None could move from his place of abode without a certificate from his tithing-man, or borsholder. Besides the monthly meetings of each hundred for the due administration of justice, there was an annual one, which has given to many hundreds the name of wapentake, for to it every man came armed, and then was made a stern inquiry into the conduct of police and of magistrates, as well as of the people, and all abuses were

impartially redressed. Assizes were to be held twice a year in each shire, and twice a year he regularly assembled the States in the capital. No man was tried for any offence without twelve freeholders being sworn to make due examination of his cause. Thus were laid down our present plan of administrative justice, trial by jury, and our parliament. If Alfred did not invent these institutions—for they are of a kind which prevailed amongst most of the ancient Saxon and Scandinavian nations—he, however, systematised and reduced them to an exact practice, using great exertion to secure magistrates, sheriffs, and earls of strict integrity, of the greatest intelligence, and removing rigidly all that appeared corrupt or incompetent. Never was so admirable a plan of civil jurisdiction framed in so rude an age ; and to remedy the very rudeness of the age, he invited into his kingdom the most learned and pious men from all parts. He founded and endowed the University of Oxford. He may, indeed, be said to have established a national system of education, for he enacted that every man who possessed two hydes of land should send his children to school to be educated. He himself undertook translations from the Greek and Latin languages ; amongst them *Æsop's Fables*, *Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy*, and the histories of *Orosius* and *Bede*. He wrote stories, fables, and poems. He encouraged merchandise and manufactures of all kinds ; and while all this time racked by the pangs of an incurable malady, he rebuilt his ruined cities, and especially the cities of Winchester and London, in greater magnificence than they had known before. He was celebrated for having introduced a superior style of architecture into the kingdom, and built four noble monasteries as models of tasteful magnificence, one of them being the *Abbay of Winchester*,

where his bones were laid. To crown all, not contented with what he had done while living, he left behind him, in his will, as an immortal legacy to his country, the sentiment—how glorious from the heart of a great and victorious king!—that ‘IT IS JUST THAT THE ENGLISH SHOULD FOR EVER REMAIN AS FREE AS THEIR OWN THOUGHTS!’

The descendants of Alfred continued to sway the Saxon sceptre for a hundred and sixty-five years, with the interruption of the brief dynasty of Canute and his sons Harold and Hardicanute; but no other Alfred rose amongst them. Valiant and great princes were some of them for the times; as Athelstan the Victorious; and Edgar the Magnificent, who made seven kings row him in his barge on the river Dee; but others, such as Ethelred the Unready, who was compelled to fly before the Danes and Edmund Ironside, that stout-hearted but unlucky king, who was obliged to divide his kingdom with them, showed only by the retrogression of the realm under their rule how truly great had been their immortal ancestor Alfred.

Yet during the Saxon period there is a picturesqueness of history that nowhere else occurs. There is a rude simplicity of life, and a mixture of great crimes and romantic incidents, that could only arise in such a life. The monarchs hunting with few attendants, or feasting in their halls in a most jovial and unguarded manner, gave occasion to events that could not in any after age have happened to the most ordinary noble.

But the Normans came, and London began to rival and eclipse Winchester as a regal seat. From the day, indeed, in which Alfred had rebuilt London in so superior a style, and had ordered the States to assemble there twice a year, its natural advantages of situation as the capital of a great

realm, began to be felt, and it consequently increased rapidly in power and population. A great river is the true seat for a great capital ; and the Thames was not only a noble stream, but was so located in reference to the Continent, that its signal superiority could be no longer overlooked. While the kingdom was not sufficiently knit together to repel readily the ravages of foreign foes, a capital such as Winchester, a little removed from the coast, and especially from the northern coasts of the Continent, which poured out so many fierce barbarians, was a more desirable spot ; but the Normans were a powerful race, and their relative location and communication with their own country, which must be kept up by ships, which again must necessarily require a noble harbour, made London the seat of power, but still left Winchester the seat of residence and pleasure. Here the Conqueror found himself in the very paradise of his own desire. His passion for dominion was not more fervent than his passion for hunting. ‘He loved,’ says the Saxon chronicler, who is believed to have been his contemporary, ‘great deer as if he had been their father.’ Here, then, was a noble old city, well fortified, the seat of the kings of three preceding dynasties. So here he built him a castle to hold the natives in check, and a palace, thrusting it into the north end, even of the cathedral enclosure, where some of its massy foundations are yet to be seen ; and here soon began to toll his great even-bell of *Couvrefeu*, which was soon echoed from every parish steeple throughout the kingdom, and which is yet heard ringing by us at eight o’clock in the evening—the curfew bell of these peaceful days. The city stood in a lovely and fertile valley, watered by one of the most wonderfully translucent streams on earth ; and around it lay a delightful country—

to him especially delightful, for its pleasant woods of Hempage, its forests of Bere and Woolmer, Chute and Pamber, all within scope of an accessible variety, but especially his great and favourite region of Ythene, or New Forest. Here he was, therefore, often to be found ; as was his son Rufus, who, as we have observed, was buried here. Here the royal treasures were kept ; here, and for ages after, were the royal mints ; and under these kings and their successors, till the time of Edward III., who continued to keep their court and wear their crowns here at Easter annually, Winchester flourished greatly. As the stream of years rolled on, Winchester witnessed many a singular scene, at which we can only give a glance. It saw the line of Alfred mingled with that of the Norman dynasty, by the union of Maud, or Molde the Good, the great granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, and Henry I. Here she was living in a monastery—here she was married—and according to Rudborne, after a life of active piety, distributing alms, building hospitals and bridges, and serving the infirm and diseased in person, here she was buried. Here her daughter, the Empress Matilda, waged the hottest part of her long warfare with Stephen, in which the most populous part of the city was destroyed by Stephen's party, with twenty churches, the royal palace, and the noble monasteries of St. Mary and St. Grimbald ; and the Empress herself was only able to escape out of the besieged castle by a pretended death, and a truce obtained for the purpose of her funeral, during which she was carried out of the city through the midst of her besiegers on a horse-litter, wrapt as a corpse in a sheet of lead ; and here Cœur-de-Lion, after his crusade and captivity in Germany, thinking himself half unkinged by his absence and

thralldom, caused himself to be again crowned with great pomp and ceremony.

Most of the succeeding kings and queens were to be found at one time or other at Winchester, holding festivals or parliaments, or passing to and fro in their intestine wars. Henry III. was born here, and always bore the name of Henry of Winchester : Henry IV. here married Joan of Brittany : Henry VI. came often hither, his first visit being to study the discipline of Wykeham's college, as a model for his new one at Eton to supply students to King's College, Cambridge, as Wykeham's does to his foundation of New College, Oxford. Henry VIII. made a visit with the Emperor, Charles V., and stayed a week examining its various antiquities and religious institutions ; but he afterwards visited them in a more sweeping manner, by the suppression of its monasteries, chantries, &c. Through his reign and that of Edward VI. the destruction of the religious houses, and the stripping of the churches, went on to a degree which must have rendered Winchester an object of ghastly change and desolation.

The later history of this fine old city is chiefly that of melancholy and havoc. A royal marriage should be a gay thing ; but the marriage of Bloody Mary here to Philip of Spain awakes no great delight in an English heart. Here, through her reign and that of Elizabeth, the chief events were persecutions for religion. James I. made Winchester the scene of the disgraceful trials of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lords Cobham and Grey, and their assumed accomplices—trials in which that most vain and pedantic of tyrants attempted, on the ground of pretended conspiracies, to wreak his personal spite on some of the best spirits of England. Three of these royal victims, the Hon. George

Brooke, brother of Lord Cobham, and the priests, Watson and Clarke, were executed here on the Castle-hill ; the rest were reprieved after a barbarous farce of execution ; being brought out, one by one, and made to face the very axe, and even to prepare to feel its edge, and then remanded, Sir Walter Raleigh being sent to the Tower, and cooped up for further mockery and final destruction. Cromwell soon appeared here, and left those traces of his presence which, as in so many other places, remain to the present hour. He took the castle, and blew it up with gunpowder. He demolished Wolvesley Castle, the bishop's palace ; battered to pieces the fortifications of the city, knocking down what was called the Norman Tower at the Westgate, with several churches and other public buildings ; and then leaving his troopers to stable their horses in the cathedral, they exercised their puritan ardour in demolishing monuments, smashing painted windows, and perpetrating martyrdom on saints of stone. Charles II. took as great a fancy to Winchester as the Norman kings themselves, setting Sir Christopher Wren to build a palace for him on the site of the old castle, which, so far as finished, stands there now ; adding two new rooms to the deanery, in which he lived, for the accommodation of Nell Gwynn ; while the Duchess of Portsmouth built a house for herself in St. Peter-street. But the most singular fact of history connected with Winchester and its neighbourhood in modern times, and the last which we shall mention, is that of Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son, who resigned the Protectorate, and has been universally reproached for it by the historians, as being a proof of his weakness and pusillanimity. It is much more probable that it was a proof of his good sense. Richard, no doubt, saw the signs of the times ; that a strong party was mustering for the return of

the Stuarts. He had evidently a keen relish for the enjoyment of life, and had no desire to live as his father had done, with armour under his doublet, and sheet iron on his chamber door, and a brace of pistols always under his pillow. He therefore resolved to retire to enjoyment with the plenty which he had ; and a jolly life, it seems, he led of it, at the old manor of Mardon, at Hursley, near this city, which he received in marriage with Dorothy Major, daughter of an alderman of Southampton. In his father's lifetime, it is said, he used in his convivial hours to drink the health of his father's landlord, Charles II. Charles II., the landlord, it appears, on his return never molested him ; and he spent a merry life in hospitable old English state to the term of eighty years. Here he had a chest filled with addresses of congratulation and protestations of the most profound fidelity, which, before his resignation, he had received from all the corporations and almost all public characters ; and on this he would often seat himself in the midst of his jovial friends, and boast that he was sitting on the lives and fortunes of most of the men in England.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY.

Such are some of the swarming historic recollections which come crowding on the mind as you enter the ancient city of Winchester, and it may be supposed, therefore, with what an interest a well-informed Englishman first wanders through it. As you approach it from any quarter, the huge fabric of its cathedral strikes the eye with a solemn and venerable air of antiquity. William of Wykeham's beautiful college, the Norman hospital of St. Cross down the valley,

and the peeping towers of various old churches, strengthen the impression. Wherever you turn, when once within its streets, you encounter objects of the past ages—the massy old gateway ; the taper cross, light as a vision of fairyland ; the tall peaked roof of ancient hospital or hall, and crumbling ramparts and ivy-hung ruins. Everything is ancient. The houses are old and unpretending : you see none of those gay resuscitations and extensions of streets which mark the modern growth of many towns. There is a quietness and an absence of bustle in the streets themselves, and you feel that the great current of national existence has turned aside, and left this capital of the olden time to muse over her past greatness. As you pass on, your eye is ever and anon caught by the old projecting gable, the low pointed arch leading into houses which were once conventual buildings or the palaces of nobles, but are now the dim abodes of the humblest citizens. Tall massy walls of gardens and other spacious enclosures testify to their own antiquity ; niches with antique figures of saint and virgin, or holy matron, memorial stones embedded in the sides of more recent buildings, arrest your eye at every brief interval of progress. The names of St. Swithun and St. Peter are inscribed on streets ; and if you lift your eye to the neighbouring hills, they are those of St. Magdalen or St. Catherine. Narrow passages lead you into the ancient burial ground, or past the dusky receding doorways of old chapels. You find those long secluded pathways between high old walls, leading to retired footpaths in the outskirts, and across the crofts and meadows near, that are only to be found in our old unchanged country towns, and to which we become so much attached when we have lived in such a town for some time, and made them our daily outlets to the country ; and, ever

and anon, a solemn stroke on the great clock-bell of the minster, or a chime from a church tower, by the solemnity or the quaintness of its sound, strikes you with a sense of long-passed ages.

I once more traversed this interesting city, with my brother Richard, who then saw it for the first time. Two days of the most splendid autumnal weather we spent in and around it, pacing its Gothic aisles and cloisters, pondering over its monuments, climbing its hills, and following the windings of its most transparent stream, and everywhere re-peopling its haunts with the varied multitude of its past inhabitants. We sat down on St. Giles's Hill, while the whole chorus of church-bells filled the air with their solemn yet rejoicing murmur of sound ; for it was Sunday. A more beautiful and interesting scene cannot readily be presented to the eye than the one before us. The city lay at our feet, in a fine open valley, and occupying a good portion of it. All around it rose bare green downs contrasting in their airiness with its broad mass of houses, of a simple old English aspect—red brick houses with red tiled roofs, sobered to the eye with age, and mingled with fine masses of trees, especially around the minster ; William of Wykeham's college, and Eastgate House and grounds to the right, just below us ; the main street, running up straight before you, direct east and west, and, at its farther end, the ancient, massy Westgate spanning it. Immediately to the left of this stands, on its bold elevation, the Chapel of St. Stephen, the chapel of the old castle, but now used as the county-court ; a building of simple outside, but with a fine interior, in which is still suspended on the wall the fabled Round Table of King Arthur, who was said by the British minstrels to hold his court here ; but Dr. Milner has shown,

too clearly for the boasts of old romance, that such could not be the fact, the Saxons getting possession of Winchester in Uther's time. On this hill, however, were executed the three gentlemen condemned by the judges of James, as participators in Raleigh's conspiracy. Close on the left, again, stands the palace of Charles II.—a heavy mass of Grecian architecture, which bears very ill the contrast with the beautiful Gothic erections below. This stands on the site of the picturesque old castle of the Conqueror, where many a bold and bloody deed was done, and many a fierce beleaguering sustained. There, when Queen Isabella, with her paramour Mortimer, had triumphed over her husband, Edward II., the head of the old Earl of Winchester, the brave champion of the unfortunate king, and who had lived ninety years of wisdom and virtue, was seen bleaching on the top of the castle-gate at the command of the ferocious queen. To the north of the town might be seen the locality of Hyde Meadow, where the old minstrels maintain that Guy of Warwick fought and slew the Danish giant Colbrand. But far more is Hyde Meadow memorable as the burial-place of the immortal Alfred, the great model of kings and of men.

In the centre of the town rises the venerable cathedral, as its grand object ; at a short distance south, Wykeham's college, looking like another church, with its handsome pinnacled tower and noble east window ; and down the valley, still more southward, the Hospital of St. Cross, a miniature likeness of the cathedral, nearly buried in its surrounding trees. The meadows between the town and St. Cross show themselves very pleasantly, with their winding streams, their trees, and scattered cottages. Just below you to the left, between you and the cathedral, lie the extensive

ruins of Wolvesley Castle—built by Henry de Blois, the brother of King Stephen, and destroyed by Cromwell. De Blois is said to have built Wolvesley on the site of a Saxon palace, so named from the tribute of wolves' heads, levied by King Edgar, being paid there. Be that as it may, it became from De Blois' time the bishop's palace, and a noble one it must have been. Its massy and widespread walls overrun with a vast growth of ivy, its still entire chapel, its green enclosure, encircled by the old city walls, grey and broken, and yet carefully covered with fruit trees,—have a most picturesque aspect. To our left rose the swelling hill of St. Catherine, crowned with its copse of beech and fir, and belted with the green mound of its ancient camp, Roman or British ; and behind us, again, rose the downs of St. Magdalen, where formerly stood a noble hospital of that name, and where King John met and humbled himself at the feet of Langton. This very hill of St. Giles, on which we were, is one of the most distinguished in the neighbourhood of the city. Here, for ages, was held one of the greatest annual fairs in the kingdom. It was first granted by the Conqueror to his cousin, the Bishop Walkelin, and his successors, for a single day, and extended by future monarchs to sixteen days. A gay and most curious scene it must have been. Its reputation continued till the reign of Henry VI., when that of St. Magdalen's hill began to eclipse it.

On this hill, too, from the earliest times of Christianity, stood the chapel of St. Giles, which was burnt down in 1231, but rebuilt and remaining till the sweeping reign of Henry VIII. Nothing now remains of it but the churchyard ; which, however, is more than remains of the chapel of St. Catherine which formerly crowned her noble hill, but fell

in the same reign, and has left only a bed of nettles to mark its site.

On this hill was executed, and buried in its cross road, the great English Earl Waltheof, by the Conqueror, for an attempt to throw off his yoke ; a circumstance, from the attachment of the people to this powerful nobleman and from their witnessing his beheading, as they stood at their own doors and windows, which long made this spot a place of great interest to the descendants of the Saxons in this neighbourhood.

Having now, from this elevation, taken a general survey of the city, we will descend and visit some of its most striking objects ; and as it is impossible, in a mere passing visit, to notice a tithe of its attractive antiquities, we shall confine ourselves to its three grand ones—the Cathedral, the College of Wykeham, and St. Cross.

THE CATHEDRAL.

On entering the Cathedral enclosure on its north side from High-street, you are at once struck with the venerable majesty and antique beauty of the fine old pile before you ; and with the sacred quietude of the enclosure itself. In the heart of this tranquil city it has yet a deeper tranquillity of its own. Its numerous tombs and headstones, scattered over its greensward, and its lofty avenues of lime-trees, seem to give you a peaceful welcome to the Christian fane and resting-place of so many generations. If you enter at the central passage, you tread at once on the eastern foundations of the Conqueror's palace, and pass close to the spot on which formerly rose the western towers of Alfred's

Ælfstan Mynstre, and where lay his remains, after having been removed from the old mynstre, till Hyde Abbey was built. It is impossible to walk over this ground, now so peaceful, without calling to mind to what scenes of havoc and blood, of triumph and ecclesiastical pomp, it has been witness—the butchery of the persecution of Diocletian, when the Christians fell here by thousands ; the repeated massacres and conflagrations of the Danes ; the crowning of Saxon and of English kings ; the proud processions of kings and queens, nobles, mitred prelates, friars, and monks, to offer thanksgivings for victory or penance for sins from age to age ; and finally, the stern visitation of the Reformers and the Cromwellian troopers.

The venerable minster itself bears on its aspect the testimonies of its own antiquity. The short and massy tower in the centre, the work of Bishop Walkelin, the cousin of the Conqueror, has the very look of that distant age, and to eyes accustomed to the lofty and rich towers of some of our cathedrals, has an air of meanness. Many people tell you that it never was finished ; but, besides that there is no more reason that the tower should remain unfinished through so many centuries than any other part of the building, we know that it was the character of the time, of which the tower of the Norman church of St. Cross affords another instance just at hand. In fact the spire was then unknown. This tower still exhibits its primitive Norman round-headed windows ; in the north transept you see again other Norman windows, varying from those of the simplest kind to others with the round spandrel, embracing the pointed arch and flowing tracery. Towards the east end again, you catch traces of round and trefoiled arch-work, supported on the short Saxon pillar borrowed by the Normans ; and then in

different parts of the church, every variety of lancet and pointed arches, and of perpendicular and florid tracery, which mark the progress of English architecture to the time of Henry VIII., when it and the Catholic religion ceased their career together.

Having arrived at the west front, we cannot avoid pausing to survey the beauty of its workmanship—that of the great William of Wykeham ; its great central doorway, with its two smaller side-doors ; the fretted gallery over it, where the bishop in his pontificals was wont to stand and bless the people and absolve them from the censures of the church ; its noble window, rich with perpendicular tracery , its two slender lantern turrets ; its crowning tabernacle, with its statue of the builder ; and its pinnaced side aisles.

That old font which on entering catches the eye on our left is a most curious piece of antiquity, respecting the date and ornaments of which antiquaries have been much divided in opinion. It is a heavy square mass of dark marble, supported on a massy central pillar and four corner ones. It is wrought with carved designs of doves and groups of quaint human figures, supposed by Milner to represent certain legendary acts of St. Nicholas. In its mass and figure it strongly reminds one of an ancient cromlech. Around the walls are numerous monuments of bishops, deans, nobles, and gentlemen of neighbouring families ; there are several by Flaxman, and one of peculiar interest—that of Dr. Joseph Warton, the poet, and master of Wykeham's college here. He is represented in his character of schoolmaster, with a group of his pupils before him, who are chiselled with the most admirable truth of nature. They are genuine school-boys to the very wrinkles of their rousers. Above his head are busts of Homer and Aristotle,

and that monument is surmounted by the classic lyric. There is on the same side a monument by Chantrey, but not one of his best. As you approach the screen of the choir, affixed to the base of one of the great clustered pillars is also a monument which must not be passed by.



Warton's Tomb.

It is that of the celebrated and liberal-minded Bishop Hoadley, with a most exquisite medallion profile of him.

But, as works of art, the most striking and beautiful things of a monumental nature are the chapels or chantries containing the tombs of the great Catholic prelates of this cathedral. Of these there are not less than half a dozen, the greater part of which are of the most beautiful designs

and most delicate and elaborate workmanship. They stand detached erections on the floor of this great fabric, and though two of them only are in the nave, and the other in the presbytery, we will here speak of them altogether, as things of one character. They contain the tombs of Wykeham, Edington, Fox, Cardinal Beaufort, Waynflete, and Gardiner. The two in the nave are those of Edington and William of Wykeham. They are between the great pillars of the south aisle. To attempt to describe these chantries would be a waste of words. They are open-work chapels, chiefly of slender shafts and arches, each of their peculiar date, roofed with the richest ceilings, and crowned with piles of canopy-work of the most splendid description. So delicately, so elaborately are they carved out, that they have more the appearance of being wrought in ivory than in stone. In these, on stately tombs, the sides of which are figured with the richest panelling, lie the effigies of those magnificent old prelates ; and here were daily masses chanted for the repose of their souls, these chantries being endowed with funds for the purpose.

They had originally each their own shrine, and were adorned with abundance of images, of which the niches only now remain. William of Wykeham lies on a tomb of great beauty, the sides of which are covered with panels of trefoil arches and crocketed spandrels, and emblazoned with mitres and his armorial shields. His face and figure are remarkably fine ; and at his feet are seated three little quaint figures of monks in a praying attitude. They are said to be three of his favourite friars.

Passing along the south aisle, we come to the chantry of Bishop Fox, who was so long prime minister of England and also the patron of Wolsey. Nothing can be more

elaborately wrought than this chapel ; nor more beautiful in design than those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Waynflete, at which we next arrive. That of Gardiner, standing on the opposite side of the Caputular Chapel to that of Fox, is of far inferior merit.



Beaufort's Chantry.

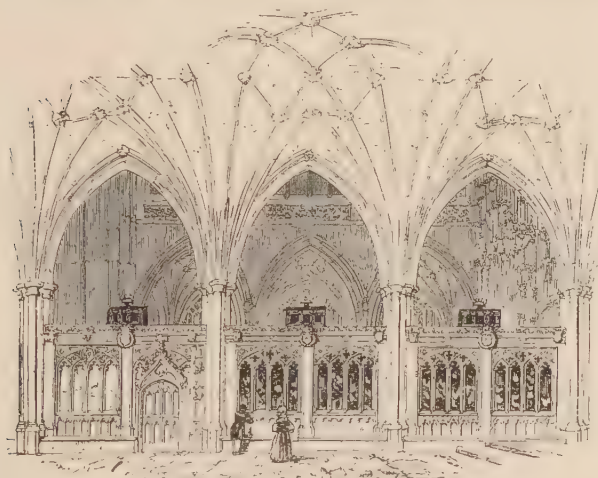
In the eastern part of the church there are many objects of great interest. Amongst them, the marble coffin of Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, in the south-east aisle, who was killed while hunting in New Forest,

before his brother Rufus was ; the Lady Chapel, in which bloody Mary was married to Philip of Spain, the chair on which she sate on that occasion being still to be seen. In this chapel, as also in the one to the left of it—the Chapel of the Guardian Angels—are the remains of old paintings on the walls and ceiling, of angels and legendary figures that are curious for their antiquity. On the fine screen at the back of the Capitular Chapel, and opposite to this chapel of the Virgin, is seen a range of canopied niches, in which formerly stood statues of the most eminent Saxon kings and bishops, from Kinegils to St. Edward, together with Canute, Hardicanute, Queen Emma, and, strangely enough, amongst them, Christ and the Virgin Mary. At the foot of this screen is also the now blocked-up archway, which formerly led down a stone staircase to what was called the HOLY HOLE—no doubt from the Saxon Heilige Höhle, or Holy Cave—in which were deposited the sacred relics and remains of eminent saints, ‘through whose merits,’ says an inscription in large letters over the vault, ‘many miracles shine forth.’ Going round Gardiner’s chantry into the north-east aisle, we soon pass the monument of king Hardicanute, having on it the figure of a ship, like those of the old Norwegian kings at Iona. Descending a flight of steps, we find ourselves in the northern transept, which has a most stern and ancient look, being no other than the ponderous and lofty original Norman fabric, built by Walkelin in the reign of the Conqueror. Everything here denotes a rude antiquity. There is a dark chapel below the organ stairs—the Chapel of the Sepulchre, whither used to be great resort in Holy Week, to witness the mass of the Passion of our Saviour, as yet celebrated in the Catholic countries on the Continent. And on the walls are discovered rude paintings

of the taking down from the cross, the laying in the sepulchre, the descent into Limbus, and appearance of the Lord to Mary Magdalen, from whose lips the word *Rabboni* is seen to proceed ; with kindred subjects. In the open part of the transept, the whole of which was adorned with similar paintings, some are yet visible, as a colossal figure of St. Christopher carrying the child Jesus, and the adoration of the Magi. The whole transept is highly interesting, and forcibly brings to the imagination the rude age in which it was raised, and the awe which must there have been excited in the simple minds of the half-civilised crowd of worshippers.

But we have made the circuit of the church without beholding the choir, and we must not quit its precincts without entering there. Ascending the flight of steps which lead to it, we front that elegant screen with which modern good taste has replaced the screen of Inigo Jones. In the niches of this screen are two bronze statues of James I. and Charles I. We are now on the spot of the ancient rood-loft, where formerly stood the great rood, or crucifix, with the attendant figures of the Virgin and St. John, of vast size and value, being of silver, which were bequeathed to the minster by the notorious Archbishop Stigand, before the Conquest. As we enter the choir through the door in the screen, we are struck with the great beauty of the place. Around us rises the rich dark woodwork of the stalls, contrasting well with the pale delicacy of the walls above. Overhead swells the fine vault of the roof, with its rich tracery, and its central line, and orbs at the junction of its timbers, embossed with bold armorial shields of the houses of Tudor, Lancaster, and Castile, as united in John of Gaunt and Beaufort, with those of various episcopal sees,

stretching on to the splendid east window in that direction, emblazoned with 'the several implements of our Saviour's Passion.' On each side rise up into the very roof the tall pointed windows glowing with the figures of saints, prophets, and apostles, who seem to be ranged on either hand, in audience of the divine persons in the great east window—the Saviour and the Virgin, with apostles and other saints. But what is the most striking to the eye and



Mortuaries of the Saxon Kings.

mind of the spectator, is to behold on the floor of the sanctuary before him a plain bevelled stone of dark marble—the tomb of William Rufus ; and arranged on the top of the beautiful stone partitions on each side of the sanctuary, dividing it from the aisles, are six mortuary chests, three on a side, containing the bones of many of the most eminent Saxon princes. The bones, which, from the repeated rebuildings and alterings of the cathedral, must have been in

danger of being disturbed, and the places of their burial rendered obscure, or lost altogether, Bishop de Blois, in the twelfth century, collected and placed in coffins of lead over the Holy Hole. At the rebuilding of the choir, as it was necessary again to remove them, Bishop Fox had them deposited in these chests, and placed in this situation. The chests are carved, gilt, and surmounted with crowns, with the names and epitaphs, in Latin verse and black letter, inscribed upon them. Beneath them also the motto—EST DEO GRACIA, in black letter; in Roman character—IN DOMINO CONFIDO, and SIT LAUS DEO. The remains thus preserved are those of *Kinegils*, *Ethelwolph*, here called *Adolphus*, the father of Alfred; *Kenewalch*, here called *Kenelph*; *Egbert*; *Rufus*; *Queen Emma*; *Edmund*, the son of Alfred; *Edred*, the youngest son of Edward the Confessor; with those of the Bishops Wina and Alwin; and one chest contains the mingled fragments of such princes and prelates as were scattered about by what is styled on the chest itself ‘the sacrilegious barbarism of the year 1642.’

But casting our eyes forward, they fall on the ‘magnificent screen of the most exquisite workmanship in stone which,’ Milner justly says, ‘this or perhaps any other nation can exhibit.’ The canopies and lacework on the upper part, in fact, after examining all the other beautiful stone-carving of the cathedral, fill you with equal wonder and delight. The place where the high altar formerly stood is now occupied by a painting of the Raising of Lazarus, by West; but what must have been the ancient splendour of that, we may learn from the words of Milner, authorised by the descriptions of those chroniclers who were familiar with it. ‘The nether part, or antependium, consisted of plated gold, garnished with precious stones. Upon it stood the tabernacle and

steps of embroidered work, ornamented with pearls, as also six silver candlesticks gilt, intermixed with reliquaries wrought in gold and jewels. Behind these was a table of small images, standing in their respective niches, made of silver, adorned with gold and precious stones. Still higher was seen a large crucifix with its attendant images, those of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, composed of the purest gold, garnished with jewels, the gift of Henry de Blois, king Stephen's brother. Over this appears to have been suspended, from the exquisite stone canopy, the crown of king Canute, which he placed there in homage to the Lord of the Universe, after the famous scene of commanding the sea to retire from his feet, which took place near Southampton.'

When we walk in a fabric like this, venerable with the flight of nearly a thousand years, and build up again in imagination its jewelled shrines, rear aloft its glittering rood, replace all its statues of gold, and silver, and chiselled stone, and see once more with the mind's eye there assembled the stately kings and queens, mitred prelates, and throngs of proud warriors and nobles of past times, amidst the magic tide of music, and the imposing drama of high mass, we must prepare to confess that, if the people were superstitious, it was not without great temptation ; for never did human wit achieve so fair temples, or animate them with a pageantry of worship so seducing to the imagination. Having awarded these its peculiar merits, to that Church, which on the other hand,

Yoked mankind and trod,
With prostrate neck while bowed before his God—

we now may bid adieu to the cathedral—its most venerable work in our island.

But if we had quitted Winchester cathedral without

paying a visit to the grave of one of the best and most cheerful-hearted old men who lie in it, we should have committed a great fault. No, we stood on the stone in the floor of Prior Silkstede's chapel in the old Norman south transept, which is inscribed with the name of IZAAK WALTON. There lies that prince of fishermen, who, when Milner wrote his history of this city, was so little thought of that he is not once mentioned in the whole huge quarto! But the restored taste of these better times has re-instated the fine old fellow in his just niche of public regard.—Peace and lasting honour to him! and great thanks should we owe him, had he never left us any other sentiment than that which he penned down when he heard the nightingales singing, as he sate angling—‘Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on Earth!’—*Complete Angler*, p. 10 (Major's Edition).

WYKEHAM'S COLLEGE.

The most interesting thing in Winchester which yet remains in its antiquity, next to the cathedral, is Wykeham's College. William of Wykeham was a poor boy of the neighbouring town of Wickham, whose father was a person so obscure that his name is even a matter of dispute. William however, attracted the regard of Nicholas Uvedall, the lord of the manor, who sent him to the old grammar-school in Winchester, which stood on the very spot where his college now stands.

This old college is the more interesting as being ‘the parent of Eton and the model of Westminster.’ The building of it was begun in the year 1387, and when completed,

at the end of six years, it was incorporated and endowed for the teaching of seventy poor scholars in grammatical learning ; and over it were appointed a warden ; ten secular priests, perpetual fellows ; three priests' chaplains ; three clerks, and sixteen choristers ; and for the instruction of the scholars, a schoolmaster and an under-master.

Such continues the establishment : though there are taught a considerable number of youths besides, who are



College Gateway.

not on the foundation. The college is built round two courts, with towers over each gateway. As you enter the first, you observe a figure of the Virgin in a niche ; again, on the tower facing you, leading into the second court, you observe three niches with rich canopies, occupied by the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and the founder himself. Wykeham is in the attitude of invoking the blessing of the Virgin, while she again is evidently in the act of sending Gabriel to accomplish his prayer. On reaching the other

side of the tower, that is, in the second court, you find the same figures there too, as well as another statue of the Virgin on the east end of the church. All this bears testimony to Wykeham's profound veneration for his patroness, to whom, indeed, he dedicated both his colleges. This second court, with its noble chapel and tower, one of the most elegant objects in the general view of the city, is strikingly beautiful ; but we have gone at such length into the description of the cathedral, that we must not here allow ourselves to dwell on architectural particulars. The chapel is lofty, finely roofed, and the large windows richly emblazoned with figures of prophets, apostles, kings, and saints male and female. The large east window is occupied with the genealogical tree of our Saviour. At the bottom you see Jesse lying, and the tree taking root in him, spread itself upwards full of kings and sages, having the Crucifixion in the centre, and the Resurrection at the top. There is also an altar-piece by a French artist, of considerable merit—the Salutation of the Virgin.

At the corner of this quadrangle, west of the chapel, a flight of steps leads up to the Refectory. In ascending to this we pass the Lavatory, with which all the old convents and colleges were furnished, and so placed that all might wash before meals. The Refectory, or dining-hall itself, takes us at once back to the old times, being furnished with its daïs at the head end, its screen at the entrance ; and its lofty groined roof, with its large coloured busts of kings and bishops for corbels, having a lantern in its centre to admit of the escape both of the effluvia from the table and of the smoke from the fire in the centre. Here the scholars take their meals ; their dinners every day consisting of mutton, except on Wednesdays, when they have roast and

boiled beef. One hogshead of beer per day is allowed to the school. The scholars give the name of *dispers* to their breakfasts, suppers, and luncheons. At the lower end of the hall stands a massy octagon chest of oak, furnished with a lid and padlock, into which is daily thrown all the broken meat, which is given to twenty-four poor women, eight of



The Trusty Servant.

whom receive it day by day in rotation. In a chamber adjoining the kitchen is one of the most singular spectacles imaginable, and which speaks forcibly to the imagination of the olden times, and their quaint modes of admonition. This is a memento addressed to the servants of the establishment, in the shape of a large painting on the wall, a hircocervus or man-animal ; styled THE TRUSTY SERVANT,

and having its virtues explained in the following Latin and English lines :—

EFFIGIEM SERVI SI VIS SPECTARE PROBATI,
 QUISQUIS ES HÆC OCULOS PASCAT IMAGO TUOS.
 PORCINUM OS QUOCUNQUE CIBO JEJUNIA SEDAT.
 HÆC SERA CONSILIUM NE FLUAT, ARCTA PREMIT :
 DAT PATIENTEM ASINUS DOMINIS JURGANTIBUS AUREM :
 CERVUS HABET CELERES IRE, REDIRE PEDES.
 LÆVA DOCET MULTUM TOT REBUS ONUSTA LABOREM.
 VESTIS MUNDITIAM : DEXTERA OPERTA FIDEM :
 ACCINCTUS GLADIO ; CLYPEO MUNITUS : ET INDE
 VEL SE, VEL DOMINUM, QUO TUEATUR, HABET.

A TRUSTY SERVANT'S PORTRAIT WOULD YOU SEE,
 THIS EMBLEMATIC FIGURE WELL SURVEY :
 THE PORKER'S SNOUT NOT NICE IN DIET SHOWS.
 THE PADLOCK SHUT NO SECRETS HE'LL DISCLOSE.
 PATIENT THE ASS HIS MASTER'S WRATH WILL BEAR,
 SWIFTNESS IN ERRAND THE STAG'S FEET DECLARE :
 LOADED HIS LEFT HAND APT TO LABOUR SAITH :
 THE VEST HIS NEATNESS, OPEN HAND HIS FAITH.
 GIRT WITH HIS SWORD, HIS SHIELD UPON HIS ARM,
 HIMSELF AND MASTER HE'LL PROTECT FROM HARM.

The school, which stands a detached building in the enclosure of the playground, though itself a comparatively modern erection, being built in 1687, yet is fitted up in the simple style of the old times, and gives you all the feeling of them. The school-room is lofty, and ninety feet long by thirty-six wide. Over the door without is a fine metal statue of Wykeham, cast and presented to the college by Caius Gabriel Cibber, whose wife the inscription states to have been a relation of the founder. Within, everything is of the most primitive character. At each end of the school stands an old-fashioned chair, one for the master, and one for the second master, with their crimson cushions ; and on the floor, instead of that succession of desks and benches

which is found in modern schools, there is here and there a sort of massy square framework of oak, raised on as massy square posts, about a foot, or something more, from the ground. This serves the scholars for seats, every one having on this rude kind of frame his school-box standing by him, which, having an inner lid, supplies him at once with a reading desk and a depository for his books. These boxes are termed *Scobs*. And in this primitive style, no doubt, studied the scholars of Wykeham's own times, and also Wykeham himself. On one end of the school-room in uncial letters, are the following pithy orders, with significant symbols opposite—

AUT DISCE (either learn)	. .	{ A mitre and crosier, as the expected reward of learning.
AUT DISCEDE (or depart)	. .	{ An inkhorn to sign, and a sword to enforce expulsion.
MANET SORS TERTIA CÆDI (the third choice is, to be flogged).		} A scourge.

At the other end are inscribed the rules in Latin for the conduct of the scholars in church, at school, in the hall, in the court, or playground, in the chambers, and in the town, going to the hill.

Such is the school which Wykeham founded, and which, in his day, Joseph Warton taught; and from which has gone forth, a multitude of archbishops, bishops, and other eminent men.

One of the most delightful places in this college we have not yet spoken of, and that is the Cloisters. These lie on the south side of the chapel, and form one of the most delicious seclusions imaginable. They enclose a quadrangle of one hundred and thirty-two feet square, upon which they open with elegant Gothic mullions; and are roofed with Irish oak, the rafters of which form a circular

vault. Under foot, the pavement is covered with ancient monumental brasses and 'forlorn hic jacets,' being the burying place of the fellows and scholars of the institution for four centuries. The whole quadrangle is filled with the most velvet turf, forming a refreshing contrast with the grey walls around, while before the open gallery of the cloisters grow up sweet bays and jasmines, and in the midst of the green area rises one of the most perfect little Gothic chapels imaginable ! It was built for a chantry, where a monk used to perform a daily mass for the dead, but is now the library of the establishment. It has all the attributes of a chapel in miniature—the groined roof—the emblazoned window, and besides that, now a glorious array of most valuable old works. What would one not give for such a perfect place of meditation, and such a fairy study ! Amongst the curious contents of this unique library, is the pedigree of Wykeham, on a long roll of vellum, traced up to Adam !

A robin redbreast was the only musing monk which we found in these cloisters. He went with us all round, hopping from opening to opening, or perching on the bushes near us. 'Ay,' said the porter, 'that is the chapel robin ; it regularly attends service.'—The robin is a monk indeed.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

Following the banks of the river, we strolled down the meadows to St. Cross. We made a divergence to the left to climb the bold down of St. Catherine, attracted by the outline of its ancient camp, and, taking a view of the city and country far round from thence, again plunged into the valley, and following a pleasant footpath, soon stood at the gates of

St. Cross. It is impossible to go over the different objects of antiquity at Winchester without beginning to believe that you are gone back into antiquity itself. The cathedral with all its Saxon monuments and memorials ; the college with its primitive air and habits ; and then this hospital, built in the days of king Stephen—a hospital still, with living brethren, and its fabric as entire as in the days of Henry de



The Pillars of St. Cross,

Blois. We passed on our left the old Refectory, called '*Hundred-Mennes-Hall*,' because there a hundred poor men were daily entertained ; on our right having the kitchen where the cookery was done for such a company ; and if the hundred men were there no longer, we had no sooner presented ourselves at the porter's lodge than we found the porter still at his post ; and, as bound by the rules of De Blois, and just as was the wont of the olden time, he

immediately craved us to partake of the hospitality of the house.

This celebrated hospital was, like all ancient buildings, of a quadrangular form enclosing a court. Three sides of the square are yet complete ; the fourth being removed has opened a cheerful prospect into the green fields ; the remaining buildings are of the most venerable description. A strong gateway tower gives entrance to the court, and on its outer front aloft in a fair niche kneels, not De Blois, but the second founder of this hospital and builder of this tower, the notorious Cardinal Beaufort, in his cardinal's hat and robes. Two other niches in a line with this are now empty, but it is supposed that the one towards which Beaufort is kneeling contained the Holy Cross, the original object of devotion here, and the other a statue of St. John, the great patron of hospitallers.

Stepping into the court, we see on our left a cloister portico, or ambulatory, where the brethren could take exercise in bad weather, while its open front freely admitted the air, and gave them a view of the whole quadrangle. In the centre of this is a projecting recess, in which stands an old table, said to have been used by Charles II. when encamped on St. Catherine's hill. This cloister is terminated by the church, which we shall visit presently ; and over it are the rooms called the Nuns' Rooms, formerly occupied by the three hospital sisters who attended the sick ; and also the rooms where the sick brethren themselves were lodged. At the east end of these apartments is seen a window opening into the church, so that the sick brethren might attend to the service as they lay in their beds. The opposite side of the court consists of the houses of the brethren, who have three small chambers each, and a garden. The brethren

are single men (or if married men, their families are not admitted), and wear a black gown with a silver cross on the breast. The porter, who is one of the brethren, is allowed to have his wife, so that she may act as cook to the brethren.

The third side of the court, being that in a line with the entrance tower, consists of the brethren's hall and the master's residence. This wing has altogether a great air of picturesque antiquity. The keep-like gateway tower, the old Gothic porch and flight of steps ascending to the hall door ; the buttresses and chimneys of the master's house running up the outside. The master, the Earl of Guildford, was non-resident, and the house was occupied by the chaplain.

Bishop De Blois, Wykeham, and Beaufort were the grand founders and benefactors of St. Cross. Wykeham in his time found the institution much plundered, and manfully and with infinite pains, by processes both in the spiritual and temporal courts, compelled the guilty to restore its rightful funds. So that at one time it not only maintained in the house seventy persons, clergy and laity together, but also one hundred out-members, who received daily their meat and drink, and on the anniversary of the founder three hundred. Like many other charitable institutions, however, in Henry VIII.'s day it was ruthlessly stripped of much of its income ; and now, though its revenues are very great, it supports only these thirteen brethren, and gives away the small doles already mentioned. By the ancient rule, the brethren received daily a loaf of good wheaten bread of three pounds four ounces' weight, and a gallon and half of good beer ; a pottage called MORTREL, made of milk, and WASTEL-BREAD ; a dish of flesh or fish, as the day should require, with a pittance for their dinner ; likewise one dish for their supper.

This, it must be confessed, was bountiful dealing ; and

compared with which, the present allowance of the brethren appears but meagre—three quarts of beer per day each man, and five small loaves of twenty-two ounces each in six days. Every Saturday one hundred pounds of meat are taken in for the following week's consumption ; that is, reckoning fourteen persons, the porter's wife being one, seven pounds per week, or a pound per day each individual. Then, there are five gaudy days in the year, on each of which a sirloin of sixty pounds is cooked, and mince-pies and plum-porridge. On ordinary days the brethren cook their own provisions at their houses, but on gaudy days the cooking is done in the old kitchen attached to the hall ; and the roast is then divided amongst them, each taking his portion to his own house. Thus it appears there is now no dining in the hall whatever. The hall and kitchen, however, would befit the feast-day of a feudal baron. They are of the most substantial and ancient aspect. The kitchen, with its huge fire-grate, and spit turned by its huge smoke-jack, its massy dresser and other apparatus in accordance. The hall of the genuine old fashion, with its daïs and screen, and music-gallery over it, tables of ponderous character, and its groined roof, which, like the roof of the cloisters of Wykeham's college, the porter's wife assured us was of Irish oak, and never was touched by a brush, or defiled by a single cobweb.

At the head of the hall is, what is however, not often found in our English halls, though common in religious houses on the Continent—a portable shrine, which, when closed, has the appearance of a cupboard, but when opened, reveals the Virgin and Child and other holy personages.

But after all, the church is the glory of St. Cross, and is indeed one of the most interesting monuments of architectural antiquity in the kingdom. With the exception of

the front and upper story of the west end, which are supposed to be the work of Wykeham and Beaufort, the whole is the work of Henry de Blois, 'and seems,' says Milner, 'to have been an effort of that great encourager of the arts to produce a style of architecture more excellent, and better adapted to ecclesiastical purposes, than had hitherto been known. This style, accordingly, soon after made its appearance in a regular shape. The building before us seems to be a collection of architectural essays, with respect to the disposition and form, both of the essential parts and of the subordinate ornaments. Here we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of equal dimensions in its circumference and in its length, which, however, supports an incipient pointed arch. The windows and arches are some of them short, with semicircular heads, and some of them immoderately long, and terminating like a lance. Others are in the horse-shoe form, of which the entrance into the north porch is the most unique specimen. In one place we have a curious triangular arch. The capitals and bases of the columns alternately vary in their form, as well as in their ornaments. The same circumstance is observable in the ribs of the arches, especially in the north and south aisles ; some of them being plain, and others profusely embellished, and in different styles, even within the same arch. Here we view almost every kind of Saxon and Norman ornament—the chevron, the billet, the hatched, the pellet, the fret, the indented, the nebulé, the wavy, all superiorly executed. But what is chiefly deserving of attention in this ancient church is what may perhaps be considered as the first regular step to the introduction of that beautiful style of architecture properly called the *Pointed*, and abusively the *Gothic*.'

The great and predominant character of the style of this church, therefore, is the Saxon—the massy round pillars, round arches, with the billet and ziz-zag mouldings, mixed with that variety of ornament which it seems capable of admitting without violation of its unity. Thus we have scarcely two pillars, two bases, two capitals, two corbels, or two arches alike. There is introduced that variety, of which nature exhibits the beauty, without any discordance, but on the contrary, a heightened effect of pleasure. It is wonderful in what a perfect condition the noble old fabric is brought down to us, enabling us to see in the stern and plain character of this church the character of the age. Here we have not those comparatively modern embellishments which we find in the choir and nave of the cathedral ; but a sternness, a nakedness, and a solidity more allied to the transepts of the Norman Walkelin. We see the naked rope depending from the belfry into the church below ; beneath our feet are tiles, no doubt originally imitated from the Roman ones, but bearing the figures of quaint lions and other animals, and sundry Saxon zig-zags and wavings, and on some the old English words, *Hæc Hynde*, or *Remember !* that is, most probably, the care of your own soul, or to pray for those of others.

Here we bid adieu to Winchester. Long as its historic ground and beautiful antiquities have been overlooked by the multitude, I imagine they will hereafter become much more known, and afford a great degree of pleasure to our countrymen. Steam, which is laying open the beauties and the historic treasures of the kingdom to its inhabitants, has taken its way through Winchester, and brought it within little more than two hours' distance of the metropolis. What is

more, it has laid it in the direct line of what is one of the most attractive routes to our summer tourists—to Southampton, the Isle of Wight, and back to town by Portsmouth. Who, therefore, on this round of enjoyment, will not drop down at Winchester, where so much of high interest may be seen in a single day, or even in a few hours? As I sat on St. Giles's hill, pondering on all the past history of the place, suddenly came the steam-engine with its train, fuming and flying through the quiet district. The effect was startling. The two extremes of English history were brought suddenly and unexpectedly together ; and I could almost imagine the old Saxon kings upspringing from their sleep in the cathedral, to inquire what new and strange power had burst into their dreamy and so long undisturbed dominion. The restless spirit of the *new* has, indeed, broken in ; it cannot wake the dead, but it will bring to the *living* a better knowledge of the old !



SACRAMENT SUNDAY AT KILMORAC.

MUCH has been said and written about the camp-meetings of America and England, but the sober Scotch have shown by the Revivals, as they are called amongst them, that the same species of religious excitement can agitate them ; and, indeed, they have had from the earliest days of the Reformation, scenes of most picturesque religious exhibition amongst them—of which however, little is known in England. Their annual administration of the sacrament, which in the Highlands often occurs in the open air, is a most singular

and novel sight. Logan of Leith, better known to English readers as Logan the poet, in his sermons, describes in detail the ceremony. He tells us that 'the people are prepared by their ministers in their respective parishes for this great occasion, with much seriousness, and that it generally occupies four days, including the Sunday fixed for this solemnity.'

We thought ourselves fortunate, in August 1836, that we happened to fall in with the celebration of this annual ordinance in the Highlands. We were at Beauuly, about a dozen miles west of Inverness, on a Sunday morning, and were inquiring of the landlady of our excellent inn how far it was to the celebrated falls of Kilmorac. 'Oh!' said she, 'it is a bare two miles, and you will just be there in the nick of time to see the sacrament administered to the Gaelic population in the open air. The English congregation will receive it in the kirk.' This was brave news, and away we posted. It was a delicious morning: one of those clear, warm, yet not oppressive days that August often presents us. The sky overhead was studded with light and lofty little masses of what the German meteorologists so expressively call *stachen clouds*, that appear on the summer's morning amid the sunny azure in small lumps all round the horizon, and gradually grow, and stack, and pile themselves up into snowy mountains, and regions of cloud-land most lustrous and beautiful. A gentle breeze went puffing and frolicking amongst the hedgerows, wafting to us deliciously the odour of the sweetbriar, which abounds there; the level rich fields were full of corn already 'white unto the harvest;' and from all quarters we saw the people streaming along the highways and the footpaths towards the hills that lay westward.

Most here were on foot ; none were barefooted ; on the weekdays we saw scarcely a woman with shoes or stockings on, but to-day none were without. With the exception that hardly one had a bonnet on, the young women were not much to be distinguished from those of our smartest towns. They all had their hair neatly braided, and adorned with a tall comb of tortoiseshell. Many of them had silk gowns, and handsome worked muslin collars ; and others were dressed in white. Every one carried on her arm a shawl, often of tartan, ready in case of rain to throw over her head. The married women wore no bonnets, but had caps supported by a sort of inner frame of stiff calico ; and smart coloured ribbons, often pink, and as often gay tartan, showing through the cap. The old women, again, had large mob-caps. In this style they were moving towards the place of meeting ; many of them came thus unbonneted perhaps from a distance of seven or eight miles, for some of these Highland parishes are of vast extent. As we drew nearer Kilmorac, the numbers were seen gathering from all quarters, men and women, from the open plain, up the glens, and down from the mountains. Presently we came in view of the assembled multitude, and a most novel and striking scene it was.

The situation is one of great beauty ; perhaps a finer for such an occasion could not be found. The river, which, with its tributary streams, has traversed from its western sources in the far lochs of Monar, Moyley, and Affaric, some of the most enchanting scenery in the empire, especially in Strath Affaric and Strath Glass, here comes rushing on between perpendicular cliffs, from whence the spectator looks down and sees it at perhaps two hundred feet below him, foaming through its narrow passage in a similar manner to the Strid at Bolton ;

and then, spreading itself out in a wider space, forms a fine salmon leap, and afterwards hurries merrily on its way to the Moray Firth. Just where the river issues from the cliffs, and overlooking the salmon leap, juts out a lofty piece of table-land. That is the burial-ground of Kilmorac ; and there, as we approached, we beheld upwards of a thousand people collected, conspicuous in the bright and varied hues of Highland costume. The sound of their hymn—a sound wild, pensive, and peculiar, as if it were modulated by the mountain breeze, came mingled with the solemn roar of the waters. We stood, and for a moment almost imagined we were come upon a band of the ancient Covenanters. A more striking picture we never saw. They stood aloft, on that elevated plateau—yet, high on either hand swelled up the rocky hills, crimson with the heather-bloom, then in its full glory, and scattered with birch-trees ; and below them thundered and leaped and hurried away the agitated waters.

We entered the burial-ground through the dense crowd, and seated ourselves on the low wall built on the edge of the precipice over the river, so that we had the preacher and his audience and the surrounding hills all before us. Nothing but the pencil could convey to an English mind how different to anything seen in England was the scene. The burial-ground was enclosed on two sides with high walls—the wall of the manse garden running from the high road to the precipice in one direction, and the wall which shuts out the highway running from the garden to the precipice at a right angle in the other—the waving line of the wall on the precipice forming the remaining boundary. Beneath a spreading tree near the garden wall stood a sort of moveable booth of wood, open in front sufficiently to form a convenient pulpit,

by a sort of shutter, which, being hinged on its bottom edge, was let down on the lower half of the front. and thus obstructed no part of the preacher's view of his people. From this booth the minister was now addressing the congregation, while two other ministers occupied a seat in the booth behind him, ready to assist in the progress of the offices of the day. If a magnificent position in the great temple of nature could have kindled the imagination of the preacher, and inspired him with unusual eloquence, that surely might have done ; for on his right rose the rocky hills beyond the falls, glowing to their very summits with the crimson heath, and feathered with the gracefully scattered birches ; on his left stood his little kirk, and on the green knolls above, his manse and a few Highland huts ; and before him, the rapid waters of the river—the deep woods of Beaufort, once the abode of old Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and still that of his descendants—and far and wide a splendid expanse of rich fields and brown heaths, dark pine forest and blue distant hills.

The preacher and the place brought forcibly to my mind our missionaries, who on the same day in many a distant region, were addressing their savage audiences. The booth under the spreading tree—the crowd congregated on the grassy foreground, seated on the graves and tombstones, on rude benches constructed for the occasion, and on the walls all round, many of them concealed from our sight by the overhanging trees, their rows of dangling legs only being visible ; but, above all, the language in which the minister was addressing his hearers, which for anything that we understood of it might have been Malay or Otaheitan, gave the scene a missionary air. The people themselves had enough of English look and costume to dispel the momentary illu-

sion—fair hair, fair complexions, and a great portion of English dress. The group, nevertheless, was a very motley one. The young damsels with their bare heads, and bright tartan shawls on their arms ; the matrons with their peculiar caps with coloured linings ; the old women with large mob-caps ; and sturdy shepherds with sunburnt features, and their plaids wrapped round them ; and gay fellows in full Highland costume, mingled with the throng in a more English garb, reminded one at once of the prevalence of English rule and influence, and the remains of the ancient habits and customs of the Gael. A more serious and decorous congregation never was seen.

Across the burial-ground, in front of the preaching-booth, was placed a long table covered with a clean white table-cloth, and furnished with a bench on each side. The main part of the congregation sate on other benches on each side of the table, while the table itself remained unoccupied. At a certain part of the service, though we could not understand what was said, we could see what Logan thus describes exactly, take place : ‘ Upon the giving out of a psalm, the minister desires the elders to bring forward the *Sacramental Elements*, and the communicants to take their seats at the communion-table. The elders consist of several of the most respectable and exemplary persons of the parish, and who are regularly ordained to their office, which has a considerable resemblance to that of *Churchwarden* in England. The senior elder generally carries the *Bread*, and the rest follow him with the *Wine* cups and other utensils, which for the most part are silver. These are placed at the head of the communion-table, which corresponds to the *Altar* in the Church of England. The communicants, agreeably to directions given them on a

previous day, approach the tables, and after communicating, retire from them in such a manner as to avoid any confusion.' Thus, while the singing was going on we observed a number of people advance from the crowd and seat themselves at the table. We observed that they were all old, and some of them very old people, and that the women before advancing to the table, drew the hood of their cloaks, or shawl in fashion of a hood, over their heads ; and that both men and women took their seats with bowed heads, and with an air of solemn reverence. The minister, as we learn from Logan, had, before their approaching the table, addressed them in an awful discourse, called '*The Fencing of the Tables,*' in which he had pointed out the character of those who are fit to sit down at the Sacrament Supper ; and added, ' Let him whose character is opposite forbear to approach unto this table ; *stand back, thou profane !* But let him who imitates and who loves this character, come forward : *sit down, thou blessed of the Lord !*'

When the communicants were seated, we observed the elders go behind them and receive something from each of them, which we afterwards learned was a token of fitness given to such individual by the minister on a previous occasion. On the ceasing of the psalm, the minister descended from his pulpit, and presented himself at the head of the table. He then offered up the prayer of consecration, and, again addressing the communicants in what is called 'the Service of the Tables,' handed the cup and the bread to the two communicants nearest him on each hand ; the elders attending, and presenting them in succession to all at the table. When all had communicated, the minister again addressed them, when they retired from the table, and a fresh company took their place. Another minister then came for-

ward, and a new succession of psalms, prayers, and addresses took place. Such was the order and sacred business of the day, till the whole body of candidates had partaken of the sacrament. We left about three o'clock, but we were told that the service would not close till six. During the time that we stayed, we observed that no young people communicated, and we were afterwards told that few or none probably would, for that such was the general sense of the sacredness of the ordinance that few young people deemed themselves sufficiently 'worthy to sit down.'

After leaving the burial-ground, we wandered some time through the woods of birch and the spreading junipers which skirted the river, now lying amid the crimson cushions of heath and the fragrance of the moorland thyme, and gazing on the tumultuous floods raving and roaring far below us. It was a splendid day, and the whole was one enchanting fairyland around us. The distant voice of the minister, and the wild cadence of the Gaelic psalm, like the breezy music of an *Æolian* harp, ever and anon reaching us in our verdant hiding-place, reminded us that it was the sacred anniversary of a grave and religious people. How unlike to the knowing and corrupt population of our own towns! Where but in these rocky wilds could such simple piety and such patience of instruction remain? It was, no doubt, the singular novelty of the spectacle, and the sense of the hallowed and uncorrupted faith still abiding with a patriarchal simplicity amongst these hills and moors, that gave an additional charm to the place, the people, and even the bright beauty of the day; and have thus fixed that Sacrament Sunday at Kilmorac with a peculiar sense of enjoyment in our memories.



City of Durham.

VISIT TO THE CITY OF DURHAM.

THERE are few cities in our noble island which are qualified to command a deeper interest in the English heart than Durham. It is at once striking to the eye and to the mind. It is boldly and beautifully situated. A cloud of historical associations hovers over it, like a perpetual canopy. Legend, ballad-song, and faithful story of mighty events surround it. A twilight of antiquity, as it were, seems to linger there. Time, indeed, has passed on with its incidents, but does not seem to have removed so far off as from most of our busy and growing towns. The taste and the fashion of the

past still lie fresh on the senses. The memory, and everything which keeps alive the memory of other times, are still there. There is this characteristic of most of our cathedral towns, that they have changed less in their outward aspect than others ; and you would imagine that Durham had not changed at all. As we remarked of Winchester, it has grown not in bulk, but in a grey and venerable dignity. The ancient cathedral, the ancient castle, the ancient houses, all are there. The narrow and winding streets, nobody has presumed to alter them ; the up-hill and the down-hill, no one has presumed to level them. The very bridges, built by Flambard and Pudsey, upwards of six and seven hundred years ago, are still there.

Whichever way you approach Durham, you are first struck with the great central tower of the cathedral peeping over the hills that envelop the city. It looks colossal, massy, and silent. Every traveller must be sensibly impressed with the bold beauty of Durham in the first view. As he emerges from some defile in those hills which, farther off, hid from him all but that one great tower, he sees before him a wide, open valley, in the centre of which a fine mount stands crowned with the ancient clustered houses of Durham ; the turrets and battlements of its old and now restored castle rising above them ; and again, above all, soaring high into the air, the noble towers and pinnacles of its Norman minster. Around recede in manifold forms the higher hills, as if intended by nature to give at once beauty and retirement to this splendid seat of ancient religion. From various points of these hills, the city looks quite magnificent. The old town, with its red roofs, runs along the ridges of the lower hills, and these higher ones are thrown into knolls and dells, with their green crofts and

wooded clumps and lines of trees. The whole surrounding scenery, in fact, is beautiful. My visit there was in the middle of May. The grass had a delicious freshness to the eye ; the foliage of the trees was of spring's most delicate green ; and the bluebells and primroses, which the hot weather in April had entirely, a month before, withered up in the south, were there in abundance in all their dewy and fragrant beauty. Through all the finer seasons of the year, however, the environs of Durham are delightful. You may climb hills, descend into woody dells, follow the course of a little stream, as its bright waters and flowery banks attract you, and never find yourselves out of the way. In all directions, as lines radiating from a centre, deep old lanes stretch off from the city, along which you may wander, hidden from view of everything but the high bosky banks, and overhanging trees, and intervening sky. Other lanes, as deep, and as sweetly rustic and secluded, wind away right and left, leading you to some peep of antiquated cottage, or old mill, or glance over hollow glades to far-off hills, and ever and anon bringing you out on the heights to a fresh and striking view of that clustered city, its castled turrets, and majestic cathedral.

The situation of the city is extraordinarily fine. The river Wear, which has the beautiful propensity to take the most splendid sweeps, here has executed one of its most magnificent ones. It flows in a noble circle round the hill on which the city stands, enclosing it in what wants little of being a perfect island. It not only does this, but it flows too between sloping banks of at least forty feet in height ; and here taste and public spirit have seconded the beneficence of nature, so as to produce the most delightful effect. These banks are clothed with hanging woods of the tallest

and most noble trees, amongst which the ash and sycamore present themselves of a grand magnitude. Through these woods, which cannot extend themselves round the city less than a mile, walks broad, and kept in the finest order, are cut at various heights, affording the most charming promenades conceivable. In the possession of such beautiful and extensive public walks, together with such picturesque and accessible environs, I know of no English city that can bear the slightest comparison with Durham. When you take your stand too on Framwell-gate bridge, with the city steeped on your left hand towering above you, with their ramparts, bastions, battlements, old gables, and cathedral towers, the rushing river with its overhanging woods, its picturesque mills seated on the water edge ; and then, on your right, the fine hills stretching away towards Neville's Cross, and the Newcastle road, you look on a scene which for boldness, richness, and amenity of features, is not readily to be paralleled.

But if Durham be interesting in itself, how much more so is it when we call to mind its wealth of history. The whole place and neighbourhood are thickly sown with the most lively reminiscences. From the days of the Saxons to those of the Revolution, Durham felt no trifling portion of the military tempests that from age to age have swept over this island. Scarcely one of those great transactions that have agitated the North but brought Durham into its range. In and around it has, in fact, concentrated itself nearly the whole history of the country ; and we cannot give a true impression of the thoughts and sentiments which necessarily spring up in a visit to Durham, unless we take a sympathising though a rapid glance at its most prominent events. Its civil and ecclesiastical history are inseparably united, and in

tracing that of its principal prelates we are thrown upon every great occurrence which has marked its chronicle.

Its importance at once arose with St. Cuthbert. Before his time Durham was a spot unknown. That remarkable man was one of those who in a dark and semi-barbarous age achieved the most extraordinary celebrity, and gave birth to the most extraordinary events, by the simple power of sanctity, real or assumed.

St. Cuthbert flourished in the seventh century. He began his life, like king David of old, by keeping sheep ; and if the influence of solitary watching and wandering in the moorlands after his flock while a boy, did not make a poet of him, it so far excited his imagination as to make him a saint. Oswald, the pious king of Northumberland, had embraced Christianity, and in order to convert his people had invited the holy monk Aidan, from Iona, to plant the cross in his kingdom. Oswald had given Aidan choice of his whole realm in which to erect a monastery, and Aidan, led possibly by the similarity of wildness and desolation in the scene, and partly by its vicinity to Bamborough, the then capital city, had made choice of the island of Lindisfarne.

Cuthbert became a brother of the house of Melrose, where for fourteen years he led a life of the most exemplary sanctity. In the meantime various holy men had lived in the stormy solitude of Lindisfarne, and laboured amongst the rude natives of Northumberland. The holy men of Iona had withdrawn to their ancient sojourn, and after various changes, Cuthbert followed his friend Eata from Melrose to Lindisfarne, where Eata had been appointed abbot. This wild spot, in the midst of a tempestuous sea, was after the very heart of Cuthbert. Here he strengthened himself by continual prayer and meditation : and from time

to time issuing forth on long and arduous rambles through the moorlands and wild mountains of the Northumbrian kingdom, he preached to the more than half-savage population, in glens and fortresses where the sound of the gospel had yet never reached, or where it had been planted, but from the distractions of the Church and the barbarous condition of the country had fallen again into neglect. For these great services, and for his general sanctity, Cuthbert was made prior, and his friend Eata advanced to the dignity of bishop, Lindisfarne being erected into a see. But increase of dignity relaxed not Cuthbert's labours; on the contrary, he still, at home and abroad, toiled incessantly in the work of reformation. After fourteen years of these labours, which were crowned with amazing success, St. Cuthbert felt himself drawn to the exercise of a more severe self-discipline, and a more uninterrupted communication with Heaven. At a few miles' distance, and farther out in the ocean than Holy Isle, lay the desolate islands of Farne. These melancholy islands are rather a group of stern basaltic rocks, for the most part bare of herbage, black, and hard as iron, with a dangerous sea roaring round them, which even now, in stormy weather renders them inaccessible for days and weeks together. To the largest of these, which is about twelve acres in extent, St. Cuthbert retired. The greater part of this islet was, like the rest, a naked and iron-like rock, with no other inhabitant than thousands of screaming sea-fowls. Here, swept by wild winds, amid the hoarse roar of the waves and the clangour of gulls and puffins, St. Cuthbert prepared to raise himself a habitation. This was only to be done by scraping from the more sheltered hollows of the island its patches of scanty turf, and with that and such loose stones as lay about, erecting his uncouth walls. There was a larger building

erected at the landing-place north of the island, opposite to Bamborough, for the reception of his religious brethren who came to visit him, especially as the weather, changing in a moment, might confine them there for days. Here St. Cuthbert spent nine years of his life. After that, through the pressing solicitations of king, nobles, and clergy, he was drawn back for a time to assume the bishopric of Lindisfarne, but soon again withdrew to his beloved oratory in Farne, where two months afterwards he died. Great as had been his fame in life, it became twofold after his death. His body was carried to Lindisfarne, and enshrined near the high altar. It was in time discovered to be perfectly incorruptible, wonderful miracles were wrought at his tomb; but when the Danes began to visit the coast, and to ravage the kingdom, it was found that the relics of St. Cuthbert were not potent enough to restrain *them*; and, in obedience to his commands delivered on his death-bed, the monks fled for ever from Lindisfarne, bearing his corpse in a stone coffin along with them. Seven stout brethren bore this sacred weight which however, needed no carrying where there was water, but floated merrily away, leaving the saintly fugitives nothing to do but to trudge after it and wonder. All the world has been made familiar with the story of St. Cuthbert's floating coffin.

The intention of the holy brethren was to have fled to Ireland with the miraculous coffin and corpse, but Heaven, which knew very well that without the possession of these treasures Durham never could become Durham, drove back the fugitives by tempests and other rough compulsions. They eventually settled at Chester-le-Street, where the body of the saint rested one hundred and thirteen years. It was not without a vision that the monks learned that they must carry the body to Dunhelme, and there the holy St. Cuthbert

would take up his final rest, after his very unsettled condition for a couple of centuries. A minster was raised by St. Alduve, in which to shrine his remains. A more noble one afterwards was begun by Carileph, and completed by Flam bard ; the present one, and a long line of ecclesiastical princes and of great events, succeeded.

The fame of the Conqueror's cruelties and devastations in the north of England has been handed down through every subsequent age, both by history and tradition. The Danes in large bodies having been planted there by Alfred, their bold and unbending demeanour particularly excited William's jealousy, and it seemed to be his intention to extirpate them, and at the same time to place a desert between his kingdom and the Scots, who, besides their general propensity to the plunder of the English borders, made about this time a more feasible claim on England itself, Edgar Atheling, the Saxon heir to the crown, having fled into their country, and Malcolm, their king, having entered into alliance with him, and married his sister Margaret.

To effect the complete subjugation of the North, and to fortify it against this formidable Scottish alliance, William now erected Durham into a Palatine province, as he had done Chester as a defence of the kingdom on that side against the Welsh. He conferred on Walcher, the bishop, all the powers of an independent prince within the Palatinate, and thus became Durham that sovereign as well as ecclesiastical state which it long remained. But the favour of this savage king, and his own harsh severities, soon put a period to Walcher's greatness. The people rose and assassinated him at Gateshead, and William once more swept the province with his exterminating troops, and built the Castle of Durham to hold the rebellious population in check.

Between this period and 1153 Durham saw, as bishops, Carileph, Chief Justice of England, who laid the foundations of the present cathedral, and the fierce Ralph Flambard, Justiciary and Procurator-General of the realm, who raised it; and besides other erections in the city, built Framwellgate Bridge: the strong Castle of Norham on the Tweed, and the Hospital at Kepyer, which he endowed, are also his monuments. Then came the pacific Galfred Rufus, in whose days was fought, in this territory, the celebrated Battle of the Standard; and Durham alternately saw, in the course of their contests, the army of King Stephen and the presence of the Empress Maud.

The accession of the splendid but ambitious Hugh Pudsey, in 1153, to the throne of the Palatinate, marks one of the most striking points of the annals of Durham. He was one of those able and aspiring prelates who, with much personal pride, had the sagacity to combine his name with works which would bear it with honour to many generations. To him we owe the Galilee, one of the most curious and beautiful portions of the cathedral. 'In it,' says Surtees, 'he erected a sumptuous shrine for the reliques of the Venerable Bede, and contributed to the ornaments of the church a cross and a chalice of pure gold. The city of Durham owes to him the restoration of the borough of Elvet, destroyed during the usurpation of Comyn; the building of Elvet Bridge, and the completion of the city wall along the bank of the Wear, from the north-gate of the Bailey to the water-gate in the south. He repaired and strengthened the Castle of Northallerton, and added the keep or dungeon-tower to the fortress of Norham. He founded and liberally endowed the hospitals of Sherburn, and of St. James near Northallerton. He restored or aug-

mented the foundation of the collegiate church at Darlington, and built the beautiful church still extant there, with a mansion for the occasional residence of his successors ; and he left in complete repair all the other manorial residences belonging to the see.' Besides these, Surtees enumerates many other liberal public acts of Pudsey, as his granting their first charter to the citizens of Durham, and the incorporation of the boroughs of Gateshead and Sunderland. But in his political character he was neither so respectable, nor so fortunate. He supported the rebellious sons of his sovereign against their father, and was severely punished for it. He spared no exactions to fill his coffers ; and such was his wealth, that he purchased of King Richard the Earldom of Durham, and prepared to accompany that monarch to the Crusades in such splendour as astonished the whole kingdom. His celebrated galley, built for the purpose, was of most unusual magnificence, furnished with a throne of silver, and household and culinary implements of the same costly metal. The fame of these splendid preparations made the king, who could not afford such for himself, barter with him for their surrender the offices of Justiciary of England and Governor of Windsor ; but in the king's absence, these and other profitable offices, with his newly purchased Earldom of Northumberland, were wrested from him by his rival Longchamps, the Bishop of Ely and Regent of the south of England. He furnished two thousand pounds of silver towards the ransom of Richard, when detained by the Emperor of Germany ; but on the return of the Lion Heart, only encountered fresh fines and exactions. He set out towards London, to arrange matters with the king, and on the way was arrested by the hand of death. A more liberal, unprincipled, aspiring, yet unlucky prelate,

is not often met with, even in the singular annals of the Church.

No name in the chronicle of Durham could compete with that of Hugh Pudsey, till Anthony Bek, nearly a century afterwards, ascended the episcopal throne. Bek was a first-rate specimen of the military bishop of the early times. The prince, the warrior, and the prelate were curiously blended in him. By the gifts of the wealthy, the contributions of the people, and the magnificent grants of the Crown, the Palatinate was now become very rich. The prince-bishop could afford to live in high state, to keep a long retinue of household officers and attendants, an open and luxurious table, and a powerful army for the defence of the ecclesiastical territory.

‘In the magnificence of his public works,’ says Surtees, ‘he rivalled the greatest of his predecessors. Within the bishopric of Durham he founded the colleges of Chester and Lanchester, erected the towers at Gainford and Coniscliff, and added to the buildings of Alnwick and Barnard Castles. He gave Evenwood Manor to the convent, and appropriated the vicarage of Morpeth to the chapel which he founded at Auckland. In his native county of Lincoln, he endowed Alvingham Priory, and built a castle at Somerton. In Kent, he erected the beautiful manor-house of Eltham, the ruins of which still speak the taste and magnificence of its founder. Notwithstanding the vast expense incurred in these and other works, in his contests with the Crown and with his vassals, in his foreign journeys, and in the continued and excessive charge of his household, he died wealthier than any of his predecessors, leaving immense treasures in the riches of the age : gallant horses, costly robes, rich furniture, plate and jewels.’

We cannot pause, in these eventful times, when the contests between England and Scotland were continually marking their progress on the border lands of Durham, to dwell on the chivalrous adventure of Lord Henry Beaumont, the bishop's brother, in Scotland, when he and his associates had well-nigh conquered the kingdom as it were by miracle ; and the subsequent triumphs of Edward, including the battle of Halidon Hill, both which events fell in Lewis Beaumont's days. We must pass also the pontificate of the princely and learned Richard Bury, the friend of knowledge and of learned men ; the sage statesman and affectionate patron of the young and the refined ; the Chancellor and High Treasurer of England, at whose installation the King and Queen of England—the martial Edward, and the magnanimous Philippa—Baliol king of Scotland, two archbishops, seven bishops, five earls, and all the northern nobility, sate down to a magnificent feast in his hall. Even the beneficence and the splendour of his rule is eclipsed by an event which occurred in the days of his martial successor, Bishop Hatfield—the proudest event in which a bishop and clergy of Durham ever were concerned—the battle of Neville's Cross.

This battle was fought on the hills west of Durham, where the remains of Neville's Cross yet stand—a conspicuous spot within a short walk of the city. It was the more glorious, because it was maintained by the nobility and clergy of Durham, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, in the absence of their own king in France, against David Bruce, King of Scotland, at the head of one of the most powerful armies that ever crossed the border. The Scots were naturally vehemently embittered against England, from the long series of outrages committed upon their country, and indignities

offered to their sovereigns by the three Edwards. The last and most powerful of those monarchs was now pursuing his victorious career in France, and had made himself master of the person of its king. France, thus pressed, urged the King of Scotland to make a diversion in its favour by a powerful inroad into England. David, who had been sheltered in that country for ten years from the hostile pursuit



Battle of Neville's Cross

of Edward, from whom he had experienced nothing but one long series of injuries and humiliations through his whole life, was but too ready to listen to counsels of retaliation, and deemed this a peculiarly favourable moment to inflict a severe blow on his ancient enemy. He assembled a great army, and passed the borders in the middle of October 1346. After storming the Tower of Liddel, on the water of

Irthing, and beheading its governor on the spot, burning Lanercost Abbey, and sacking the Priory of Hexham on the way, David came to Beaurepaire, or Bear-park, about three miles west of Durham, and there encamped.

But the nobles and clergy of the North, in the absence of their monarch, had not watched the progress of the Scottish king with idle fear. With their accustomed spirit, they had called all their vassals to arms ; and scarcely was David at Beaurepaire when the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham, Lincoln, and Carlisle, with the Lords Neville and Percy, encamped in Auckland Park with an army of 16,000 men. On the 17th of October they marched forward to attack David in his position. Falling in with a foraging party, which they speedily put to flight, at Ferry-on-the-Hill, the alarm was given to the Scottish monarch, who met them as they still continued their march over the moor near Neville's Cross. Here a furious battle commenced.

The Prior of Durham had, according to Davies, been commanded in a dream the night before the battle, 'to take the holy *corporax cloath* wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like unto a banner-cloth upon a spear point, and on the morning after to go and repair to the west part of the said city of Durham, called the *Redhills*, and there to remain and abide till the end of the said battle.' Accordingly, the prior and a body of his monks repaired to the spot, where, on a little hillock in the depth of Shaw's Wood, called the Maiden's Bower, they hoisted this sacred banner of St. Cuthbert, and kneeling around it in sight of both armies, continued to pray for victory during the whole battle. Other brethren, from the top of the great campanile

or bell-tower of the cathedral, sung hymns of praise and triumph. Others of the clergy were valiantly engaged in the hottest of the battle. Froissart says that the Bishop of Durham led off the first division with Lord Percy ; the Archbishop, with Lord Neville, the second ; the Bishop of Lincoln, with Lord Mowbray, the third ; and Baliol brought up the reserve. It is perfectly consistent with the character and habits of Hatfield, who was a brave man, and had been a soldier in his youth, that he should take a distinguished part in the fray. Certain it is that both armies and their leaders fought desperately. David himself fought with prodigious bravery and effect, and victory for a long time appeared to hover over the Scots ; but Baliol, by a skilful flanking attack of cavalry on the High Steward of Scotland's division, turned the scale, and following up the charge on that of the king, the whole body of Scots gave way. The third division, under the Earl of Moray, was cut to pieces on the field, and David himself, refusing to flee or yield, stood surrounded by the greater part of his nobles, who fought with fury, and seemed determined to perish in his defence. Only eighty of these brave men, in fact, were left alive, when, after many attempts to seize the king, he was captured by John Copeland, a Northumbrian esquire, a man of great stature and strength ; but not before the king had received two arrow wounds, and had knocked out two of the front teeth of his captor by a blow of his steel gauntlet. With the king surrendered the Earls of Fife and Monteith, and Sir William Douglas ; the Earls of Moray and Strathern, John and Allan Steward, and a long list of Scottish nobles were slain. Of the leaders of the English fell alone Lord Hastings.

It may be imagined what was the joy of the city of

Durham on this signal victory. The miraculous Black Rood of Scotland, studded with jewels, and surrounded by the banners of the fallen or defeated Scottish nobles, was offered at the shrine of St. Cuthbert. 'On the west side of the city of Durham,' says Davies, 'where two roads pass each other, a notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Neville's Cross, and built at the sole cost of Lord Ralph Neville, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the same battle.' A broken shaft of stone, still marks the spot.

With a rapid pace must we now stride over many a proud pontificate, and many a circumstance which cast its passing glory on this ancient city. Here sate, as bishop, Walter Skirlawe, the son of a poor sieve-maker, and made himself noble by many noble works. Here, in Cardinal Langley's days, came James I., that poet-king of Scotland, whose story of love and imprisonment at Windsor have become part of the Romance of History. What young hearts have not read how the young and royal author of 'The Quair,' looking from his prison-window into the court, where the ladies of the queen used to disport themselves, became doubly a captive, through the shining beauty of Jane Beaufort of the royal house of Lancaster. How the king of England generously gave him at once his liberty and the lady of his heart, and sent commissioners to sit with the commissioners of the youthful king in hoary Durham. Here then came James and his lovely wife, while these grave statesmen made a solemn league between the kingdoms, and for a month were royally feasted by the cardinal prelate, surrounded by the Percys, the Nevilles, the Dacres,

and all the noble houses of the North, and then conducted by them on their way in gorgeous and joyous procession as far as the Abbey of Melrose. Here Robert Neville, the son of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, and Joan, sister to Henry IV., received as a royal visitor the unfortunate Henry III., and lived to see that discord break out between him and the house of York which ended in his ruin. The pontificate of Bishops Booth, Dudley, and Sherwood saw many a bloody deed and violent change of dynasty in England, till during the latter, Henry VII. became firm on the throne.

Wolsey, amongst his almost numberless promotions, held Durham for a brief while ; and then came the venerable and mild Tonstall, the uncle of Bernard Gilpin, in whose time the Roman hierarchy was abruptly expelled from the Church of England, and the worthy old bishop ended his days in a sort of easy imprisonment in Lambeth Palace, having witnessed all the strange strippings and overturnings in the Church during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth.

One more shock awaited Durham—it was that in which both monarchy and the Church of England were to go down together, in the transition from Episcopacy to Puritanism. But in this it suffered in common with the whole kingdom. This singular revolution occurred in the pontificate of one of the best bishops who had ever sat on its throne, Bishop Morton—a man that, for sincere piety and active benevolence, was worthy of comparison with Bernard Gilpin himself. Early in life he distinguished himself by his bold self-devotion during the great plague at York. It was in this good man's time that the evil days of civil strife came. He twice entertained Charles I. as his guest, in his castle of Durham ; a few years after, Charles, after the fatal defeat of

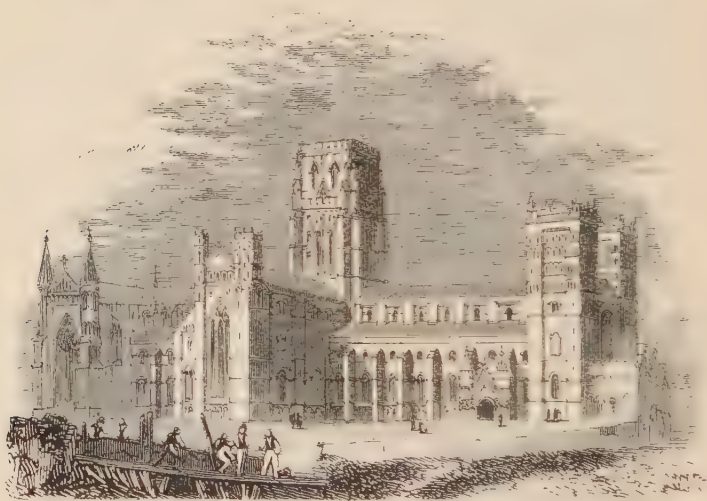
Marston Moor, was brought through the same city a prisoner of war ; the good bishop was fled, never to return to his diocese ; the cathedral, and the houses of the clergy were all deserted ; the shops in the city were for the most part shut ; repeated passage of lawless armies had consumed the provisions of the inhabitants, and annihilated trade ; and nothing but misery and desolation appeared where, a few years before, he had been received with joy and splendid hospitality.

In 1646 the see was dissolved, and its estates sold for something more than 68,000*l*. The venerable prelate himself, after passing through many troubles and much poverty, lived on to the great age of ninety-two years.

When we add that since the restoration of the see it has numbered amongst its prelates Cousin, Lord Crewe, the testator of the munificent public charity of Bamborough Castle and lands ; Bishop Talbot, of the Staffordshire family ; the amiable and learned Bishop Butler, the author of '*The Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion ;*' John Egerton, grandson of the third Duke of Bridgewater, and, by his mother, of the Duke of Portland, and father of the Earl of Bridgewater ; Thomas Thurlow ; the Honourable Shute Barrington ; and Dr. Maltby, it will here not be necessary to say that they have not been wanting in high rank, either worldly, literary, learned, or religious.

With this slight review of the deeds and the men that have cast their fame round Durham, let us now take a nearer cognizance of the venerable pile which has stood through all these events, and beheld the coming and going of all these personages in their day and generation ; which has raised its stately head now for nearly 700 years, and will probably endure for 700 more.

We have already spoken of the noble site of this fine old building. Its position is, in truth, very bold and striking. It occupies a sort of table-land on the summit of the hill on which the city is built, pushing its west front to the very brow of the bold steep above the river, and its towers overlooking with a solemn dignity the fine country around it. Ascending from the winding and steep streets of the



Durham Cathedral

city to its north front, the usual approach, you emerge into the open space called the Palace-green, the castle or palace rising on the north behind you. Right and left, houses and offices for the business of the see, bound this large open space, the farther end of which is occupied by the north front of the cathedral, which stands before you in all its greatness. A low wall divides this space, enclosing the churchyard, or burial-ground, through which a flagged walk

conducts you to the door of entrance in the north aisle of the nave. The rounded-headed windows, which almost entirely mark the whole body of the cathedral, with the exception of the eastern end, as high as the roof, pronounce it at once, without referring to any record of its date, as a fabric of the Norman period ; and the two beautiful western towers, richly ornamented with alternate tiers of round and pointed archwork, seem to have been erected at the very period when the pointed arch was beginning to contend for an existence with the ancient round. The whole body of the building, except the eastern transept of much later date, strikes the eye as having been completed only to the roof in the first instance, and the towers afterwards added at the leisure of the builders. In the body of the building there is a decidedly and conspicuously greater plainness. The line of the termination of this style is at the spring of the roof, and is so marked as not to require seeking, but forces itself on the eye. The western towers are of much richer workmanship, and the great campanile, or central bell-tower, is evidently still more modern ; the tall pointed windows, with perpendicular tracery and elegant spandrels, are the work of another day ; and yet more recent are the five large windows and lantern towers, with their exquisite niche-work, of the eastern transept. The beauty and variety of the whole are great. The lofty and massive majesty of the great central tower ; the stately richness of the two western towers ; the light grace of the niched turrets of the northern transept, one of which is square and the other octagon, and the varied form and embellishment of the towers of the east end, though attesting the hands of different architects, blend by the unity of their spirit into one noble whole. As in most of our ancient ecclesiastical buildings, we see indeed, the

incongruous patchings and repairings of after men and times, when the spirit and knowledge in which these great structures were raised had expired, but they have not been to such an extent as to injure the general integrity. The most repulsive, as well as the most modern, of these gothicisms is the plastering of the upper story of the campanile with Roman cement, which has already acquired a green hue ; and the extinguisher-like spires on the eastern towers do not merit the honour of being borne aloft by such lovely erections as bear them. Every one of these four towers of the east transept is differently ornamented with arches, niches, and pinnacles. On the north-western one, in a large niche, is a sculptured representation of the Legend of the Durham Cow. Above it, is a very graceful smaller niche, containing a figure of a female saint, or the Virgin. The two at the south-east are peculiarly beautiful ; and would furnish to architects of new churches models for steeples such as it would be difficult to strike out now, and which would convey a gift of loveliness to many a neighbourhood, where it might rise for ages a charming object to the eye of the inhabitant and the traveller, instead of the bald heaps of stone that too commonly present themselves as modern Gothic.

The most singular thing in the external aspect of the cathedral is a small building with battlemented roof, raised in the very face of the western front, where in other cathedrals is found the main portal. This is a chapel called the Galilee, built by Hugh Pudsey. It blocks up the great original doorway, and is pushed out to the very brow of the river bank. Above it appears the great western window, presenting the curious aspect of an old Norman round spandrel, enclosing a pointed light, adorned with the richest flowing tracery. The chapel itself exhibits the perpendicular

windows of the fifteenth century, while within, it is supported by round arches and Norman zigzag. But before we enter even the Galilee, we must just take one turn amongst the graves which are scattered over the turf of the churchyard. Many a warrior and dame of the old times lie here ; Lumleys, and Nevilles, and once proud men and women of many of the great families of the North, and some ancient sculptures which covered them, are still to be seen. But there is one grave that arrested my steps and seized on my attention more vividly than any of them. It was the tomb of Robert Dodsley, the author of the 'Economy of Human Life,' of the 'Toyshop,' and various other works. Dodsley was not only the writer, but the publisher of great works. He was the *protégé* and friend of Pope, and his shop was the resort of the wits and literati of the time.

Let us now take in our hand a small neat volume, modestly styled 'A Brief Account of Durham Cathedral,' and with that step into this noble dome. With it we need no other guide. It can tell us every history of its erection, and point out every stone that has deserved a note of admiration ; for, if we mistake not, it is the work of the learned and excellent librarian of the cathedral.

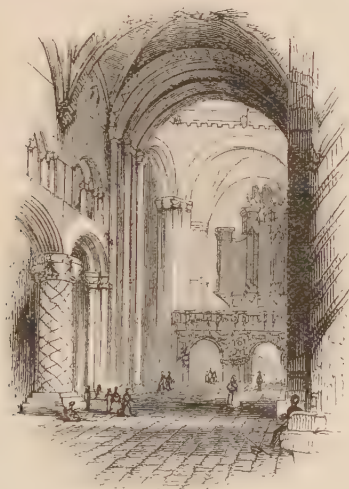
We are at the door ; but what Gorgon head is this which glares at us ? It is like a savage knocker, that glares and grins and sets up all the iron bristles of its head, as if possessed with the fury of a dozen fiends. Or did it catch this grim look sympathetically ? for it was by this very iron head and ring, which it holds in its mouth, that the murderers and malefactors, even of the Norman times, were wont to thunder on the door, and call for admittance to the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert.

As we step into the spacious and lofty nave of the cathe-

dral of Durham we are struck, but with a different feeling to that which affected us at Winchester. There, the later date of the nave, the light-pointed arches of the roofs, the large and lofty windows, the exquisitely carved shrines of ancient prelates, and the great number of mural monuments disposed round the walls, gave you a feeling of elegance and beauty ; here, all is plain, naked, and sternly majestic. The massy walls, almost bare of even mural tablets ; the strong and lofty pillars, their shafts scored and ploughed into a variety of patterns, and great round arches ; the side aisles, having upper tiers ornamented with the zigzag ; the wide open floor, cleared of all shrines, chapels, altars, and other obstructions, and the very pavement levelled from even the old brasses and carved gravestones, give to your view the aspect and the amplitude of the great structure in its original simplicity. One cannot help a feeling of wonder, that in this ancient and most richly endowed church in all the land, such should be the case. We look for the monuments of the grand prelates that raised this august fane ; and many of which, in like churches, are usually to be found standing on the floor of the nave in ancient state. Most of these, we learn, were interred in other parts of the building ; and in 1563, the wife of Dean Whittingham, a sister of Calvin, exerted her zeal in having monuments defaced, funeral brasses torn up, and stone coffins and holy-water stoups converted into troughs for curing her bacon, and other domestic uses ! The Scotch prisoners, after the battle of Dunbar, were confined here for some time, in a state of great misery and destitution, many perishing from cold and hunger. In their own trouble they forgot not to destroy monuments, and warm themselves with the woodwork of ancient stalls. And finally, in the memory of man, the floor

was levelled and re-paved, and most of the memorial brasses and stones taken away, or placed in obscure corners.

The Reformation had before swept away many a holy piece of obstruction. 'A partition-wall,' Mr. Raine informs us, 'extended across the east end of the middle aisle, from the one to the other of the western pillars which support the central tower. In front of this wall, on the west, stood a



splendid altar, called Jesus Altar, at which mass was sung every Friday. A small doorway at each end led to the transept; and upon the altar itself stood during mass, a *fax*, or folding tablet, containing a representation of the Crucifixion, in brilliant colours. Above the altar, upon the face of the wall, were carved in stone and gilt the history and passion of the Redeemer; still higher, were figures of the Apostles in the same material; and above, upon a richly

ornamental parapet, "the most famous rood in all the land," with the picture of Mary on one side of our Saviour, and that of St. John on the other. Two archangels, glittering with gold, stood, one by Mary and another by John ; so that, for the beauty of the wall, the stateliness of the picture, and the liveliness of the painting, it was thought to be one of the grandest monuments of the church.' Between the next two pillars of the same aisle stood a loft, with a pair of organs, used by the choristers when mass was said at the altar. The north aisle was separated from the transept by folding-doors, with wooden work, surmounted with iron spikes, carried up to near the groining of the roof : and the south aisle was occupied by the chapel or chantry of the Nevilles, within which was an altar of alabaster, at which mass was daily sung for the repose of the souls of the illustrious persons buried beneath. Thus the nave was completely cut off from the view of the transept and choir, and the *tout ensemble* of the interior must have been wofully destroyed by this sacred masking, especially as the space between the Neville chapel and the door leading into the cloisters was enclosed, and over it placed a chamber for the bellringer. Westward, the nave was as completely occupied with different erections. As you turned from the great northern door of entry, towards your right hand stood an enclosed chapel of the Virgin, containing an altar, called the altar of Our Lady of Pittee, the name thus given to Mary being sufficiently indicated by a painting of her holding the Saviour on her knees in the state in which He was taken down from the cross. In the recess under the western tower was St. Saviour's altar ; over the north door were the chambers of the perpetual watchers for the flocks to sanctuary ; and on the floor beneath the western

tower was the sanctuary itself, 'where murderers and' rogues and vagabonds from every part of the nation met with protection until they obtained a pardon from the Crown, or quitted the kingdom. The culprit, upon knocking at the ring affixed to the north door, was admitted without delay, and after confessing the crime, with every minute circumstance connected with it, the whole of which was committed to writing in the presence of witnesses, a bell in the Jubilee-tower ringing all the while to give notice to the town that some one had taken refuge in the church, there was put upon him a black gown with a yellow cross upon its left shoulder, as the badge of St. Cuthbert, whose *girth* or peace he had claimed. When thirty-seven days had elapsed, if no pardon could be obtained, the malefactor, after certain ceremonies before the shrine, solemnly abjured his native land for ever, and was straightway, by the agency of the intervening parish constables, conveyed to the coast, bearing in his hand a white wooden cross, and was sent out of the kingdom by the first ship which sailed after his arrival.'

All the erections here enumerated have long vanished, and the eye, wandering over the ample nave, meets only with the large and antique font ; the two shattered tombs of the Nevilles, and a recent monument to the Rev. James Britton, late master of the Durham School. The tombs of the Nevilles bear equal testimony to their former grandeur and the *animus* with which the Scottish prisoners battered them. The victor of Neville's Cross, and his son, Lord John Neville, with his wife, Lady Matilda Percy, the daughter of Hotspur, raised too many vivid memories of defeat and disaster to their nation, in the hearts of men then smarting under the immediate sense of similar humiliation in their own person, to escape their wrath.

The transept was anciently full also of shrines and chapels, dedicated to different saints, whose images stood upon brackets affixed to the adjoining pillars ; in all these chapels mass was celebrated at distinct and stated times ; and when, as our historian observes, we are informed that in the cathedral altogether there were at least forty altars, themselves rich in ornaments, and that the monks performed their ceremonies in robes of a most splendid and gorgeous description, some of which remain, we may form some idea of the pageantry of the Church in those days. In the transept now, the most striking things are two monuments—one on the western wall of the south aisle, that of Bishop Barrington by Chantrey, well worthy of the artist ; and one in a recess of the north aisle, an Anglo-Gothic shrine, by Rickman, in memory of Dr. Carr, master a few years ago of Durham School.

Let us turn back, and take a peep at the Galilee.

We are at once in a genuine chapel of the days of Richard Cœur de Lion. The eye glances forward, and roves with a delightful sense of having flown back at once into the purple twilight of sainted ages. It luxuriates on a vision of clustered shafts, bearing round arches richly fretted with Norman zigzag, and still touched with hues of vermilion and of purest white, which once brightened those fair mouldings. It is a hushed and charmed oratory, fit for the devotions of prince or paladin, of antique queen of stately beauty, or princely maiden, the prize of chivalry. Where are those two gorgeous shrines, which stood, one on each side of the door, at which bent many such high personage in devotion ? They are gone ; but still from the walls above gleam the tall figures of Pudsey and of the lion-hearted king, rich relics of the glory of past times. But what tomb is this, that looks so simple yet so conspicuous an

object in this ancient place? Read that inscription on its surface :—

HAC SUNT IN FOSSA—Bede venerabilis ossa.

Ah ! 'tis the very tomb of Bede ! It is a treasure worthy of the place and a place worthy of the treasure. If any spot should be honoured with his death, besides his beloved Jarrow, whence kings, nor popes, nor promises of highest allurements could draw him during life, surely no place were fitter than this. The precious shrine of gold and silver and jewels, with which Hugh Pudsey marked his profound reverence for the morning star of British literature, has long vanished ; but the fame of Bede is a spiritual shrine, hidden from sordid spirits and inviolable to greedy hands, yet covering the little heap of his remains, a tabernacle of light. Here too lies, as near him as possible, his ardent admirer, Richard of Barnard Castle ; here rests, too, Bishop Langley, who in the purest taste of his time, the fifteenth century, added light and finish to the architectural riches of this chapel. We need not say more. He who would have a full idea of what the Galilee is, and what it contains, must see it ; and if he wishes to worship there, he will, any Sunday evening during the summer, find a numerous congregation in it, listening to one of the popular preachers of the place.

Let us now retrace the nave, and so enter the choir. This is a noble and a stately place. It has not objects of equal interest with the choir of Parker, the tomb of Rufus, and the mortuary chests of the old Saxon kings ; nor is its roof so gorgeously embossed with armorial shields, but it is, in a word, a noble choir. The first thing which strikes the eye is its altar screen—of pure Gothic stonework. This screen

was raised chiefly at the expense of John Lord Neville, in 1380. It is said to have been carved in London, out of stone brought from France, and conveyed to Durham in detached portions, at the expense of Lord Neville. It was embellished with statues of alabaster in its niches ; the three upper ones being occupied by those of the Virgin, King Oswald, and St. Cuthbert. Its airy canopies and pinnacles are especially beautiful. The throne and tomb of Bishop Hatfield do great honour to the taste of that prelate who raised them, and as little to some of his successors, who have by a wainscot partition hidden his fine effigy from the view of the choir, and shut it out into the south aisle. Bishops Beaumont, Pilkington, and James are buried in this choir. Of the ancient splendour of this place, in its Catholic glory, we might give a long account. Its high altar, with its gold and jewellery ; its curtains of white damask, set with pearls and precious stones ; its front of red velvet, ornamented with large flowers in gold ; its splendid canopy, containing a pix of pure gold, with its covering of lawn embroidered with gold and red silk, with tassels of gold at its corners. Its *LIBER VITÆ*, or BOOK OF LIFE, lying on the altar, covered with gold and silver, containing the names of all the benefactors of the see, once a year gratefully recited during the solemnity of mass ; and then its monks bowing before it, in stoles and copes of golden tissue, and legendary figures in richest colours ; all the pomp of High Mass and other mysteries, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection at Easter,—who does not see it all ? At present the grand attraction, independent of the celebration of divine worship, is the masterly chanting, perhaps unrivalled in the empire.

The north and south aisles in those days had also their

stately chapels and their storied windows ; nay, in the northern one was a hermitage, in which dwelt 'an anchorite, whom the priors successively visited, induced by the excellency of the place, and its contiguity to the altar and the shrine.' Time has swept all these out, and we therefore hasten to the last and most important part of this sacred pile—the shrine of St. Cuthbert.

To reach this, you descend a few steps from one of the aisles of the choir, and find yourself in one of the most beautiful portions of the cathedral. This is the eastern transept, or Chapel of the Nine Altars ; and it is a work of the thirteenth century, begun by Bishop Poor and Prior Melsonby, and completed in forty years. Stripped as it is of its nine altars, of its glowing windows of painted glass, and numerous rich armorial shields of the great families of the North, it yet retains almost entire its architectural integrity, and is one of the finest erections of the ornamented Early English in the kingdom. Its length of 130 feet, its loftiness, the light spring of its shafts and arches, whose capitals and groinings are sculptured with foliage and flowers ; and its numerous lofty windows, produce an instantaneous impression of pleasure on the beholder. There are fifteen noble windows in its eastern range, and the large one to the north is very fine. Formerly its nine altars, ranged beneath the eastern windows, and dedicated each to two saints, had each its separate screen, ornamented with branches and flowers, and other imagery-work, in paint and gilding ; they were continually lit by nine cressets, during the darkness of the nights, the year through ; and wine and bread were supplied to the officiating monks by the sacrist from a neighbouring closet. In front of these altars stood the stately tombs of two celebrated prelates, Richard Bury and Anthony Bek.

The Feretory, or Shrine of St. Cuthbert, abutting on the eastern end of the choir at the back of the High Altar, projects into the centre of the Nine Altars, and is only separated from it by a sort of open-work and crocketed screen. You ascend into it by a side door, up a few steps, and behold in the centre of the pavement a plain slab, which marks the spot where stood the celebrated shrine of the saint, and beneath which now rest his remains. Around stands a curious group of ancient images of saints, kings, and martyrs, on grim and decaying stone, as if they had all descended by the might of some miraculous spell from their various stations in and on and about the cathedral, to watch over the long slumbers of the holy man, since ruthless Protestantism has destroyed his shrine, chased away prior, monks, and devotees ; extinguished every lamp, and hushed the measured chant of all the fair altars of his noble fane. There stands his royal friend King Oswald ; and there stands himself, with his crosier in one hand and the head of King Oswald in the other—a singular sculpture. There lean gigantic figures ; there fights St. Michael with the Old Serpent, and St. George with the Dragon ; there St. Christopher, still carrying the infant Christ ; St. Anthony with his bell ; and pious queens and sainted abbesses look astonished at finding themselves within that sainted shrine whence St. Cuthbert himself would have chased them in the good Catholic times, even if he had shook the church down to do it. The times are wonderfully changed, and saints and spirits deign no longer to exhibit their power before an unbelieving world. St. Cuthbert, it is well known, had a desperate antipathy to women. In his life-time his honour had been aspersed by a fragile princess, whom the earth at his prayer opened its mouth for, and swallowed up, and only at

his intercession again opened its mouth, and gave her back to life ; thenceforth he banished all women far from him. Nay, after his death, no woman was suffered to set foot on his shrine or his abbey. This small grace was conceded to them, that they might not be utterly left to the power of Satan : they might enter the most western portion of the nave of the cathedral, where a blue mark in the pavement still shows the boundary of their toleration. Came they nearer, the indignant saint shook himself in his grave, and made the fabric totter above their heads. Even when the noble Philippa, by mistake, had taken up her quarters in the abbot's house with her husband, the victorious Edward III., the monks in alarm roused her from her slumbers, and gathering her clothes hastily about her, she was forced to fly in the darkness to the castle. Hugh Pudsey began to build a chapel where now stands the Nine Altars, for the use of women, forgetful of the saint's inveterate antipathy ; but the sturdy St. Cuthbert speedily refreshed his memory. He shook the very walls to their foundations, and made the workmen fly terrified in every direction.

To describe all the splendour, the ceremonies, and the legends connected with this shrine of St. Cuthbert would require a volume. Of its fame we have yet abundant testifying effects. The cathedral itself, and all the broad lands of the see of Durham, and comfortable houses and incomes of so many dignitaries, are the fruits of St. Cuthbert's renown. To this spot on which we now stand, when St. Cuthbert's dead yet conscious and undecaying body had chosen it as its perpetual dormitory, came princes and people of all degrees, eager to do homage to the saint, to offer lands and money and jewels, and holy relics of more value than money, because they were everlasting magnets that

drew money itself to the shrine from all quarters. Not even the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket could outblaze that of St. Cuthbert in wealth, splendour, or reverence. The coffin stood on a fine table of marble, supported by nine pillars, the gift of the Scottish Alexander. Lamps burned perpetually before it. It was covered with a costly cover of wainscot, splendidly gilt, and painted with holy pictures, and covered with images of birds, dragons, and curious beasts, which on the saint's day, or when holy pilgrims who could pay for such a treat came, was hoisted by a rope and pulley fastened to the roof above, and, ascending, revealed the shrine of the saint, amid the prayers and pious ejaculations of the spectators. The shrine itself was one glitter of costly jewels. Around the Feretory hung many relics and rich gifts of kings and princes; and numerous others were laid up, in little crypts or almshouses of wainscot, varnished and finely painted and gilt, with little images. At the end of the shrine stood the celebrated banner of St. Cuthbert, that carried victory where it went, as at Flodden Field, at Neville's Cross, and many another hard-fought field. Around, fastened by their staves to the rails of the Feretory, stood also the banners and standards of the King of Scots, of Lord Neville, and of many other noblemen. The body of the saint himself lay arrayed in gorgeous and costly robes, the gifts of famous men and royal ladies.

Were we to go through all the buildings connected with this great establishment, and which are worthy of observation, the notice would far exceed our limits. The cloisters, the abbot's kitchen, the chapter-house, and many an old gateway and door and window, beautiful with the architecture and sculpture of ancient times, would long detain us. The library of the dean and chapter in the cloisters is

deserving itself of a close and curious inspection. Here are about 8,000 valuable works, and portraits of celebrated men connected with the see. But Mr. Raine, the learned librarian, can best speak of its *curiosa*. 'There are nearly 700 MSS. upon various subjects, of five hundred of which an elaborate catalogue has been printed by the dean and chapter. The rest are music, bequeathed to the library by Mr. Falle, one of the prebendaries, in 1742. The contents of the closet on the left hand, with the exception of one or two gifts of modern times by the late Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, &c., and the purchase a few years ago of a very early copy of the works of Laurence, Prior of Durham from 1149 to 1154, of which the library had previously merely a transcript, comprise as many books of the monastic church of Durham as were preserved at the Reformation. Among these are some of a very remote antiquity. There is a copy of the Vulgate New Testament, written before the year 700. Another, upon good authority, *in the handwriting of the Venerable Bede* ; a Cassiodorus super Psalterium, *transcribed by the same pen* ; and there is a Latin Ritual called King Alfred's Prayer-Book, of a still higher date than even the MS. first mentioned. But we suspect that it has been misnamed. It contains a Saxon interlineation by *Aldred*, a monk of Lindisfarne, whose name might easily be confounded with that of Alfred, and the prefix would then follow as a matter of course. Among many brilliantly illuminated books, there is a magnificent copy of the Vulgate in four volumes, given to the monks by Bishop Pudsey, and containing his autograph in every book. These volumes still retain their original binding, exhibiting externally all the Norman ornaments of the period to which they belong, and internally many splendid illuminations ; one in particular,

an initial in the book of Maccabees, gives a distinct representation, not of one, but of numerous warriors, arrayed in the armour and costume of Pudsey's period. These are valuable data ; and prefixed to the last volume, that of the New Testament, are illuminations, exhibiting every architectural variety of the Norman arch, pier, and shaft, and pedestal, during the time of the donor.

In this closet are preserved, under glass, the relics removed from the grave of St. Cuthbert. Such fragments of the inner coffin as could be collected are kept in boxes made for the purpose, in that on the opposite side.

The Castle of Durham, standing opposite to the cathedral, and showing its lofty keep and battlements conspicuously in every view of the city, is an object full of interest. Dating its origin from the Conqueror, it has been the residence of the bishops of the Palatinate till recently, and has received within its walls, at one time or another, many of the most martial sovereigns and fair dames and celebrated men of the nation. It has some grand specimens of ancient architecture yet remaining : a Norman chapel, now appropriated to the use of the college ; finely ornamented Norman doorways ; and the dining-hall of Hugh Pudsey, now used as the college hall, with various old portraits and other paintings in it, which give it a great air of antiquity. The keep has just been restored in good taste, and is fitted up as college chambers. This fact brings us to the last great change in Durham. During the Commonwealth a college was established, with every prospect of great service to the public, but on the restoration of monarchy it was dissolved. Many persons have, however, of late years, been anxious to see a college existing here again. The experiment has been tried, and with every

prospect of realising all that was hoped from it. It was opened in 1833, and now contains numerous students. Durham has been shorn of so much of its ancient life, picturesque pomp, and festive galas, since the Reformation, that even the gowns and caps of the collegians seem to be a degree of restitution rather than an innovation, while they predicate a diffusion of knowledge that did not belong to the days of pilgrims and processions. And yet how striking must have been the spectacle of those processions as they moved along the streets of this quaint old city, while ‘*crostiers* and mitres and images and shrines glittered along the line!’ With a glance at one or two of these, from the pages of Mr. Raine, we will take our leave of Durham.

‘Annual processions were made by the prior and convent on St. Mark’s-day to the church of Hillary in the North Bailey; on Monday in Ascension-week to St. Oswald’s; on Tuesday to St. Margaret’s; and on Wednesday to St. Nicholas’; in each of which churches was a sermon preached by one of the monks to the assembled laity. On Ascension-day itself there was another procession, which far surpassed those above mentioned in pomp and splendour. Two crosses, one of solid gold, with a staff of silver, and the other of silver double gilt, having a staff of wood, led the way. Then came the precious banner of St. Cuthbert, which waved over the heads of kings and nobles upon many a well-fought battle-field, and had invariably brought home with it victory. The prior, generally an aged man, advanced next in the procession, bearing a cope so heavy from its embroidery as to require the support of attendant esquires. The crosier in his hand was of silver, double gilt, and the mitre upon his head was splendid with

decorations. The shrine of Venerable Bede next succeeded, supported by four monks ; and other monks in succession bore a statue of King Oswald, of silver, double gilt ; the cross of Margaret, the sainted queen of Scotland, and other relics and banners, in a long and silent line of stately magnificence. The procession left the church by the north doorway, crossed the churchyard, went down Dun Cow Lane, and along the North Bailey to the Abbey gate, returning to the church through the cloisters. Like processions, and with the same accompaniments, were made on Whit-Sunday and Trinity Sunday ; and on Corpus-Christi Day the church and the town united in a solemn procession of a somewhat different nature. The banners belonging to the various guilds and fraternities of the citizens were brought to the cathedral yard, and arranged in a line to the west side of the footpath extending from the north door of the church to the opening which communicates with the banks at the end of the grammar school, then called Windy-hole Gate, a most appropriate name, which it has since lost. On the eastern side of the footpath were arranged, in a corresponding line, the lighted torches, which, according to the custom of the time, were appropriated to these banners. The Corpus-Christi shrine, belonging to the church of St. Nicholas, and containing the consecrated elements, was then brought into the churchyard from the city by four priests, and when it had proceeded a few paces beyond the end of the present grammar school, it was met by the prior and convent, attended as on Ascension-day, and was carried into the church, accompanied by the banners and torches we have mentioned. After divine service in the choir, a procession of the whole congregation, lay and clerical, was made around the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and

then the townsmen departed with their idol, and laid it up in the vestry of St. Nicholas, until it should be again wanted in the annual solemnity in which it enacted so conspicuous a part.'





Rectory of Houghton-le-Spring.

*VISIT TO HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING : THE ABODE
AND BURIAL-PLACE OF BERNARD GILPIN,
THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.*

AROUND the old city of Durham lie many places of historical interest, and the pleasantness of the country makes a walk or a drive to them doubly agreeable. The picturesque ruins of Finchale Abbey ; the sweet retirement of Beaurepaire, which, out of the ordinary track as it now seems to stand, has been visited by many a rough party and fiery salutation ; Brancepeth, the once noble castle of the Nevilles, and restored by its present owner to more than its ancient strength and splendour ; Auckland, the stately palace of the palatine bishops ; the hospital of Sherburn ; the Roman citadel of Lanchester, celebrated for the relics which it has yielded of its ancient masters ; Lumley and Lambton Castles, with all their present and past associations, with all their woods and

legends ; and Houghton, the tomb of Bernard Gilpin. These, and many other famous spots, powerfully draw us towards them ; but at the present moment we are decided to take the last-mentioned one first.

The fame of Bernard Gilpin had from my earliest youth been in my mind one of the most golden and sunshiny fabrics, that are built of wonder, love, and veneration, in the heart of childhood, by reading or by story, of what is great and picturesque and beautiful.

He was born in Westmoreland, and educated in Catholicism. At Oxford, at an early age, he publicly disputed against Hooper and the celebrated Peter Martyr, who were not only struck with his learning and ability, but much more with his obvious conscientious honesty ; and they prayed earnestly for his conversion. This, from further inquiries, became the case. He was advised by his uncle Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, to go abroad for a year or two, to converse with the most eminent professors of both faiths. He spent three years in Holland, Germany, and France ; and returned during the period of the Marian persecution. His uncle presented him with the rectory of Easington, and made him archdeacon of Durham ; but his conscience would not let him hold them ; he resigned them, and accepted the rectory of Houghton, a pastoral charge more consonant to his notions of ministerial duty. This rectory was worth about 400*l.* per annum—a large sum for that day ; but it was proportionately laborious, being so extensive as to contain no less than fourteen villages, overcast with the darkness of Popish ignorance and superstition. He preached and laboured with the zeal and affection of a primitive apostle ; the people flocked about him with enthusiasm ; and received from him at once temporal and spiritual

blessings ; and his enemies were as much exasperated. He was pointed out as a proper victim to that monster of all priestly butchery, the 'Bloody Bonner ;' and was speedily apprehended by the emissaries of that detestable wretch. His friends had not failed in time to warn him of his danger, but he refused to fly. He had even a garment made in which he might go decently to the stake, and used daily to put it on till he was taken into custody. Fortunately the queen died before he reached London ; and he returned to his parish amid the joyful acclamations of his delighted people. Here he continued to live and labour in all good works. He established schools, obtaining his masters from Oxford ; and when he met a boy upon the road he would make a trial of his capacity by a few questions ; and, if he found him to his mind, he sent him to school, and if he there kept up his first promise, afterwards to the university.

His hospitable manner of living was the admiration of the whole country ; and strangers and travellers met with a cheerful reception. Even their beasts had so much care taken of them that it was humorously said, if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the rectory of Houghton. Every Sunday, from Michaelmas to Easter, was a sort of public day with him ; that is, through the worst part of the year, when such comforts were the most needed. During this season he expected to see his parishioners and their families ; whom he seated, according to their ranks, at three tables ; and when absent from home, the same establishment was kept up.

It was with great pleasure that I set out to visit the spot where this noble example of Christian greatness had lived and laboured and died. I found it was about eight miles

out of Durham, and as it was May, and I had the day to do it, I pleased myself with the prospect of a country walk thither. The country, as country, however, was not much to boast of. Houghton lay direct on the Sunderland road, and the landscape on either hand, as I proceeded, though presenting a varied surface, had no very striking features, and was very bare of wood. But if it was not attractive as country, it was curious enough from its other features. It is a mining country, and its great objects of notice on all sides are the tall engine-houses of its collieries, and its trains of coal-waggons, or corves, as they call them, running up hills and down dales, as if of their own accord. The sights and sounds were altogether such as must strike people from the south—that is, those who have not been accustomed to a coal country—as very strange.

Instead of the usual accompaniments of an English landscape, the roadside was bordered with long rows of colliers' houses. These were not scattered, or detached cottages, but continuous lines of them, of the most plain and bold construction, dingy and grim, and placed close up to the edge of the road, without the ornament of a little garden before them, as our country cottages usually have. Some of these rows were nearly half a mile in length. As I looked into them, I observed that their interiors were much superior to their outer aspect. They had unusually good furniture : their chests of drawers, each with a japan tea-tray reared upon it against the wall ; their clocks, good chairs, corner cupboards, and shelves of crockery ; some of them had even pieces of carpet, and all seemed to pride themselves on a good four-post camp bedstead with mahogany posts and chintz hangings. Numbers of young men were also standing about playing at quoits, so clean

and well-dressed, that I was half disposed to suppose them colliery clerks, but I found, on inquiry, that they were merely colliers. These were indications of a much more prosperous class than the colliers of the Midland counties are, and I entered several of their cottages, and conversed with them on their matters. I found that, though they complained, and like most men lamented over the good times that once were, they got much higher wages than the colliers in the south, and had a most contemptuous idea of them ; but I soon found that the collier is, in that respect, the same everywhere : he cannot save. He has his club, or friendly society, into which he pays his monthly pittance against illness and old age ; and there is a class of furniture dealers who supply a young couple on their marriage with that indispensable article to a northern collier, a mahogany bedstead, and all other requisites, for which he receives every fortnight an instalment, till the whole is worked off. He comes to some public-house in the place, where all those who have been supplied by him come on the Saturday, washed and cleaned, pay him his required sum, and take a pipe and glass with him.

With these occasional pauses amongst the collier population I soon found myself on the brow of a descent, with a broad valley lying before me, and the large village, or rather small town, of Houghton-le-Spring in the midst of it. The scene, after all, has nothing very striking in it, except its repose. The parsonage formerly stood a fine old object, with its towers and turrets, its chapel, its rambling projections and peering gables of dark-red brick. That has been completely swept away ; a modern house reared in its stead, and the grounds around it made to correspond. It has lost at once its antique aspect and its association with Gilpin.

The house looks out well enough from amongst its trees, with the church tower just above it, on the right hand ; a few red roofs about, and rising beyond the high bold range of Warden Law, where St. Cuthbert fixed his coffin fast to the earth till the monks understood that he meant to be located at Durham. Green meadows show themselves about the parsonage, and here and there rises the white smoke of a lime-kiln, or the engine tower of a colliery. When you come to Houghton, there is little except the parsonage, the church, and school, to interest you. The village is very extensive, and is chiefly inhabited by colliers, limeburners, and such like. The parsonage is, as I have said, a good parsonage, with ample and pleasant grounds, but has no single monument of Gilpin left about it. Some splendid old hawthorns on the lawn may, perhaps, be considered as the most legitimate relics of his time. But one would fain enter these old and twilight rooms where he lived and studied ; where he renewed his knowledge of the classical labours of his youth, and indulged in ‘music and poetry, in which he excelled ;’ where he prepared his heart-warm addresses to his people ; where he prayed for them, as he rose up and lay down, who in their own humble habitations, far and wide, on many a wild mountain, and in many a hidden dale, blessed him daily in their hearts before God. We would fain see that ample, if rude, hall, in which from Michaelmas to Easter, every Sunday, the tables were spread for all his flock ; and where, no doubt, as they sate together at meat, many a discourse passed, many a question was asked of the doings and sufferings of simple life, and many a quaint relation was made, that it would do one’s heart good to hear now.

What a thousand pities that modern taste has swept all

this away ! Who shall now be able to stand and say, In this room, and on this spot, that great and good man did so-and-so, and so-and-so befel him.

The church of Houghton, where Gilpin so long preached, and where he lies, is a large and handsome old church, with a low tower and spire. The churchyard is large, and finely shaded with avenues of lime-trees, under which you approach the church. The sight of Gilpin's school calls to mind some of the noblest of his deeds, and the bitterest scenes of his life. In this school he assembled the children of both rich and poor, so that sound knowledge might be diffused through the district, and able men be raised for the service of their country and their kind. Like most such institutions, it has long ceased to be a school for the poor, but few such schools in such places have suffered so much. It has always been supplied with first-rate scholars from Oxford, as masters, and has sent out a great number of soundly educated men.

On inquiring for the sexton to show me the church, I was told that an old woman was living in the church, over the vestry-room, who would admit me.

I went to the east end of the church, and finding a small door, knocked. A little girl, with very wild hair, opened it, and showed a narrow steep flight of steps, towards which she turned, and shouting to somebody above, said there was a gentleman. A voice, tremulous with age, said 'Let the gentleman come up.' I ascended, and there I found a very old woman, as brown and wrinkled as age could make her. I apologised, saying that I was told that she could show me the church, and was not aware that she was confined to her bed. 'Nor I neither,' said the old woman, throwing off the bed clothes, and getting up

full dressed. 'I only lay down to rest me a bit,' said she, 'while the kettle boiled ; for we old folk are good to nought.'

The old woman turned round, and led the way down into the church. From the tower in the centre of the church hung down—as was the ancient fashion in our churches and cathedrals, frequently retained still—a rope, to ring the curfew-bell by. 'Here,' said the old dame, 'I come every day, summer and winter, every morning at six and every night at eight, and ring the bell.'

The church itself is large and good, but had to my eyes a dampish, gloomyish look. It is true that it had set in for a day of pouring rain, and that might contribute a good deal to such an appearance. The tomb of Bernard Gilpin, the object of my search, stands in the south transept, as Surtees describes. It is a massy altar-tomb of freestone, with some ornaments of chain-work on the sides, and on the west end the arms of Gilpin in bas-relief, viz., a boar under a tree. On each side of the escutcheon in raised letters :—

BERNARD GILPIN RECTOR HUIUS ECCLESIAE
OBIIT QUARTO DIE MARTII
AN. DOM. 1583.

The most extraordinary circumstance is, that the tomb is nearly buried with pews. They are thrust close up to it, so that its sides are completely hidden, and nothing is to be seen but the top and one end. The traveller comes from a far distant place to have the satisfaction of seeing, for once, the resting-place of the Apostle of the North—for the fame of Bernard Gilpin is commensurate with the English language—and finds with surprise his tomb scarcely allowed a place in that church where he so long proclaimed the

Gospel, in that village where he wrought so many good works, and whence his reputation spread ; finds it elbowed up with parish pews, and as far as possible jostled out of the world with worm-eaten boards. The thing is, to say the least, unseemly. Surely in a church of such dimensions a few feet of accommodation may be found in some other part—the nuisance be removed—the tomb of Gilpin be suffered to show itself in its just dignity ; and the disgrace avoided of the great ornament of his age, one of the most perfect maintainers of the nobility of Christianity, and the great benefactor of the place, seeming to be grudged by the present generation even the little spot of earth that his own generation awarded to his remains.

Besides the tomb of Gilpin, there are a number of others in the church, that bear names of some note, and are permitted a more conspicuous standing. Near the tomb of Gilpin stands a figure of a knight, apparently a crusader. It has, no doubt, once lain on a tomb, but is now fixed erect against the wall, and is said to be the effigy of Sir John le Spring, one of the ancient possessors of the place, and from whom it takes the name of *Houghton-le-Spring*.

A PASSING VISIT TO SHERBURN HOSPITAL.

ONE of the most singular and picturesque objects in the neighbourhood of Durham, till late years, was the hospital of Sherburn, within a mile and a half of the city itself. In 1833, however, the Master's house was pulled down and rebuilt in a modern style, with no pretensions to that architectural beauty which formerly distinguished it, and of which the chapel yet luckily remains—a fine specimen. The hospital itself has now dwindled to the domicile of about fifteen old men, and is more remarkable for what it has been than what it is. It was originally a hospital for lepers, founded in 1181 by the magnificent Hugh Pudsey. It was calculated to provide for sixty-five of them.

This institution, now dwindled to a shadow, was one which strikingly marked the character of the times in which it rose and flourished. It was one of many which a disease now unknown in this kingdom then rendered necessary ; and the whole economy of the establishment is of a fashion that is now curious to contemplate. We will, therefore, take a concise view of these particulars, as furnished to us by various authors, and therewith close our visits in the immediate neighbourhood of the city.

The leprosy was a disorder very prevalent in Europe during the tenth and eleventh centuries ; and its spreading

was one cause of the building of many hospitals. Some persons have conjectured that, in Christendom, these hospitals amounted to no less than 15,000 ; but, without assenting to so vague a calculation, it is certain that in England there was hardly a large city, or a capital town, near which there was not at least one of these lazar-houses erected, the site of which is generally fixed, even at the present day, by the words '*Spital*, or *Mess-in-deu* (*Maison-Dieu*) which exist near all the old towns of the north.

These houses were, for an obvious reason—the infectious character of the persons taking refuge in them—never permitted to be within the walls of towns ; and another reason why they were placed near roadsides was, that they were intended also to assist travellers and pilgrims on their way. At the five gates of Norwich were five houses of this sort ; and lepers were so numerous in the twelfth century that, by a decree of the Lateran Council in 1179, they were empowered to erect churches for themselves, and to have their own ministers—lepers, we may suppose—to officiate in them.

Such being the disease of the times—Sherburn Hospital is a good example of the establishments into which the infected were gathered.

‘ It appears, that besides five convents of lepers (sixty-five persons of both sexes, with a *steward* or *guardian* at their head), there was an establishment provided for three priests and four attendant clerks, one of whom, at least, was required to be a deacon. There were daily masses, which the lepers had to attend. The steward made up his accounts four times in the year. He was required to be temperate and modest in the exercise of his office, and not to exceed the number of three horses.

‘The priests and clerks slept in a chamber or dormitory adjoining the chapel ; and all, together with the steward, dined and supped in the common hall. In winter, the priest rose at midnight for the night-mass, then slept till morning, and returned to the chapel to celebrate matins ; but, in summer, the night-mass was so sung as to terminate at twilight. A perpetual lamp burned before the High Altar of the Presence in the greater chapel. All the brethren whose health permitted were expected to attend Matins, Nones, Vespers, and Complines. The bed-ridden sick were enjoined to raise themselves, and say matins in their bed, for those who were still weaker, “ *in pace, jaceant, et quod dicere possunt dicant.*” The bell rang every hour, except from the hour of complines till prime.

‘The daily allowance of the lepers was a loaf weighing five marks, and a gallon of ale to each ; and betwixt every two, one mess or commons of flesh three days in the week, and of fish, cheese, or butter, on the remaining four. On high festivals, a double mess ; and in particular, on the feast of St. Cuthbert, in Lent, fresh salmon, if it could be had, if not, other fresh fish ; and on Michaelmas-day, four messed on a goose. With fresh fish, flesh, or eggs, a measure of salt was delivered, the twentieth part of a razer ; when fresh fish could not be had, red herrings were served, three to a single mess, or cheese and butter by weight, or three eggs. During Lent, each had a razer of wheat, to make furmenty (simulam), and two razers of beans to boil. Sometimes greens or onions ; and every day, except Sunday, the seventh part of a razer of bean meal ; but on Sunday a measure and a half of pulse to make gruel. Red herrings were prohibited from Pentecost to Michaelmas ; and, at the latter, each received two razers of apples.

‘The lepers had a common kitchen, and a common cook, fuel and utensils for cooking, &c. : viz. a lead, two brazen pots, a table, a large wooden vessel for washing or making wine ; a laver, two ale vats, and two bathing vats. The sick had fire and candle, and all necessities *donec melior etur vel morietur* ; and one of the chaplains was assigned to hear the confessions of the sick ; to read the gospel to them on Sundays and holidays, and to read the burial-service for the dead. The old woman who attended on the sick had, every week, three wheaten loaves, and one mess of flesh or fish ; and when a brother or sister was buried, the gravedigger had his meat and drink. Each leper had a yearly allowance for his clothing of three yards of woollen cloth, white or russet ; six yards of linen and six of canvas ; and the tailor had his meat and drink the day on which he came to cut out their clothes. Four fires were allowed for the whole community. From Michaelmas to All Saints they had two baskets of peat on double mess days, and four baskets daily from All Saints to Easter. On Christmas Eve they had four yule logs, each a cart-load, with four trusses of straw. Four trusses of straw on All Saints’ Eve and Easter Eve ; and four bundles of rushes on the Eves of Pentecost, St. John Baptist, and St. Mary Magdalen ; and on the anniversary of Martin de Sancta Cruce, every leper received five shillings and five pence in money.

‘The lepers had liberty of seeing their friends ; and strangers who came from a distance were suffered to rest in the hospital all night ; but visitors from the neighbourhood departed at evening, and when the bell sounded for supper the gates were closed.’—SURTEES (*from George Allan’s notes*).



Lumley Castle.

*VISIT TO LUMLEY CASTLE, SEAT OF THE
EARL OF SCARBOROUGH.*

IN going from Durham to Newcastle, as you approach Chester-le-Street, Lumley Castle shows itself on your right hand, at about a mile's distance from the road. It is a striking object and is sure to arrest the full attention of the traveller, and leave a strong impression on his memory. Surtees says, 'It stands glittering with a bright open aspect, on

a fine gradual elevation above the Wear.' I must confess that in my eyes it never had this glittering and open aspect ; on the contrary, it has always presented itself to me as solemn, stately, and still. There has hung about it a hush and a solitude that told you as plainly as any enchanted palace of old romance could, that it was deserted ; that it had long ceased to be the abode of its ancient line ; that the high, the brave, and the happy, who had so long made it alive, and filled it with a thousand memories, no longer inhabited it. Green open sloping meadows in front, and thick woods behind ; the large old castle, with its flanking towers and battlemented roof, all contribute to that one air of silent dignity which strongly interests and attracts the imagination. The afternoon was far spent when the coach stopped before the Lumley Arms at Chester-le-Street, but no sooner had I seen my quarters for the night than I hastened to visit the castle.

Chester-le Street has itself many recommendations to the antiquary, but few to the poet or the lover of nature. It stands on a plain, disfigured with the smoke and the traces of coal works. It is, as its name imports, built upon an old Roman road, and on or near the site of a Roman settlement. It is still one longish street of middling houses, and has one object of interest, its church. The fine tall and taper spire of this church, one hundred and fifty-six feet in height, catches the eye far off in many directions. You will seldom see a finer. It was formerly a collegiate church, and has been famous from the times of St. Cuthbert, whose remains rested here one hundred and thirteen years before they were conveyed to Durham. The church is large and good, and bears many traces of its past consideration, in the many fragments of its once splendid

painted windows yet remaining. Here, too, you encounter the grim freestone effigy of St. Cuthbert, which once lay here on his tomb. But the most remarkable and striking thing is a collection of the effigies of the Lords of Lumley, from the days of the Saxons to the reign of Elizabeth. These are fourteen in number, each resting on its altar-tomb, and ranging in a row the whole length of the north aisle. Such a scene no other English church has to show. The Lumleys, as we shall have occasion to state, are one of the very few families that can trace a clear and unquestionable descent from the Saxon times. The effigy of Liulph, their Saxon progenitor, lies at the west end of the church, and his descendants range away one after the other to the east end.

I took my way down a footpath through some pleasant fields towards the castle. I soon found myself on the banks of the river, where it fell sounding over a salmon-weir, and the ferryman put out from his little house opposite, under some fine lime-trees. As I now wandered up the sloping field towards the castle, I was more and more struck with its silence and imposing solemnity. It stood with all its ample towers crowning finely its green elevation, and looking into far-off scenes; the old woods darkly cast their evening gloom round its farther side, and not a creature of any kind was seen moving about it. I ran in my mind over the long line of its possessors, from the days of the Conqueror till now—over the unbroken line, yet the many strange fortunes of its lords—and wondered that, in good condition as its walls are, its ancient feudal state was not still kept up, and the presence of the present Earl's family made to revive now and then the gaiety and vivacity of so proud and time-honoured an abode. Through these woods, probably, the gallant old Liulph rode in pursuit of the boar; here he

probably heard of the coming and victory of the Norman; here he felt the wrath and indignation of his race at the oppressions and degradations practised on the Saxon people and nobles by the haughty Conqueror. Here probably lived, though in a more ancient mansion, that William, son of Uchtred and grandson of old Liulph, who first assumed the Lumley name, and proceeding to the early Crusades in the Holy Land, won for his escutcheon the paroquet in some romantic adventure, of which the poet and historian have caught but a faint glimpse. The will of Sir John Lumley, drawn preparatory to his going to the wars of Henry V. in France, where in fact he fell, with Thomas Duke of Clarence, in the surprise and rout of Baugy Bridge in Anjou, on Easter Eve, 1421, is very curious, and descriptive of the life and customs of those times. He desires his executors to provide a decent marble tomb for himself and Felice his late wife, in Chester-le-Street church. He gives his two daughters 300 marks each; 100 marks to two unmarried sisters; and desires his executors to sell his house in Wodestreete, London, for the payment of his legacies. To his daughter Ann, he gives a cloak of cloth of gold, which was her mother's. To Thomas, his son, a gilt cup, the gift of 'my Lord the Bishop of Durham.' To dame Elizabeth Nevil, a gilt cup, a feather bed, and four-and-twenty pillows. To his chaplain, Richard Urpath, a gilt cup and ten marks. To brother Thomas Oxenden, forty shillings per annum for life, and if the said Thomas shall undertake *the Jubilee*, a hundred shillings. To the church of Chester, two robes of crimson velvet (de bodio velvet), and to Dan Richard Bukley, dean of Chester, a gilt silver goblet, and ten marks. Lastly, he charges his executors to maintain, during their lives, one chantry priest in the church of Chester, and to

provide two able and sufficient pilgrims to travel for his own grace, and for that of his wife Felice, to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Here lived, and grew in fame and estate, many a bold baron, allying themselves to the great families of Thewing, of Hilton, the Nevilles, the Scroops, and the Fitzalans; and afterwards to the royal race, by the marriage of Sir Thomas, son of George Lord Lumley, with Elizabeth Plantagenet, a daughter of Edward IV.

The Lumleys figured in Flodden Field, and in the wars of France: one died in the cause of Richard II., for the maintenance of the old religion, in the fatal Pilgrimage of Grace; another suffered scathe for participation in the insurrection of Aske; another fell on the scaffold at Tyburn; yet, in Elizabeth's reign, the house of Lumley again rose into broader power and higher honour.

In later times the Lumleys were found fighting for the Crown in the civil wars of Charles I., and against Monmouth in the reign of James II.; but they afterwards helped to drive out that monarch, and bring in the Orange family.

The castle is large, and of a quadrangular form. It has projecting turrets, battlemented parapet, and at each corner rises a square massy tower, considerably above the general height of the building. Each corner of these towers is again crowned with a projecting octagon turret—machicolated, *i.e.* being open below so that archers standing in them could, while protected by the turret itself, shoot down arrows on any persons who reached the foot of the castle. We find the same in Hilton, Hermitage, and other ancient castles. The whole is built of a rich yellow freestone. The west front, by which I approached, is the present entrance. You ascend to the door by a large double flight of steps, and

reach a platform, which fills the whole space between the towers, being, in fact, upwards of ninety feet in length. The view here as you look around, is striking. Before you and to your left hand fall away the green and beautiful slopes of the park. The Wear winds through the meadows below, partly hidden by the lofty avenue of limes at the ferry ; and beyond, rise the roofs and fine spire of Chester, over which the eye still wanders, amongst villages and fanes, to the wild and dusky heights of the west.

As I stood here a few moments, the silence of the place was only broken by the rattling of windows in the castle front, for the wind was considerably strong. I rang the bell, and presently heard a feeble footstep approaching within. A female voice demanded who was there, and giving for answer a stranger from the south, there immediately commenced a drawing of bars, a dropping of bolts, and lugging at the huge and lofty door. 'Push there, if you please,' cried the voice from within ; 'for I cannot open the door myself.' I pushed accordingly, and at once inward turned the door, and, with the force of the wind, drove the old housekeeper backwards, for it was she. I had now to help to close it again, the wind seeming to defy both our endeavours, and even when we had accomplished it, rattling and roaring at it as if it would tear it loose. I was too much struck with the view of this noble and unique hall to be able to take my eyes from surveying it for some time, when I found the old lady standing patiently by me, and on telling her I was sorry to trespass on her at so late an hour of the day, but that I was going from London into the North, and wished to have a peep at the castle, this good dame said with the greatest cheerfulness—'O, certain, you can soon see it—the main thing is this hall. I'll tell you

all about these pictures, and then you can go where you like.' With this roving commission I again entered the great hall. As I have said, it is one of the most striking halls I have ever entered, and this does not arise from the antique richness, or picturesqueness of its construction and fitting up. It has not, like many of our old baronial halls, a groined and pendiciled oaken roof, nor dark wainscoting or tapestry ; on the contrary it derives its effect in a great measure from the plainness and ordinariness of its finish. Its walls are newly whitewashed, its ceiling perfectly plain, the same ; but then its ornaments are so unusual, and its dimensions and proportions so noble, that as the great door opens before you, itself like the removal of a wall, the surprise that seizes you is instantaneous and strong. This hall is no less than sixty feet long by thirty wide, and of a proportionate loftiness. Opposite to you, and at each end, hang seventeen pictures of large size, in plain black frames, representing the successive ancestors of the family. These portraits are as large or larger than life ; they are some in armour, some in robes, and some in both, with their shields bearing their armorial emblazonments. The first five have in their shields simply six paroquets white. From the sixth they quarter three green paroquets with red legs. Most of them have a sort of turban, and their fantastic robes give them a very Saracenic air. One has his robe entirely covered with the paroquets. The third has a long band of red cloth hanging from his white turban down beneath his shield, which is held low. The eighth is in scarlet robes of state, with a sandy beard. This is Ralph, first Lord Lumley, who built the eastern front of this castle in the reign of Richard II., and afterwards died in defending the interests of that monarch. In the next picture we see Richard II.

then in the bloom of youth, with bright auburn hair, seated in a chair of state in his royal robes, scarlet lined with ermine, his inner dress deep blue or purple, powdered over with golden R's, and crowned. He holds the sceptre in his left hand, and with his right presents a patent of nobility to this same Lord Lumley, then Sir Ralph, who is kneeling before him in his baron's robes, a tall, stout man, with bald forehead, long hair, and most majestic beard. On a scroll at the king's feet—'KINGE RICHARD THE SECONDE.' The background, representing probably the presence-chamber, is draped with golden lilies, and on the frame stand—R. R. 2 AN'D'NI 1384, A^o REG. 8. 'That,' said the old lady, 'is Ralph Lord Lumley, praying the king to let him fortify his house,' which may also be the fact.

One knight in full armour, with his aventayle up, holds his pennon in his hand, bearing the three green paroquets. The next in succession is in a green surcoat, with red boots, and a turban with a red ostrich feather. The last two are in black Venetian robes, with caps, and large gold chains on their breasts. There is but one lady in the hall, and that is Elizabeth Darcy, the second wife of the last John Lord Lumley. She appears in a black dress, figured all over with trees and flying birds; the sleeves and openings of the gown ornamented with pearls; a rich point-lace apron, of the shape of a reversed kite, a ruff of point-lace, a huge pearl necklace hanging over her stomacher, and her dark hair ornamented with a coronet of pearls—the countenance full and expressive. Elizabeth Uxor II. filia D. Johannis Darcy de Chiche.

Next to the portrait of Elizabeth Darcy hangs the table of the pedigree of the Lumleys, in gold letters, and with their armorial bearings; and aloft, in a niche at the same

end, is the modern family crest, a figure of a pelican in its piety—that is, feeding its young from its own breast ; and in the front wall, four niches, containing four well-executed marble busts, two male and two female, said to be those of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The fireplace of stone, opposite the entrance door, is of immense size ; above it the mantel, supported by Doric pillars, and upon it are the arms of Lumley, quartering Thornton, and impaling the blanch lion of Fitzalan, quartering Clun, Maltravers, and Widville ; supporters—dexter, a parrot ; sinister, a white horse (Fitzalan), with the motto of the Lumleys—*MURUS ÆNÆUS, SANA CONSCIENTIA.*

Proceeding now on my exploratory progress, I entered the next room, called the Great Dining-Room. This is in the south-western tower, and of nearly equal dimensions with the hall. It is a noble airy room, in the French or Italian style, having a fine vaulted ceiling of stucco-work, in the centre the star and garter, and around figures of old men. The walls are wainscoted, and painted of a light colour, the narrower panels ornamented with vizors, from which depend strings of fruit and flowers, and every wider alternating panel having a medallion head of a Roman emperor. The fireplace is of beautiful white marble of similar design, and over it a bas-relief in stucco-work of peculiar grace and spirit. It is a wintry and mountainous landscape, with a frozen lake and blasted trees. A group of plump and happily executed children are gathering sticks and making a fire. A pair of bellows lies on the ground, indicating that they are not far from some human habitation, and are only engaged in play ; and near them on the half-frozen lake is a swan, which seems even desirous to get as near to them and their fire as possible. Two Italians, said the old lady, came over

on purpose to do this room, for that Lord Richard who killed himself.

I now wandered on through empty rooms along the south front, which once, my good old dame afterwards informed me, were hung with silk damask, and had furniture covered with the same, all of which was stripped down and sold by that desperate auctioneer, at the sale in the days of Lord Richard, the third from the present. In the centre of this front, however, I was almost startled by coming in the twilight into a room with several full-length portraits. One was Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III., when very young, in his robes. Another, a gay and handsome-looking young gentleman, Sir Thomas Sanderson, the brother of the second Earl of Scarborough, in rich silken robes, with the collar of the Bath, and in his hand a black velvet cap with ostrich feathers. There were two others of Lord John Lumley of 1588, one in skull-cap and armour richly inlaid with gold, the other in full crimson robes, and holding in his hands a glove and a purse, as Baron of the Exchequer.

My progress was now through a vast wilderness of desolate and empty rooms, finding the doors all set open before me. Thus I rambled round this great old deserted castle, which is built round an inner court of about eighty feet square, the outer fronts extending every way near two hundred feet in length each. Sometimes I was gliding carefully over floors of polished oak, that echoed to the tread, and threatened to throw me down at every step ; then I came to a staircase that led me up into other stories, or down into subterranean passages, vaults, and offices of various descriptions, once, no doubt, busy enough with servants and their concerns, but small, damp, chill, empty,

and desolate. Then again, I looked out of the front windows, finding myself gazing over a wide twilight landscape, or encountering those dark masses of woods that stretch along the western side, and rendered more solemn by the shadows of night, and the hoarse brawling of the stream in the deep glen below. Then I was at a window looking into the inner area, where all was gloomy, silent, and full of the spirit of the past. Opposite to me, in the west centre, stood a turreted gateway, on which were carved two long perpendicular lines of armorial shields, over one of which, in an escutcheon, showed the lily, and over the other the rose. The shields themselves, having the true air of ancient baronial state, as they were wont to be emblazoned on the front of martial halls, were in truth proud shields, testimonies of many a high alliance. Above, on the turrets, some ancient heraldic beasts, lions or rams, seemed to range in the twilight, and threaten, as the night advanced, to become instinct with life, and prepared to play strange gambols through these old wild rooms. In the dusk below, were dimly visible the remains of ancient marble fountains. As the gathering gloom warned me, I turned from the window, and began to retrace my way through the house. Nothing could be more dismal. The wind now thundered round the whole fabric, shaking the windows, many of which presented without the view of iron bars, as of a prison. It was, in fact, quite pleasant to reach once more the housekeeper's snug apartment, and find a cheerful fire, and candles casting their social light all over it. In this room are Lady Harriet Lumley, a half-length, a pretty young girl, and a good painting; Lady Blackett, a three-quarters length, said to be the younger sister of the other. There were also two children in one frame, in curious old-fashioned frocks. These are

said to be the Hon. Thomas and Richard Lumley, as children.

The old lady next led me into the kitchen ; one of the most stupendous, lofty, and every way remarkable kitchens in the kingdom. Here, on occasion, a dinner for a regiment of soldiers might be cooked, and many an enormous fire and immense roast it has no doubt from age to age witnessed. The steward's room, now the housekeeper's, was the only one remaining to notice, and here were all the advantages of light and comfort. The old lady was disposed to be quite agreeable ; she had produced her cake and wine, and requesting me to rest myself awhile, seemed ready to be chatty and communicative. The portraits here are, one of the great John Lord Lumley, of Elizabeth's time, in black, with skull-cap and ruff, a ring hung from the neck by a black ribbon, and a countenance expressive and noble. One of his first wife, Jane Fitzalan, daughter of that last Earl of Arundel, on whose behalf the Lumley estates suffered such curtailment. Jane Fitzalan is a handsome person, of delicate aquiline tournure, and elegant and expressive cast of features. She is dressed in black velvet, with strings of pearls and jewels, and braids of pearls in her brown hair. A small figure of Ralph Lumley of 1567, and another small figure of a young man with handsome delicate features, and in a Spanish dress. On the back of this picture is written, ' Lumley, who was in the battle of Flodden Field, when King James of Scots was slain.' Lady Halifax, a handsome woman, in a pale orange silk and pink scarf, her black hair hanging over one shoulder. The first Earl of Scarborough, in armour, holding a truncheon, a battle in the distance. General Lumley, his brother, also in armour, a battle in the distance. These brothers lived in the trouble-

some times of the downfall of the Stewarts, and saw fighting enough. They appear to have lived on from the days of Charles I. to the accession of George I., a period of upwards of 70 years ; for the first earl is stated to have had a command in the army under Prince Rupert, and to have also been one of the commissioners appointed to hold the government till the arrival of George I.

Here are two youthful portraits of the Hon. Charles and John Lumley, who would appear from likeness and style of painting to be brothers of the two young ladies in the housekeeper's room ; and finally, the second Earl of Scarborough, Richard, who shot himself, and whose portrait as a child we have already noticed in the housekeeper's room, accompanied by that of his younger brother Thomas, who succeeded him in the title in 1737.

Bidding adieu to good Mrs. Chandler's snug room and reminiscences, I took a parting stroll all round the castle.

The night had now settled darkly down. This grand old castle front, with all its projecting towers, gloomy gateway, ancient shields, with grim and uncouth heads of beasts and horned prophets, and its lofty battlements, frowned solemnly and sternly upon me. Below, deep in its glen, brawled and muttered along the steam ; and vast woods extending right and left, spread a deeper blackness around, and sent from their wind-stirred depths dreary sighings, such as seem to belong only to night and to woods. I thought if ever there was a scene calculated to create a belief in haunted halls, and in the tales and creatures of ancient romance, it was this ; and as I hastened away to cross the river and regain my inn, I often turned and saw with a peculiar pleasure the ancient towers of the Lumleys looming majestically through the gloom



Lambton Castle.

*VISIT TO LAMBTON CASTLE, SEAT OF THE
EARL OF DURHAM.*

How totally different is everything here from the subject of our last chapter ! A few miles and an adjoining estate, and we are in as different a scene as the most distant part of the empire could present to us. At Lumley, we have the abode of an ancient race, left to solitude and decay. Here, all is new, having a mixed fashion of the old and the new. We see in the castellated character of the house a memento that its line also traces itself from an old date and through feudal years ; but in its freshness, its modern sharpness, its polish and contrivances, and *convenances* of to-day, all the evidences of a family that has risen and flourished more especially in recent times. We have here the stern architecture of our feudal ancestors, adapted to the higher luxury and more refined needs of our own day. Lambton

Castle is a perfect and expressive image of the feudalism of the nineteenth century ; of feudalism made easy to the present generation. It is a singular fact that the Lambtons and their neighbours, the Lumleys, are now the only two remaining families in the county who can trace their lines in an undoubted descent from the Saxon period. In that descent, however, there has been a wide difference. The Lumleys commenced in a higher source, and maintained a loftier flight. The Lambtons on the contrary, belonged rather to the squirearchy ; and seemed to pursue a more still and unambitious course. It was not till the time of the grandfather of the late Earl that the Lambtons began to assume a more prominent position in the public eye. He was a major-general in the American War ; and his son, father of Earl Durham, representing the city of Durham in Parliament, in the days of Pitt, Fox, and Grey, at once won for himself the reputation of an orator and a bold patriot.

A pleasant walk from Chester-le-Street, along the banks of the Wear, a stream that with its winding current, its willow banks, and its gravelly shelving strand here and there heaped with driftwood, presented me continually with recollections of Bewick, brought me to one of three lodges by which access is obtained to the park. The castle then presented itself, on the northern bank of the river—a fine object, in a fine situation. The Wear here performs some of its most beautiful windings, for which it is so remarkable, and its lofty banks hung with fine woods, presented the most lovely views whichever way you looked. The castle, in all its newness of aspect, stands boldly on the height above the river, with beautiful green slopes descending towards it. As you approach the castle and enter it, everything impresses

you with a sense of its strength, tastefulness, and completeness. The compact and well-built walls of clam-stone ; the well-paved and well-finished courts ; the numerous and complete offices ; the kitchens, furnished with every convenience and implement that modern skill and ingenuity can bring together—all tell that you are in the abode of a man of the amplest resources. As you advance, elegance and luxury are added to completeness ; and you are surrounded, not by the rude and quaint objects of our old houses, but by the rich requisites of present aristocratic existence. One of the most gratifying matters of observation here, and highly honourable to the taste and liberality of Lord Durham, is, that not exclusively the works of ancient artists, but rather those of distinguished contemporaries, adorn the walls.

In the Library you have a full-length of Lord Durham's father, in an Italian dress, by Angelica Kaufman ; another in his ordinary dress. Portraits of Brougham, Grey, Sir Humphry Davy, and Sir Robert Wilson ; an old print by Bassano ; Bishop James ; portrait of a young woman, by Raffaele, &c.

In the Gallery : View of Durham, by Glover, purchased by Mr. Lambton for 500*l.* ; Lady Ann Lambton and children, by Hoppner ; Martin's Ninth Plague ; Ullswater, by Hofland ; Lady Durham, tall and fair, and being a strong likeness to her father Earl Grey ; Cooper's Battles of Bosworth Field and Marston-Moor ; Woodcutters, by Collins ; Italian Scenery, by Callcott ; Garrick's Temple at Hampton, by Zoffany ; and Bowden, Mrs. Garrick, and George Garrick, fishing in Garrick's Garden ; two Landscapes, by Domenichino, and others.

In the Saloon : Lord Brougham, by Sir Thomas

Lawrence ; Cattle in the Water, by Wilson ; Rock Scene, by Salvator Rosa ; Titian's Mistress ; large hunting scene, by Wyck ; Mrs. Cavendish as Psyche ; a lady dressing, by Gorgione, a beautiful thing ; Lady Anne Hamilton, by Sir Joshua Reynolds ; head of Annibale Caro, by Titian. Here also are two magnificent gilt vases, presented to Lord Durham by the Emperor of Russia ; and a porphyry one, in shape of a font, presented by the King of Sweden.

In the Entrance Hall : Mr. Lambton as a boy, by Beecher ; and on the staircase, a bust of Napoleon, by Chardet ; bust of Pope, by Roubilliac ; bust of Lord Durham, by Behnes ; statue of Charles William Lambton, by Behnes ; with several paintings. These and others of striking merit, by Glover, Thompson, Both, Pocock, Breughel, and other artists, adorn the walls of this splendid mansion.

One of the most remarkable things about Lambton is that Legend of the Worm, and the popular ideas attached to it. The story of the Worm of Lambton cannot be better told than in the words of Surtees. 'The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear of a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm, at first neglected, grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the *Worm Well*, betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the water ; it also frequented a green mound near the well, called thence '*The Worm Hill*,' where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which grave living witnesses depose that they have seen the vestiges. It now became the terror of the country ; and, amongst other enormities,

levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the green hill, and in default of which it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile totally repented him of his former life and conversation ; had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, saw that the Worm must be at once destroyed, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the crusader was foiled by his enemy's *power of self-union*, he found it expedient to unite policy to courage ; and not, perhaps possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor-blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river, and awaited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, while the stream washing away the several parts prevented the possibility of re-union. There is still a sequel to the story. The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition--that he would slay the first living thing that met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father that, as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed that he forgot the injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of

committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven, or, as some accounts say, nine generations—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with.’

Popular tradition assigns the chapel of Brigford as the spot where Lambton offered up his vows before and after the adventure. In the garden-house at Lambton are two figures of great antiquity. A knight, in good style, armed cap-à-pie, the back however, *not studded with razor-blades*, who holds the Worm by one ear with his left hand, and with his right thrusts his sword to the hilt down its throat ; and a lady who wears a coronet, with bare breasts, &c., in the style of Charles II.’s Beauties—a wound on whose bosom, and an accidental mutilation of the hand are said to be work of the Worm. A real good Andrea Ferrara, inscribed on the blade 1521, notwithstanding the date, has also been pressed into the service, and is said to be the identical weapon by which the Worm perished.

The scene of the Worm’s haunts, and of the combat, is at a considerable distance from the castle ; in fact, about a mile and a half from the *old* Lambton Hall, where the Lambtons then dwelt. It is on the north bank of the Wear, in the estate of North Biddick, and now in quite a populous location. The Worm Hill is a conspicuous conical mound of considerable size, but having all the appearance of an ancient barrow, or other artificial tumulus. It stands in a meadow just at the backs of some houses, is perfectly green with grass, and now, whatever it might do formerly, bears not the slightest trace of the place where the Worm coiled

itself. It is about eighty yards from the river, and the well lay twenty-six yards from the hill. Half a century ago the Worm Well was in repute as a *Wishing Well*, and was one of the scenes dedicated to the usual festivities and superstitions of Midsummer Eve. The well also formerly had a lid, and an iron ladle attached. It has now vanished entirely, being drained into the river. Yet the fame of the Worm is there as lively as ever, and many of the inhabitants have great faith in the story.



Jarrow.

*VISIT TO JARROW: THE ABODE OF THE
VENERABLE BEDE.*

THERE is one place in the county of Durham which, though it has few striking endowments of nature or of ancient art remaining, must yet irresistibly draw the foot of every wanderer northward—that is, Jarrow, the life-long abode of the Venerable Bede. Bede, as we have already observed, was the solitary star of British learning of his time. To him we owe it that the history of the settlement of Christianity in this country was not altogether lost. He collected the scattered knowledge of the planting of the Cross here, from various religious houses, never ceasing, by letters or personally, to inquire out the persons who possessed it, or the

convents in which it lay. He brought down the history of the Church to his own time ; but history seemed to exist solely in his own person, and when he died, to die with him. The long night of authentic record which followed his decease only makes us feel more sensibly the value of his labours. But his five celebrated books of ecclesiastical history, afterwards translated into Saxon by King Alfred, though the most important, at least to succeeding times, formed but a small part of his works. He wrote a life of St. Cuthbert ; and according to his own statement, from the date of his attaining the priesthood, which was at the early age of nineteen, till his fifty-ninth year, he never ceased to compose annotations and glosses on the Holy Scripture, for the edifying of himself and brethren. He tells us that Acca, Bishop of Hexam, exhorted him to compile his commentary on St. Luke, on the Hexæmeron, on Samuel, and on Esdras. Of the careful and fine hand in which these were finally written out we have examples in those copies of the Vulgate New Testament, and of Cassiodorus on the Psalter, in his handwriting, still preserved in the Chapter Library at Durham. The former volume contains a decoration, of the full folio size, coeval with the book—David playing upon a lyre, of a very early character, within an ornamented border of the Saxon period, painted, as there is every reason to believe, by Bede himself ; and if so, proving that, in addition to his more grave and useful studies and occupations, he had very successfully, for his period, cultivated the art of illuminating. Others of his MSS. are preserved in Lambeth Palace and in the Bodleian Library.

The fame of Bede spread over entire Christendom ; the Pope called him to Rome that he might see the great luminary of the West, and might do him fitting honour

before the world ; but nothing could seduce him from his retreat. There he was born ; and there he desired only to live and die. The contrast between the fixity of his body and the activity of his mind was marvellous. His birth-place was just by the small hamlet of Monkton. From his very childhood he seems to have had no desire but to plunge into a cell, and into books, and thenceforward no change could offer him an accession of happiness but that from earth to heaven. He was happy enough to be allowed to enter Jarrow so early as in his seventh year, and must have been one of the very first who did so, for the cell of Jarrow was founded by Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, only in 681, and completed and dedicated by Abbot Ceolfrid, in 685. Bede entered it in 684, so that it must have been while it was in progress, and even a year before its completion. Perhaps the magnificent Benedict might have discovered the boy's extraordinary genius, as he came to learn Latin under some holy man ; for Benedict was a prelate of great mind, and zealous for the honour and prosperity of his church. He founded, under the patronage of Egfrid, then monarch of Northumberland, the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow. He brought from Rome, to enrich them, books, relics, and paintings, in such abundance as must have cost an ample fortune. He sent to France for masons to build his church at Wearmouth, on the Italian model. He sent also to that country for glaziers to glaze the windows ; for, as Bede expressly assures us, the craft of glazing was yet unknown in Britain ; and he had his fellow countrymen instructed in the most important mysteries of making and using glass.

We may imagine the boy Bede under so noble a patron, glorying himself in the span-new cell of Jarrow, with *glazed windows*, a luxury then unknown to most noble or ecclesias-

tical houses ; and amid heaps of classic authors, brought by this munificent abbot from Rome. At the age of nineteen Bede had attained priest's orders, and commenced that life of literary labour, and if we are to judge of it by its effects on him, of literary felicity, which he maintained to the last, never wandering farther from Jarrow than to the parent monastery of Wearmouth, to consult books, converse with the more learned monks, and admire those great religious paintings with which Benedict had magnificently adorned the ceiling and walls of the church : those of the Virgin Mother of heaven, and the Twelve Apostles, decorating the main roof and extending from wall to wall ; the south wall being covered with subjects from the Evangelists, and the north one made awful with the terrific visions of John's Apocalypse.

It was not till the last moment of his existence that he ceased his learned and literary labours. The manner of his death was striking and characteristic. He was dictating a translation of the Gospel of St. John to an amanuensis. The young man who wrote said, 'There is now, master, but one sentence wanting ;' upon which he bade him write quickly ; and when the scribe said, 'It is now done,' the dying sage ejaculated, 'It *is* now done !' and a few minutes afterwards expired, in the act of prayer, on the floor of his cell, in the sixty-third year of his age, in the month of May, A.D. 735.

A stranger would now wonder what were those charms which bound Bede through his whole life so irresistibly to Jarrow. The ruined walls of the monastery, and the church adjoining, stand on a green hill on the banks of the Tyne, a mile or more from its mouth, and from South Shields in a direct line ; rather they stand on the border of Jarrow Slake,

a ruined haven, half filled by the wash of sand and soil, which still receives the waters of the Tyne at flood, and is left dry at ebb. You have to wind far round this basin, or *slake*, as it is called, to reach Shields. The site of the monastery is on a ridge descending swiftly to this bay, and accessible on the south by a raised causeway across the marsh, and a narrow bridge over the little water of Dove, which flows into the head of the lake.

All that side of the neighbourhood towards the Tyne, and towards Shields, swarms with life, and resounds with mercantile activity. Could Bede, who sate here during his life in a profound and sacred solitude, snatching from time and tradition what were even then the fading things of a past antiquity, see it now, he would imagine chaos come again. The walls of his beloved cell probably gave way ages ago, and those raised in their stead, now shattered and tottering fragments, which the winds, here very fiercely tossing to and fro, every year hurl down piecemeal ;—he would find cottagers cultivating their gardens where the monks paced their cloisters. Instead of the airy expanse of the Jarrow Slake, then probably a bay—deep, fresh, with its white-edged billows rolling to the shores, its gulls, and perhaps a few fishing vessels—now he would find it clogged with sand, and its banks rank with ooze, but the whole breadth of the river, from North to South Shields, occupied with a host of vessels of all nations. He would see scores of tall chimneys vomiting volumes of black smoke ; houses clustered right and left, as far as the eye can reach, half lost in reeks and vapours of a thousand sorts, issuing from coke and brick kilns, from forges and roperies, from manufactories of glass and alkalies, and what the old woman of the abbey church calls ‘nasty poisons that kill everything

about. only those that make 'em,' which thickly line the banks of Tyne and the dingy twin towns of Shields.

Of Bede, it is obvious that Jarrow can now possess little memorial. The Whitby chronicler, who probably wrote in the twelfth century, and is quoted by Leland, says that the cell, twice wasted by the Danes, exhibited in his time the wreck only of its ancient structure, and was tenanted by three monks, who pointed out the oratory of Bede, and exhibited his little *arula*, in the midst of which a piece of green serpentine was placed instead of a gem. Now, such has been the destruction and alteration of a long course of centuries, that no one could pretend to say even where his oratory stood. The only thing connected with him is in the church; and here again, it is odd enough, *an old woman* lives in the ruins of the monastery, and shows you the church. She has a chamber in the ruins, to which you ascend by a flight of steps. The chamber has a wide old fireplace, with gothic pillars up the sides, and black with smoke ; it has a very monastic and old-world look.

The church to which she admits you is a good parish-church, bearing here and there traces of its great antiquity, such as old round-headed arches, now blocked up, and loose fragments of Saxon capitals, pilasters, and bases preserved with care. Those rich and sacred paintings with which Benedict, on his last return from Rome, beautified this, then his new church of Jarrow—Isaac carrying the wood for his own sacrifice ; the Saviour bearing His Cross ; the typical elevation of the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness ; and the last solemn scene of the Crucifixion—no doubt the Danes destroyed ; but the old tower still bears traces of his work in its small round-headed double lights, exactly like those in the church of Wearmouth ; and the

old dame takes care to show you that ancient inscription on a stone, formerly being in the north wall of the chancel, but now fixed in the arch of the tower betwixt the chancel and nave, recording the building of the church in A.D. 685 :—

D DEDICATIO BASILAE
K
SCI PAVLI VIII KL MAI
ANNO XV EGFRIDI REG
· · · · ·
· · · · ·
CEOLFRIDI ABB EIVSDEMQ
Q. ECCLES DO AVCTORE
CONDITORIS ANNO IIII.

Thus written at full by the monks of Whitby—*Dedicatio Basilicæ S. Pauli VIII calendis Maii Anno XV. Egfridi Regis, Ceolfridi Abbatis ejusdem Q. M Ecclesiæ deo auctore conditoris Anno IIII.*

In the vestry stands the only thing which pretends to have belonged to Bede, and that is his Chair: A tall, straight-backed, and most rude machine, of oak, evidently hewn out with the axe, and now having some bars of wood nailed across the back to hold it together. In this Chair, of course, every visitor reverently seats himself; but others, not so reverently, have cut and hewed away from it many a fragment, after the good old English fashion of Protestant relic-holders. The bones of Bede, we are informed, were carried off from their resting-place here, about the year 1022, by Elfred the sacrist, to Durham, where for some time they were deposited near, if not in, the tomb of St. Cuthbert himself. Bishop Pudsey had them enclosed in a splendid shrine of silver and gold, worthy of his name, which was afterwards removed to the Galilee, at the request of his great admirer, Richard of Barnard Castle, who was

also buried near this shrine. The table on which the precious casket was placed in the Galilee was of blue marble, and was supported on five low pillars resting upon another marble slab beneath. It was protected by a cover of wainscot, curiously gilt, elevated, when necessary, by means of a pulley, and running upon twelve perpendicular iron rods, three in each corner of the stone. In this state the



Bede's Chair.

shrine of Bede remained till the Reformation, when it was defaced.

Neither the name of Bede, nor the benefits which he conferred on humanity in his laborious life, can ever perish. In that far-off and twilight period when he rose, he stands forth colossal and alone, in his strange power—of comprehending, of gathering, and of diffusing, in the wide scope and clearness of his vision ; in the strong grasp and far reach of his intellect ; in the simple piety of his spirit, and the incessant industry of his habits. It is of little consequence whether that rude chair on which we look was

ever honoured by his occupying it ; of equally little how long a few crumbling stones shall mark the place of his earthly pilgrimage ; while the green hill of Jarrow lifts its head, it will hold fast the memory of the truly Venerable Bede, and through the earth will still spread those radiations of knowledge and civilisation which he there, near 1200 years ago, set in motion.



Brancepeth Castle.

VISIT TO BRANCEPETH AND RABY CASTLES.

THE famous family of the Nevilles were the great family of Durham, as the Percys were of Northumberland. Like them, they were the champions of the Borders ; the bulwarks of the Palatinate against the inroads of the Scots. Like them, and even more than them, they became mixed up with the general history of the nation, and were active agents in those strifes for the Crown which kept England well watered with blood from the days of Richard II. to those of Henry VII. Through their ambition and their valour, the rival Roses of York and Lancaster alternately waxed paler, or blushed a more sanguine crimson. With the latter house they were allied in blood, with the former in marriage. The Neville stood at times beside the monarch, as one of his nearest of kin. With the Percys too they were closely allied by marriages ; and were sometimes fighting

with them, sometimes against them, till at length, in the reign of Elizabeth, in a vain attempt to restore the old religion, to which they were firm adherents, the Neville and the Percy banners were seen flying together—the Crescent and the Dun Bull—for the last time. Both fell before the indignant might of Elizabeth; the Crescent, according to its natural augury, to reappear and wax again, but the Dun Bull never to return.

In taking a hasty glance over the history of this noble family, we speedily become sensible of its great importance, and of the many striking scenes in which its members figured. Camden has in one sentence observed, that from this house sprung six Earls of Westmoreland, two Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, an Earl of Kent, a Marquis of Montacute, a Baron Ferrers of Oversley, Barons Latimer, Barons Abergavenny, one Queen, five Duchesses—to omit Countesses and Baronesses, an Archbishop of York, and a great number of inferior gentlemen.

The origin of this family is to be found in the Saxon times. Canute gave Staindropshire to the church of Durham, and the prior and convent granted the same district to Dolphin, son of Uchtred, and Raby soon became the seat of the honour. The grandson of Dolphin married Isabel, sister and heir of Henry de Nevil. From her mother Emma, daughter and heiress of Bertram Bulner, this Isabel derived the castles and lordships of Sheriff Hutton and Brancepeth, and a whole train of estates and manors dependent on those two great fees. Out of gratitude for these large possessions, and perhaps in honour of the Norman blood of this wealthy bride, the family adopted henceforth the surname of Neville.

The house of Neville advanced to the highest power and dignity. There were no names in the North that could

compete with the three great ones of Percy, Clifford, and Neville. John Lord Neville was in many offices of high trust, as warden of the East Marches, governor of Bamborough, high-admiral of England, lieutenant of Aquitaine, and seneschal of Bordeaux. He is said to have been the builder of the splendid pile of Raby. He attended Richard II. on his expedition into Scotland, with 200 men at arms, and 300 archers. He died at Newcastle in 1388, and lies buried by his father in the nave of Durham cathedral. His successor was created Earl of Westmoreland by Richard II., whom, however, he soon deserted, together with Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, and assisted to place Henry of Lancaster on the throne. Henry IV. showered honours on the house of Neville ; and on the death of his first wife, Margaret, the daughter of Hugh Earl Stafford, the Earl of Westmoreland married the king's half-sister, Joan the legitimatised daughter of John of Gaunt. Thus become brother-in-law to his monarch, created Earl of Richmond and Earl Marshal for life, with vast estates and equal influence, there seemed no higher state of worldly honour, except monarchy itself, to which he could aspire. He repelled two insurrections against his sovereign, and shared in the glory of the victory of Agincourt under Henry V. His state of prosperity was pre-eminent, especially when compared with the fortunes of his great neighbour the Earl of Northumberland. His eldest son, by Joan of Lancaster, became Earl of Salisbury, and father of the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, the famous *king-maker* Warwick—

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.

The splendour and power of this short but mighty line, not only the historian, but Shakspeare. has made us too well

acquainted with to render it necessary to do more than allude to it. In the victorious career of Henry V. in France Warwick and Salisbury, and others of the Nevilles, bore a distinguished part. When Henry VI. in marrying Margaret of Anjou, gave up to her father Regnier, king of Naples, &c., Anjou and Maine, Warwick exclaims—

Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer ;
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?

In the bloody wars of the Roses he truly set up and pulled down at pleasure ; he allied his family with the princes of the blood, and heirs to the throne ; and his second daughter, Anne, became, as wife of Richard III., queen of England. But a fate, as fearful as it had been splendid, swept him and all his away. He and his brother, John Neville, Marquis of Montagu, both fell in the battle of Barnet ; his father was beheaded, after the battle, at Wakefield ; his brother, Sir Thomas Neville, was slain there too. His daughter Isabel married the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., and whom Edward put to death in 1477, while their two children both fell by the hand of the executioner : Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, *the last male heir of Plantagenet*, beheaded on Tower Hill in the reign of Henry VII., 1499, and Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, also beheaded on Tower Hill in the reign of Henry VIII.

Such was the fatal splendour of the Warwick line of descendants of the great Earl of Westmoreland. His third son, by Joan of Lancaster, George Lord Latimer, transmitted a longer descent ; and from his fourth son, by the same royal lady, Edward Neville, Lord Abergavenny, is lineally descended.

The elder line maintained their character and dignity as Earls of Westmoreland till the reign of Elizabeth, when the sixth and last Earl unfortunately engaged in the celebrated Rising of the North, with the Earl of Northumberland ; the destruction of himself and his house was the consequence. A more ill-concocted and more disastrous enterprise never was engaged in.

The wealthier rebels were doomed to attainder and confiscation, whilst all the severity of martial law was let loose on the miserable offenders who had nothing but their lives to lose. About sixty persons suffered at Durham, chiefly petty constables and others who had acted under the orders of the insurgents. Executions equally sanguinary took place at Richmond, and in other places, where the rebellion had been most general. But the country did not suffer merely from the severe execution of justice ; the innocent were confounded with the guilty, amid the excesses of a disordered soldiery, and the defenceless peasantry were everywhere the objects of indiscriminate outrage and plunder. The vast confiscations which followed the suppression of the rebellion produced a more extensive change in the landed property within the bishopric than any preceding revolution since the Norman era. The princely house of Neville was overwhelmed in utter and irretrievable ruin, with all its adherents ; and the immense forfeitures, the castles of Raby and Brancepeth, with all their train of dependent manors, were vested in the Crown.

The unfortunate noblemen fled into Scotland, where they wandered about in the wild border fastnesses, in disguise and great distress ; pursued by spies, and their lives made a temptation by rewards set upon them. The Earl of Northumberland was at length betrayed by a traitorous

borderer, Hector of Harelaw, to the Regent Murray, whose successor, Morton, sold him to Lord Hunsdon, governor of Berwick, and he perished on the scaffold. The Earl of Westmoreland found a safe retreat with Kerr of Fernihurst, and afterwards escaped into Flanders, where he entered as a colonel into the Spanish service, and protracted a life of unavailing regret, to extreme old age.

Such were the events that swept away this great and ancient house, and dispersed their widely stretching and various estates into many families. Brancepeth was sold by the Crown in the reign of Charles I. Raby Castle and estate were sold to Sir Henry Vane, and have descended from him, in a direct line, to their present possessor, the Duke of Cleveland.

On the 19th of May I walked over, on a fine morning, from Durham to Brancepeth. My way lay through a pleasant country ; and at the distance of about four miles from Durham, the stately tower of Brancepeth rose before me. I was on a slope *somewhat* higher than itself indeed, and saw with surprise the open and plain country in which a castle that once stood so much in the way of the Scots, and had so often been beleaguered by them, was situated. It raised its wide range of turrets and battlements from a campaign, and its flag flapping in the wind, and denoting that its lord was at home, waved over rich and peaceful enclosures. How different a scene, and how suggestive of different reflections, to what it must have been to a stranger before the union of the kingdoms ! Many a fierce torrent of martial Scots had the old castle of Brancepeth seen rushing from the north towards it, and it had continually been sacked and destroyed by them. But now it stood restored in more than its ancient glory, in the midst of a strength

and security that it never knew, even in the days of its mighty lords, the Nevilles, or when the habitation of Richard of Gloucester, who married Anne, the daughter of Warwick the king-maker.

Leland describes the castle in his time, as 'strongly set and builded, and hath two courts of high building. There is a little mote that hemmith a peeice of the first court. In this court be 3 towers of lodgging, and three smaule adornments. The pleasure of the castell is in the 2 court, and entering into it by a great toure, I saw in 'scochin, in the fronte of it, a lion rampaunt. On the southe-west part of the castelle cummith doune a little bek out o' the rokkes and hills not far off. Sum say that Rafe Navill, the first Erle of Westmerland, buildid much of this house—A.D. 1398. The Erle that now is, hath set a new peeice of work to it.' Hutchinson adds: 'Within the works is a spacious area, which you enter from the north by a gate with a portcullis, and defended by two square towers. . . . The parts now inhabited lie on the south-west side of the area, and appear to have been connected by works of various ages. The original plan in that part seems to have consisted of four distinct towers, whose angles project as buttresses, with a small turret at the top of each angle, hanging on corbels, open at the sides, and not in front. . . . Towards the north and east the castle has been defended by a moat; to the south and west, the walls rise from a rock nearly forty feet in height, washed by a small brook. The hills to the west are lofty.'

This, indeed, is one of the noblest houses in the country. The rooms are splendid, and furnished with corresponding taste and richness. The entrance hall is very fine. In it stands the suit of armour, still richly inlaid with gold, said

to be that of David Bruce, King of Scotland, taken at Neville's Cross. The hall has large oaken seats, or sofas, if they may be so called, the arms of which terminate with large and well-carved boars' or brawns' heads, in allusion to the legend of the huge brawn, said once to have haunted this spot, and to have been killed by one of its lords, and thus giving its name to the place—The Brawn's-path.

Mr. Russell has, in his Baron's Hall, a fine collection of armour and arms of all sorts. He remarked, what has been also generally remarked in these cases, that when applied to by gentlemen for the loan of suits of armour to wear at the Eglinton Tournament, few could be found capacious enough for the persons who wanted them ; a convincing proof, at least, if any were needed, that men have not decreased in size, any more than in numbers, in modern times, in whatever other respects they may have degenerated. The windows of this and other rooms are finely painted by Collins. They contain the appropriate subjects of the Battle of Neville's Cross ; full-length figures of the first Earl of Westmoreland and his lady ; and of the Black Prince and Joan Beaufort. There is a long gallery containing the jacks, steel caps, muskets, and swords of a troop of cavalry mounted by the late Mr. Russell. Mr. Russell showed me that the locks were all taken off the muskets, for fear of a surprise by the Chartists. When one looked round at the strength and massiveness of these walls, and that great portcullis, one could not help thinking that nothing *but* a surprise need inspire a fear of Chartists ; and yet, what a strange change of times and subjects of terror—no longer the Scots of the Border, but the operatives of those great towns, of which the Nevilles in their day knew nothing !

In the house are some good paintings, particularly a

large one of a Boar-hunt, said to be by Snyders—very fine ; and Diana and Nymphs bathing.

The country around is rich and pleasant. In the church are various monuments of the Nevilles.

To reach Raby, we will return to Durham, and thence on our way will drop down a moment to take a hasty glance at the palace of the Bishop of Durham, at Auckland. This is a palace indeed ! It stands on the hill above the town, which the prelatical residence seems in a great measure to have created, and makes you feel at once that in this country not only the merchants, but the prelates, are still princes. The palace must be looked at as a whole, and not with too scrutinising an eye to the character of its architecture, which is of various dates, all modern, and some of it not of the purest character. It is sufficient that it claims to be classed as Gothic. But as a habitation it is a splendid one—its situation, with hills and green sloping lawns, rocks, woods, and water, is very beautiful. It contains some noble rooms, and some fine paintings, as—Jacob and the Twelve Patriarchs, by Spagnoletto ; the Cornaro Family, by Titian ; and others. This lovely site was selected by the bold bishop Anthony Bek, for a retreat, and here he built a fine castellated manor-house. At the time of the Commonwealth it fell into the hands of Sir Arthur Haselrigge, who was not too much devoted to the republic to neglect accumulating large spoils of the confiscated property in these parts. He destroyed the old buildings and raised himself a splendid house here, which, however, on the Restoration, was again pulled down by Bishop Cousins, and has been raised by others of his successors to its present condition and greatness.

As we proceed towards Barnard Castle, we suddenly

come into view of the castle of Raby. The road brings us within a few hundred yards of it. Its grey extent of towers rises before us, with its park, well peopled with herds of deer, stretching around it. Comparatively flat again as is the situation, and which would seem to have been better liked by the Nevilles than more hilly and romantic ones, there is nothing that we recollect to have seen anywhere which impresses us at the first view with a stronger feeling of the old feudal grandeur. It stands in its antiquity and vastness, the fitting abode of the mighty Nevilles. We can almost imagine that we shall find them still inhabiting it. The royal Joan, walking with her maidens on the green terrace that surrounds it, or the first great Earl of Westmoreland setting out with all his train to scour its wide chases and dales for the deer, or to proceed to the Marches to chastise the boldness of the Scots. The exterior of the whole place has been well preserved in its true ancient character ; it is the great, grey, and stately feudal castle,

With all its lands and towers.

A complete adaptation to modern uses and splendour disappoints one in the interior of Raby. The exterior is so fine, so feudal, so antiquesly great, that when we step in and find ourselves at once in modern drawing-rooms, with silken couches and gilt cornices, the Nevilles and their times vanish. We revert to the quaint description of Leland, and wish that we could see it as he did. ‘ Raby is the largest castel of logginges in all the north countrey, and is of a strong building ; but not set either on hill, or very strong ground. As I enterid by a causey into it, there was a litle stayre on the right honde ; and in the first area, were but two towers on a ech ende as entres, and no other buildid.

In the 2 area, as in entring was a great gate of iren, with a tour, and 2 or 3 mo on the right hond. These were all the three toures of the 3 court, as in the hart of the castel. The haul and al the houses of offices be large and stately, and in the haul I saw an incredible great leame of an hart. The great chambre was exceeding large, but now it is fals



Raby Castle

rofid, and divided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a litle chambre wherein was in windowes of colorid glasse al the petigre of the Nevilles ; but it is now taken down and glasisid with clere glasse. Ther is a tour in the castel having the mark of 2 capitale B's for Bertram Bulmer. Ther is another towr bering the name of Jane, bastard sister to Henry IV., and wife to Rafe Neville, the first Erl of Westmerland.

Ther' long 3 parkes to Raby, whereof 2 be plenished with dere. The midle park hath a lodge in it ; and thereby is a chace, bering the name of Langeley, and hath fallowe dere. It is a 3 miles in length.'

It is, in fact, these old towers, these old courts, this great baronial hall, and the kitchen, that are the objects of real interest in Raby ; remnants of its antiquity, the contemporaries of those who stamped them with the feeling of belonging to them and their fortunes. The Cliffords' tower and the tower of Bertram Bulmer, let us ascend to them and gaze over the parks and glades of Raby, to the far distant scenes that once formed the princely possessions of the Nevilles. Near the top of this tower, which stands separated from the rest of the building, and to which you ascend by eighty-nine steps, are raised those old letters, the initials of Bertram Bulmer, mentioned by Leland, and a splendid prospect south-eastward lies before you. Conscliff, Darlington, Sadberge, Long-Newton, Stockton, with the Cleveland Hills and 'Black' Hamilton. From other points of the castle you catch equally noble and far views—the distant mountains of Hope and Arkendale, and westward the vale filled with the woods of Streatlam and Lady Close.

Carriages can pass through the large Gothic saloon, or entrance hall, into the interior court. Above the saloon is the old baronial hall, which forms one side of the square of the inner area. It is of the most magnificent proportions—ninety feet in length, thirty-six in breadth, and thirty-four in height. The roof is flat, and made of wood ; the joints ornamented with shields of arms of the family of the Nevilles. Here, it is said, assembled in their time 700 knights who held of that family. A gallery of stone crosses the west end of this room, used in ancient times for music,

and that mimicry with which our ancestors were so much pleased. Unfortunately, here again our notions of the old times are completely disturbed. This roof, which no doubt is of real oak, is now smartly painted oak; and this hall, which should only display massy furniture, suits of armour, and arms and banners properly disposed, is converted into a museum of stuffed birds. Indian dresses, and a heap of things which may be better and more numerous seen elsewhere. In fact, any ordinary room of this many-roomed castle might have served this need. The kitchen, however, remains in all its huge and unalloyed antiquity. 'It is,' says Pennant, 'a magnificent and lofty square; has three chimneys—one for the grate, a second for stoves, the third for the great cauldrons. The top is arched, and a small cupola lights it in the centre; but on the sides are five windows, with a gallery passing all round before them, and four steps from each pointing down into the kitchen, but ending a great height above the floor. There have been many conjectures respecting their use, but they certainly must have been in some manner for the conveying away of viands. From the floor is another staircase that conducts to the great hall, but the passage is now stopped. What hecatombs must have been carried that way!' To this account must be added, that the kitchen is a square of thirty feet; the side where no chimney is opens into the larders; opposite to the grate the steps descend to the floor, and are wide enough for three persons abreast. On each of the other sides, to the right and left of the grate, are two windows, with five steps descending, but not low enough to enable the persons who should stand thereon to receive anything from those in the kitchen. There are narrow passages channeled in the walls, but not capacious enough,

we conceive, to allow a person to bear a dish of provisions for the 700 knights and retainers of the Nevilles. Yet we may very well imagine that in the hurry and confusion of such a dining, those windows and descending steps might be very serviceable for the delivery of orders, and the passages in the walls for enabling one bustling person to avoid another. Besides, they might have some contrivance by a pulley or so, to raise the dishes to the persons on the steps. Be that as it may, the kitchen is a right ancient and singular relic of the genuine baronial time.

The park has many fine woods, glades, and lawns, and gives prospects of far beauty, but its aspect partakes of the character of the interior of the castle—newness. We are surprised to see so little timber bearing a relative antiquity to the castle. The trees are comparatively young. You see groups and plantations of a very modern date. The whole has the air rather of a place new made than of one old as the days of Canute, who is said to have built some part of the original house. You do not see those old, grey, and gnarled oaks around that you see in the forests of Sherwood, Needwood—Chartley and other parks. It seems as if some great revolution, as is the fact, had passed over it ; and that in its days of change the axe of the spoiler had laid low its ancient forests. The castle looks like a grey patriarch left amid a more juvenile race.

Mr. Surtees has written a ballad full of the true spirit of that composition suggested by a scene in Raby Park—Langley Dale, a beautiful dale, and ancient chase, belonging to Raby Castle. An old tower, close by the park, is said to have been the residence of a mistress of the last Earl of Westmoreland. Mr. Surtees' ballad, however, rather connects itself with the general circumstance of 'The Rising of the

North,' than with this particular incident, and, like 'The Flowers of the Forest,' perpetuates a natural and beautiful sentiment, which must have been deeply and long felt on beholding Raby after that fatal event. With this poem we will close our Visit to Raby.

LANGLEY DALE.

As I down Raby Park did pass,
I heard a fair maid weep and wall ;
The chiefest of her song it was,
Farewell the sweets of Langley Dale.

The bonny mavis cheers his love,
The throstlecock sings in the glen ;
But I must never hope to rove
Within sweet Langley Dale again.

The wild-rose blushes in the brae,
The primrose shows its blossom pale ;
But I must bid adieu for aye
To all the joys of Langley Dale.

The days of mirth and peace are fled,
Youth's golden locks to silver turn ;
Each northern flow'ret droops its head
By Marwood Chase and Langley Burn.

False Southrons crop each lovely flower,
And throw their blossoms to the gale ;
Our foes have spoilt the sweetest bower—
Alas ! for bonny Langley Dale.

VISIT TO DARLINGTON AND SOCKBURN.

THE little West Auckland Railway soon set me down, after leaving Raby, in the town of Darlington. Though this is an old place, having a fine church built by the celebrated Hugh Pudsey, and rich lands, held principally under the rich see of Durham, it is not my intention to linger much amongst its antiquities. The old episcopal palace is, I believe, now converted into a workhouse, and many other old things here have been compelled to give way to the new. The place is now far more of the present times than the past. Its character is that of active industry, and accumulation of capital by modern arts and speculations. Railways, of which the Darlington and Stockton was the first in the kingdom, coal mines, woollen mills, and such things, are what have given a *status* and a spirit to Darlington. One great feature of the place is the number of the Society of Friends who reside here, and whose houses and grounds bear testimony to the fact that they have neither been asleep nor improvident.

The country about Darlington has nothing romantic in it ; but it is rich and pleasant, and has in the neighbourhood many of those sweet riverside scenes which abound, and yet are so little observed by travellers, in the north-eastern counties of England. I walked to Sockburn, the ancient seat of the old family of the Conyers, and the scene of the tradition of the Sockburn Worm, or Wyvern.

The family of Conyers is one of the oldest of the North. It claims, though of Norman name, to be older than the Norman Conquest. Its early heads were stout warriors, and one of them, Roger, was made by the Conqueror constable of Durham Castle, and keeper of the arms of the soldiers therein ; a post afterwards secured to him by Bishop Carileph, and to his family *in perpetuo*. Another Roger Conyers it was who compelled the notorious Scotch intruder Comyn, who had seized on the temporalities of the see and set the bishop at defiance, to submission ; gave the bishop shelter in his house ; and afterwards led him in triumph into Durham, where Comyn was glad to come down on his knees, and in humble penitence to sue to the prelate for pardon. But the manor of Sockburn is most remarkable for being the location of one of those Worm or Dragon stories so prevalent in these northern counties. The manor is still held under the Bishop of Durham by knight's service, and the following ceremony. At the first entrance of the bishop, the Lord of Sockburn, or his agent, meets him in the middle of the river Tees when the water is fordable, otherwise on Croft Bridge, when he presents a falchion to the bishop, as an emblem of his temporal power, and repeats the following words : ' My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the *worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent*, which destroyed man, woman, and child ; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that, upon the very first entrance of every bishop into the county, this falchion should be presented.' The bishop then takes the falchion into his hand, and immediately returns it to the person that presented it, wishing the Lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor.

In the ancient pedigree of the family of the Conyers, it is set forth, that 'Sir John Conyer, who slew the monstrous, venomous, and poysonous *wyvern*, *ask*, or *worm*, which overthrew and devoured many people in fight, and the scent of the poison was so strong, that no person might abide it, and hee, by pr'vidence of Almighty God, overthrew it, and lieth buried at Sockburn, before the Conquest ; but, before he did enterprise, went to the church in complete armour, and offered up his sonne to the Holy Ghost. Which monuments are yet to see ; also the place where the serpent lay is called *Greystone*.'

Unfortunately for the correctness of some of the details of this legend, the falchion bears on one side of the hilt three lions of England guardant, which were not borne till the reign of King John, and could not therefore well have belonged to a hero before the Conquest ; and the figure in the church shown as that of the veritable Sir John Conyers who slew the Worm, is in chain armour, has his legs crossed, and therefore does not date higher than the Crusades ; and, in fact, is said by Leland to be the effigy of Sir John Coniers, who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Bromflete, in the reign of Henry VI.

These facts, however, do not invalidate of themselves the story of the Worm ; they only show how circumstances and instruments are engrafted on these old stories, to perpetuate them. These stories of worms, or dragons, are amongst the most curious subjects of antiquarian inquiry. In almost all countries and ages they have prevailed.

The localities of the Worm of Sockburn have also undergone of late great changes. Mr. Surtees says, 'Of the house of Conyers not one stone is now left upon another.

The little church, standing lonely on its level green, has survived the halls of its ancient patrons.' Such are the changes of a few years, that *now* a house again has sprung up, and the old church has nearly, if not entirely, vanished. The estate has been some time in the family of the Blacketts. Sir Thomas Conyers, the last male of his ancient house, died in 1810. He was in the workhouse of Chester-le-Street, where Surtees interested himself to raise a subscription in order to have him removed to a more suitable place ; where he ended his days soon after in comfort.

In returning from Sockburn up the valley, we were struck both with the pastoral beauty and with the air of early habitation of the scene. The Tees swept round the meads of Sockburn in one of those fine circles for which it is so remarkable, and luxuriant trees hung their masses of foliage here and there, full of a profound quiet. We passed the remains of the old Manor-house of Dinsdale, the original seat of the family of Surtees, amid its ancient orchards, and traces of once extensive buildings ; passed a great salmon-weir, an old mill, the stone pillars of a gateway, that led to nothing ; and past long extents of massy garden walls, the houses once belonging to which had vanished. Probably one of these was Neasham Hall, and one the site of the nunnery of Neasham. Whatever they were, they were all indications of this quiet and hidden region having once been inhabited by wealthy families, whose lives might pass here as a dream, and who have now all disappeared together, like one. The grass grew deep ; the birds sung in the lofty and slumbrous woods ; the bluebells and primroses of spring blossomed profusely on hedgerow banks, and in the cool damp woodlands ; but the worshipping nuns, the

old squires and knights, with all their deeds of prowess and dragon legends, were departed, and yet seemed to have left a silence, as of their absence, behind them. The vales had still all the feeling of the past and of the monastic upon them.



VISIT TO NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

NEWCASTLE is one of the most remarkable towns of the British empire. Mr. Sopwith, in his compendious little Guide, says, ‘A rapid glance over the history of Newcastle presents three marked and peculiar characteristics—War, Religion, and Commerce.’ The three things which now will rather strike the mind of the visitor, are—its history, its coal, and its improvements.

Newcastle, as might be expected from its situation, has stood in the centre of many of the martial tempests that for ages ravaged this noble island ; and especially those to which it was exposed from the hostility between England and

Scotland. To say nothing of the various contests of Romans, Britons, Danes, and Normans, many a fierce tempest of wars has raged round its walls—from the Scotch against the English, or the English against one another ; from one claimant of the crown against another ; and even from the subjects against their monarch.

Here David I. of Scotland, in the reign of Stephen, made himself master ; obliged the people to swear allegiance to the Empress Maude, and kept his head-quarters in the town till a truce was entered into with Stephen. Here John of England and William the Lion of Scotland had a conference in the year 1209. Here again Alexander of Scotland and his queen came in 1235-6, and had a conference with the King of England, on a demand made by the Scotch for the restitution of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. Here Baliol, having sworn fealty to Edward I. at Norham, on Christmas Day, did homage to Edward in the hall of the castle ; and in four years after, the king had to march back through Newcastle on his way to Scotland, to chastise the Scots for endeavouring to cast off their humiliating yoke. In 1299, William Wallace made one of his inroads into England, and wasted Northumberland as far as the walls of Newcastle, on which he made many vehement attacks, but was as often repulsed by the valour of the inhabitants. Here, in 1312, the weak Edward II. was nearly surprised with his favourite Gavestone, who was afterwards seized and beheaded. Various affairs took place here during the contests with the Edwards for Scotland ; amongst which Edward Baliol once more did homage for the crown to Edward III., who kept his Whitsuntide here, as his father John Baliol had done to Edward I. Two circumstances more particularly worthy of notice

occurred in the wars of these times here. In 1342, David Bruce, King of Scotland, having committed horrid ravages on his march through Northumberland, came before Newcastle with a powerful army, amounting in numbers, according to some authors, to 60,000 foot and 3,000 horse. John Lord Neville, who commanded the castle, made a sally with 200 chosen lancemen, and entering the Scotch camp, surprised the Earl of Murray, one of the chiefs in command, in bed, and dragging him forth, returned to the castle with their prisoner and much booty, without the loss of a man. The Scots enraged, made a fierce attack on the town, but were repulsed with great slaughter. David raised the siege, and marched to Durham, committing great atrocities by the way, but was, at the battle of Neville's Cross, defeated and taken prisoner, with the loss of from 15,000 to 20,000 men and many of his nobles.

But in no period of our history did Newcastle play a more conspicuous part than in the wars of King Charles and the Parliament. In 1642 it was beleaguered by the Scotch army, under old Lesley, who dividing his forces, assailed it on all sides with the utmost fury. The Marquess of Newcastle, who was governor for the king, however, stoutly and successfully maintained it against him; though he broke down and gained some of the outworks. But in the next year the Scots under General Leven took it by storm. Sir John Marley, then mayor, retired to the castle, with about 500 men, which he held till terms of capitulation were obtained. On the 6th of May, 1646, the unfortunate monarch having thrown himself under the protection of the Scotch army, was conducted hither, where, perceiving the base treachery of his countrymen, he attempted to escape out of their hands. There is a popular tradition,

says Brand, that the king attempted his escape from the house where he was lodged, by the passage of Latburn, and that he had got down as far as where the grate at present is, in the middle of the Side, when he was apprehended. A ship was to have been in readiness to carry him abroad, but false friends are said to have been in the secret, and the plot was divulged. He was in disguise when taken. The sequel is well known. The greedy Scots, lest so rich a prize *should* escape out of their hands, sold him to the English for 200,000*l.*; he was handed over to commissioners appointed to receive him, and conducted from Newcastle to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire. In the succeeding struggles, Newcastle was garrisoned for the Parliament ; and Cromwell, Sir Arthur Haselwood, Colonel Fenwick, Lord Fairfax, and such names, are those that flourished in Newcastle, as guests or governors.

He who now approaches this ancient town beholds another sight. Its old walls are, with the exception of a few sturdy fragments, and a solitary tower or two, pulled down. Wide over its hills stretch its dense buildings, and its tall chimneys, vomiting volumes of blackest smoke. On its river lie masses of ships ; and others, with busy steamers, are sailing up or down it. You feel at once that war has long had its day, and that a host of active beings are eagerly at work on the arts and acquisitions of peace. If you approach from Durham, Gateshead on one side, high and dense with houses and swarming with population, and cloudy with the smoke and soot of many a manufactory ; on the other side stands high Newcastle on *its* hills ; and deep between them the Tyne, with all its ships and coal-boats, and with its banks lined with coal deposits, and a hundred other black and wealthy erections. A bridge bearing a dusky and somewhat melancholy resemblance to London Bridge, spanning

a lesser Thames, links these two populous towns into one ; and right and left up the river and down the river, on this side of the country and on that, the kindred objects of coal-mines and railways and steam-engines, and a hundred thousand grimy buildings and creatures, smokes and fumes, noises and commotions, blend the two towns into one unique and indivisible existence.

A strange mixture of ancient and modern objects strikes your eye in the more lofty and prominent features of Newcastle. There stands, tall and stalwart and square, and black as ink, the old donjon-keep of Robert Curthose, the son of the Conqueror, from which the town derives the name of *New-castle*. To the left, still higher, towers over the town the fine steeple of St. Nicholas ; and to the right, the new and lofty column in honour of Earl Grey. Here, along the banks of the river, you see ranges, one above another, of dim and dingy buildings that have stood for centuries amid the smoke of the great Capital of Coal ; and there, on its bold eminence, a Grecian fabric, standing proudly aloft, like the Temple of Minerva in Athens. Beyond it again, you catch the tops of houses and ranges of streets that indicate a degree of modern magnificence which at once astonishes you, in the midst of so much that is different, and stimulates you to a nearer inspection. But, before we enter into Newcastle, it will be as well to take a cursory glance at the outskirts and the country round, for they present a scene which is only here to be found, and which has made Newcastle what it is.

We are then in the midst of that singular region that sends forth to the south, and to foreign countries, the enormous quantities of coal that keep the fires and manufactories of monstrous London, and of many another place,

going. This neighbourhood, and far around, have now for centuries been bored and excavated to furnish the most unparalleled supplies of this mineral fire ; and every year greater and greater demands are making on the black mass of its subterranean wealth. When you get into the bishopric of Durham, going northward, you begin to see tall engine-houses, and vastly tall chimneys, breathing into the sky long black clouds of smoke. You hear groans and whistlings, and numerous unearthly sounds, around you. These engine-houses contain those great steam-engines that work the coal-mines ; and those noises proceed from pulleys and gins and railways, and other inventions and instruments for raising and conveying away the coals. As you get into the country nearer Newcastle, all these operations—these groanings and wailings, these smokes and fires—increase upon you. Here you pass one of those tall engine-houses that you saw in the distance, with its still taller chimney hoisting into the sky its slanting column of turbid smoke. You now see from the upper part of the engine-house a huge beam, protruding itself like a giant's arm, alternately lifting itself up, and then falling again. To this beam is attached the rod and bucket of a pump which, probably at some hundred yards deep, is lifting out the water from the mine, and enabling the miners to work, where otherwise it would be all drowned in subterranean floods. Or you see a great beam suspended by its centre, and elevated aloft on a proper support, wagging alternately its ends, up and down, up and down, with that busy and whimsical air that has obtained it the name of a Whimsey : this is performing a similar operation by a different contrivance. There again those huge engines are at work, whirling baskets down into the deep shafts for coal, or whirling the colliers themselves

down to get the coal. For two or three hundred yards down a hideous gulf, into the bowels of the earth, are they sent, with a rapidity that to a stranger is frightful, to their labour, or pulled up after its performance to daylight as fast—all the time these great engines of, perhaps, two hundred horse-power, groaning and coughing over their toils like condemned Titans : and the wheels and pulleys that they put in motion, singing and whistling lamentably,



Drop Machinery

like so many lesser spirits doomed to attend on their labours. Here you see baskets of coals emerge from the mouth of the pit, and immediately, as by self-agency, run away, empty themselves into a waggon or boat, and come back empty, and ready for a fresh exploit. But what is your amazement, when you come into sight of the river Tyne, to see these waggons still careering to the very brink of the water ; to see a railway carried from the high bank, and supported on tall piles, horizontally above the surface of the river, and to some distance into it, as if to allow those vagabond trains of

waggons to run right off, and dash themselves down into the river.

This railway, on which these waggons are propelled by a stationary engine at a distance, with a machine called a Drop, acting by a proper adjustment of balance, does all the business, while it conveys the coal carefully and unbroken into the ships, and fills the stranger with the utmost astonishment. Formerly, the coals on reaching the river, were shot down inclined planes into the vessels, or into the staiths, or coal-sheds, and were much dashed to pieces, and deteriorated in value ; these simple and ingenious drops, while they present objects of great wonder and interest to those who for the first time sail on the Tyne, convey the coal, very little broken, into the holds of the ships.

But what a river this Tyne is ! Not so big as the Thames or the Mersey, but still a fine river ; and, before it reaches Newcastle, has run from the mountains of the west and north, through a fine wild country, between high and beautiful banks, and amid scenes that stand brilliantly marked in the history of the nation. On its bold heights stand the shattered castles of the once mighty Baliols, Umfrevilles, the Herons, the Riddells, the Blenkinsons, the Blacketts, the unfortunate Derwentwater, and other warrior races now gone down. Britons, Romans, and Scots have left their memories and traces of their abode and battles there ; Corbridge and Hexham and Stella Haugh are names not to be forgotten ; and on its banks—honour enough for one river—in more peaceful days, was born Thomas Bewick. Below Newcastle, here, on one side, terminated that stupendous work, the Roman Wall ; there, on the other, lived and died the truly Venerable Bede. The honours of the past, however, are even little when compared with the

importance and bustle of the present. The Tyne presents to a southern eye the most singular aspect of all our British rivers. Independent of the general traffic upon it, and of all the works and manufactories on its banks—plate-glass works, lead works, foundries, chemical works, steam-engine manufactories, and so on—its features as connected with the coal trade are very singular and striking. Along its margin you see vast extents of coal-sheds, called Staiths ; you see those railways and drops for carrying the coals into the vessels, just spoken of, at work ; and you meet on the water, fleets of those round-looking, stout, open boats, loaded with coals and propelled by one enormous long oar, called Keels.

The managers of these boats, the Keelmen, are a very peculiar race. They are noted for their strength, boldness, and rough independence. They have, in former times, figured in riots, and resistance to what they deemed aggressions on their rights and liberties, in a manner which made their names formidable.

These hardy fellows are met in fleets with their keels, both above bridge and below, bringing the coals from distant collieries, and conveying them to various staiths and vessels between Newcastle and the rival and crowded towns of North and South Shields, built opposite to each other, near the mouth of the estuary. Now they are coming down the stream, with their keels piled high with coals, and guiding them with their one enormous oar ; or they are returning empty, working their keels up stream again, with a long pole, which they stick in the bottom of the river, and propel their keel by running along its side, pressing with all their force on this pole. Nothing can be more laborious, and nothing can exceed their perseverance.

But before going into Newcastle, there is yet another class of people that we ought to take a peep at, and that is the Colliers. This class is, of course, a very numerous one, and it is as peculiar as it is numerous. To gain a true idea of these men, and indeed of the staple trade and nature of the neighbourhood of Newcastle, we should first visit one of its coal-pits. Imagine yourself then at one of these huge engine-houses that we have seen. Here you find a circular shaft descending into the earth to a depth beyond your power of vision ; in fact to a depth of perhaps three hundred yards. Down this yawning gulf you see men seated in baskets, or in a mere loop at the end of a rope or a chain, let down rapidly by the steam-engine to the dismal regions below ; and you see the coals which they have dug ascending and conveyed away. If you have a curiosity so strong as to wish to descend yourself, and see what is going on below, you must obtain leave of a Viewer, change your dress, put on a flannel one, with strong boots to preserve your feet dry, and an old hat. Putting your leg then into the loop, you are, for a few moments, suspended over the mouth of the pit, and then let down with amazing rapidity. There are some collieries that are worked horizontally—that is, the shaft is cut into the side of a hill, and you may enter, and proceed perhaps two or three miles underground to the works ; but, at your first entrance, the darkness, the sound of waggons fastened to each other by chains, and running at the rate of ten miles an hour in those subterranean passages, with a noise like thunder, are perhaps more terrific than the descent of the perpendicular shaft.

If you descend by the shaft, you come to the first seam, or stratum, where the coal has been got, perhaps at the depth of two hundred yards. Here you find the stables for the

horses, the steam-engine for raising the coals from the lower seam, and the ventilating furnace by which the impure vapours are drawn off. Here the process has to be repeated. You must be let down the second shaft, which, as it is in those regions of subterraneous darkness, and itself as dark as death, is tenfold terrific. You will probably have yet to descend to a third depth before you reach the scene of action, where perhaps, three hundred yards from the surface, you will find a multitude of human beings busy hewing out the coals, and conveying them on little waggons to the shaft up which they have to ascend. Here you may have to traverse a great region of darkness, till you reach the face of the coal where the men are at work. There, with a candle fixed by a bit of clay to the face of the coal, each man is pursuing his labour. He is seated cross-legged on the floor, undermining, with his sharp pick, a certain portion of the coal as far as he can. He then cuts this portion off from the rest down the front, and driving in wedges at the top, brings it to his feet. It is then filled into the corves, or baskets, and conveyed away on little railways by ponies, or by men, or even by women, on their backs, to the shaft.

In this process, the collier always takes care to leave behind him, in the excavated space, strong pillars of coal, or the roof would fall in and crush him on the spot. These pillars are removed only when the main coal is all got, and the owner does not care if the upper mass then falls in. There is an overman, whose office it is to go through the pit to examine the places which the men have worked, to measure their work, and to see that the pit is free from inflammable vapour. There is also a deputy-overman, to superintend the pillars of coal that are left, and to set up props, or build walls, where the roof is loose and threatens

to fall. The business of the person called an onsetter, is to hang the corves, usually baskets made of hazel rods, upon the rope to be drawn up the shaft.

Of the character and habits of these singular men, Mackenzie gives the following particulars, which agree wonderfully with those of the colliers that I have known from a boy in the Midland Counties : ‘The colliers are first put to work when seven or eight years old ; and being confined, for the most part, to their own society, they acquire certain distinguishing marks of character by which they are easily known from the rest of their countrymen ; and the language, deportment, and general behaviour of the different individuals, are so nearly alike, that by an acquaintance with one of them, a tolerably correct judgment may be formed of the whole body.’

In their dress they often affect to be gaudy, and are fond of clothes of flaring colours. Their holiday waistcoats, called by them *posey jackets*, are frequently of very curious patterns, displaying flowers of various dyes ; and their stockings mostly of blue, purple, pink, or mixed colours. A great part of them have their hair very long, which on work-days is either tied in a queue, or rolled up in curls ; but when dressed in their best attire, is commonly spread over their shoulders. Some of them wear two or three narrow ribbons round their hats, placed at equal distances, in which it is customary with them to insert one or more bunches of primroses or other flowers.

Colliers commonly work eight hours at a time. This is called a single shift ; but in cases of emergency, when there is a quick sale for the coals, or a scarcity of hands, they work double shifts. They seldom taste victuals during work-hours ; but on their return home, as soon as their bodies are

washed clean, they make a hearty meal, and soon afterwards retire to rest, enjoying that sound and refreshing sleep which particularly falls to the lot of those who labour hard and think little. If the appointed hour to rise be at midnight, or early in the morning, they generally have notice from the *caller*, whose business it is to visit the houses of all the individuals intended to compose the company for the next shift. The manner of expression of these callers is somewhat remarkable. One of them coming to the door of one of his pit-mates, was heard to cry, with a loud voice, ‘Robin Winship ! a-ho ! i’ the neam o’ God rise, and come to your wark !’

There are commonly as many houses erected near each colliery to serve the whole of the workmen, and each one is allowed a small plot of ground for the growth of potherbs, potatoes, &c. They are fond of good living, in which they freely indulge whenever their circumstances will allow them.

Pies, dumplings, and puddings, with the best of beef and mutton, &c., are their common fare. They have a great liking for kneaded cakes baked on the girdle, which with them are called singing-*hinnies*, and their propensity for black-puddings is notorious.

Their diversions are bowling, foot-racing, hand-balls, quoits, cards, and sometimes, in places where they dare pursue it, hunting and fowling. Cock-fighting used to be a great diversion before it was forbidden by the law.

To the annual public feasts, vulgarly called *hoppings*, in the southern parts of the county, great numbers of the colliers resort. Here some of them display their buffoonery in grinning for a parcel of tobacco, which is commonly either hung on the sign-post of a public-house, or suspended at the end of a stick projected from one of the windows for that purpose. The competitors exhibit beneath, with their eyes fixed on the

precious prize, which is the reward of him who assumes the most frightful countenance. They also at these places show their activity in playing at the hand-ball, in dancing, and foot-racing ; and he who outstrips his fellows in the race is presented with a coarse woollen hat of about three or four shillings value.

Having made our observations on the 'pit laddie,' so important a personage here, let us now enter the great Capital of Coal. If we proceed from Gateshead, we shall find ourselves descending streets steep enough and narrow enough ; and to the right and left others still closer, and more populous.

Advancing into Newcastle, the prospect does not much mend. You come into a low and dingy region called the Sandhill, and then wind along an ancient and ascending street called the Side, with narrow streets going off right and left up other hills, and composed of other old houses. Presently, however, you find yourself in a wider and better street—Dean Street ; and what is that ? Before you opens at once one of the noblest and most magnificent streets you ever beheld ! Here all that is old at once ceases. You are in the midst of lofty and modern mansions. Theatres, hotels, and other public buildings, with noblest columns and of the finest style of Grecian architecture, with houses and shops of corresponding size and elegance, rise on either hand of a long and wide street, at the top of which stands a lofty Tuscan column, crowned with the figure of a statesman. You ask what is this ? and they tell you this is Grey Street, and that column is there erected in honour of Earl Grey. You ask, And what architect has done this ? They tell you it is Mr. Grainger, a native of the town, and once a poor boy in it. You turn here and there, and find, to the right and to the left, far and wide, the streets and squares of

this new city. You walk into what has been long termed the COAL HOLE OF THE NORTH, and find yourself at once in a city of palaces; a fairyland of newness, brightness, and modern elegance. And who has wrought this



Old Houses in Newcastle

change? It is Mr. Grainger. Here was a massy gaol, of different and appropriate architecture. Who had reared that?—It was still Mr. Grainger. I advanced to the outskirts and came to a deep valley. This was in the act of being filled up, and a road carried across it. A brook in

the bottom was culverted over, and carts in dozens were bringing earth and rubbish, and shooting them in to fill up this great hollow. And whose schemes and works were these? O! they were Mr. Grainger's. As I returned, I found myself before a handsome Mechanics' Institution, and expressed my approbation of it. 'O,' said the bystanders,



Grey Street, from the Theatre

'Mr. Grainger is going to take that, and give the town a much larger and finer one.' In another quarter, I came to a large hotel, and asked if Mr. Grainger was the erecter of that too? 'O yes! but that is nothing; Mr. Grainger is going to build us a much better; and, indeed, look at the hotels in Grey Street;' in one of which, the Queen's Head,

I was already located. I wandered on through other handsome streets and came to a spacious covered market, where the old vegetable women were washing their cabbages in splendid Grecian vases of a magnificent diameter. It was all the work of Mr. Grainger. I was conducted to a building called the Central Exchange. It was a semicircular edifice of great height and space, and within was a smaller semicircle, supported by lofty Ionic pillars, the area within which formed a news-room, where the merchants of Newcastle sate reading the papers. This, of course, was the work of Mr. Grainger, too.

In fact, the marvellous change which Mr. Grainger has, in comparatively few years, effected in the once dingy Newcastle ; and the great success which has attended all his speculations and enterprises, warrant that confidence which his native town awards him ; and it is beautiful to see the most extraordinary metamorphosis that any town in modern time has undergone connected with the perfect falsification of the old adage, 'that a prophet has no honour in his own country.' At least, whatever the case may be with a prophet, it is no longer so with a builder. Mr. Grainger, amongst his other triumphs, has completely triumphed over that.

It is the more extraordinary that this wonderful work has been achieved by a man who has made his way from the condition of a charity boy, and the apprentice to a carpenter and builder. His education has been totally destitute of those advantages that have been considered necessary to a great architect. It is by genius alone that Mr. Grainger has mastered his profession, and produced those erections that have so splendidly adorned his native town. It appears, by the papers just alluded to, that when he began his architectural enterprises he had never visited the Continent, and

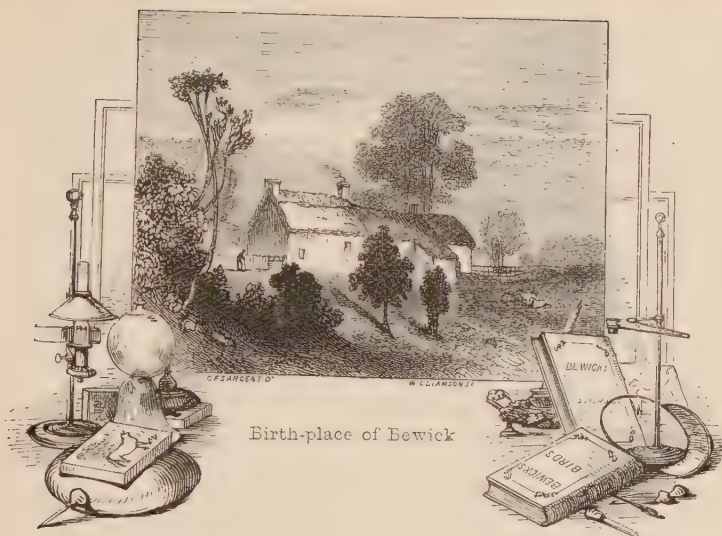
had drawn his actual observation alone from a trip to Edinburgh, and one or two to Dublin and London. His father, it seems, was a porter of the quay ; and his mother, after her husband's death, gained a livelihood by stocking-mending, glove-making, and clear-starching. Richard, this son, had no education but what he got at the charity-school of St. Andrew's, whose course of study was comprised in the Bible, Tinwell's Arithmetic, Tom Thumb, and a Spelling-book. Some of the inhabitants of Newcastle can recall the appearance of the boy in those days, in his green badge-coat, with his round, ruddy, smiling face, and his quiet manner. How he acquired his powers as an artist remains a mystery, it is said, even to his own mind. It is, in fact, the working of that inward power which we call genius, and which can achieve its greatest aims by means which, to ordinary minds, appear scanty and meagre, if they appear at all. The most extraordinary part of the business, after all, is the confidence with which he has been able to inspire his townsmen, and thus to acquire a command of those stupendous sums of money which were absolutely necessary to such vast undertakings.

Newcastle, indeed, may look upon its distinguished men as among its most remarkable features. Bewick here revived the art of wood-engraving. Here was born the Rev. Dramatist Brown and Akenside the poet—the house of his nativity is yet standing. Bailey, Dunbar, and Lough, in sculpture, stand pre-eminent ; and it possesses first-rate painters in Martin Carmichael, and the Richardsons, father and son. Besides Mr. Grainger, Newcastle possesses other able architects. Lords Eldon and Stowell, pre-eminent in law, were born and educated here ; and at the present moment, no town in the kingdom can boast of a finer body of

men of all classes, breathing a more liberal and active spirit, and desirous of distinguishing their native town by its love of literature and science, and its bold prosecution of commerce, mechanics, and the manufacturing arts. Recalling, therefore, the various particulars of this chapter, it will, I think, to conclude, most completely have borne out the assertion with which I commenced it—that Newcastle is one of the most remarkable towns of the British empire.



Black Gate



VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE AND THE TOMB OF BEWICK.

FROM an early age, there were few places that I had a greater desire to visit than the scenery of the youthful life of Thomas Bewick. Accustomed from a boy to delight in the country ; to wander far and wide, early and late, and explore its wildest or most hidden recesses ; to lie amongst summer grass, by swift clear streams, indulging those sunny day-dreams which only come there ; or to join in active pursuit, amid the yellow woods of autumn or the deep snows of winter, of the wild creatures of the field and forest,—it was to me a source of continual surprise and pleasure to find in the pages of Bewick the most accurate reflex of all that I had

seen and learned to know in nature itself. Others presented you with more showy pictures, but he gave the truth and variety of life itself. I had therefore a strong curiosity to see the spots in which the accurate and poetic observer had picked up the material for his after-works—like Shakspeare—in boyish rambles, when he never dreamt of the wealth he was garnering in his heart.

Being, therefore, at Newcastle with Mrs. Howitt, an equal lover of the country and admirer of Bewick with myself, we resolved to spend a day in a visit to Cherryburn and Ovingham. Fortunately we had for our guides and companions those who, next to Bewick himself, were best acquainted with the localities and their connection with the artist—two of his daughters.

That trip of about ten or a dozen miles which Thomas Bewick during the days of his apprenticeship used to make on foot, in order to see his parents and native haunts, we found shortened for us by the Carlisle railway; and had scarcely resolved to be at Cherryburn, when lo! we were there. Even as we now whirled up the valley of the Tyne we could recognise the character of many a snatch of scenery in Bewick's woodcuts. The winding river, its steep banks hung with lofty trees and luxuriant broom; the stream here pouring over a gravelly shallow bed, here rippling past willowy islands; and villages peeping out from amongst the thick foliage, and troops of urchins making the little crofts and river banks alive with their play.

We flew past a hanging little field, sloping from woods above towards the Tyne, where John Bewick, the brother of Thomas, and also a genuine artist, used to fancy that he would build himself a rustic retreat, and live and die amid the scenes that were dearest to him. He died ere he could

realise this poetical imagination ; and now the iron steam-path has cut in two the very field, and destroyed all its solitude. A few minutes more brought us to Cherryburn, the birth-place of John and Thomas Bewick. It is a single house, standing on the south side of the Tyne, and at some distance from the river. A little rustic lane leads you up to it, and you find it occupying a rather elevated situation, commanding a pleasant view over the vale of the Tyne. The house is now a modest farm-house, still occupied by Ralph Bewick, a nephew of the artists ; and, as Miss Bewick observed on approaching the dwelling—‘ May the descendants of the present possessor continue there in all time to come.’

The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. It was a thatched cottage, containing three apartments, and a dairy or milkhouse, on the ground-floor, and a chamber above. The east end of this was lately pulled down, and the rest is now converted into stables. Bewick was very fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes, and often used to talk of ‘ the little window at his bed-head.’ Which room this was, however, none of the family knew.

The new house is a pleasant and commodious one, and the inhabitants seem to possess all the simple virtues and hospitality of the Bewicks. They spread their country cates before us, and were glad to talk of their celebrated kinsman. They have a portrait of him in his youth, hanging in their parlour.

Below the house, on the descending slope, lies the old garden shrouded with trees, and a little stream running at its bottom. One felt sure that this was just the spot to

attract the boyish fancy of Bewick, and indeed, there we found a trace of his hand which marked his attachment to it, and no doubt the connexion which it held on his memory with some of the pleasantest hours and sweetest affections of his youthful existence. It was the gravestone of his father and mother : one of those heavy round-headed and carved stones that you see so often in his designs. By some accident this stone has been broken, and his filial piety led him to erect a more modern and enlarged one to his parents on the left hand of the path leading to the porch in the churchyard of Ovingham, when, instead of suffering this to be destroyed, he had it brought and put down here. It had a singular look, in the rustic garden, but it spoke strongly of the man. He could not suffer anything to be destroyed that had been connected with the history of life and death in his own family circle.

Leaving Cherryburn, my recollection is of crossing the river at the spot where Bewick used to cross it when an apprentice boy on his way home, at the Ferry of Eltringham, and of strolling slowly on—for this visit was several years ago—through fields of ripe barley, the Miss Bewicks pointing out to us as we approached the village of Ovingham the spots which have been introduced in their father's designs, and relating anecdotes connected with the characters of his old acquaintances, or others that have been made to figure in his works. As we drew near the village, it was like looking at one of Bewick's own scenes. It stands beautifully on the steep bank of the Tyne. Gardens clothe the banks to the water's edge, and lofty trees add the richness of their shrouding foliage to the spot. In the river you see willow islands, and those snatches of shore scenery that are so delightful in his *Natural History*. The sandpiper and king-

fisher go by with their peculiar cries, and here and there a solitary angler sits as naturally on the sedgy bank as if Bewick himself had fixed him there. The village is just such a place as you wish and expect it. Quiet, old-fashioned, and retired, consisting principally of the parsonage, a few farm-houses, and labourers' cottages. The church is large for a village and built in form of a cathedral. Wherever you turn, you recognise objects that have filled



Tomb of Bewick

the imagination and employed the burin of Bewick. Those old, heavy, and leaning headstones—it was certainly on them that the boys in rush caps and with wooden swords rode, acting dragoons. That gate of the parsonage, you have seen it before. The very churchyard is the one which is so beautifully and solemnly depicted in the silence of a moonlight night.

But it is at the west end of the church that you find the tomb of the artist. Here he lies beside his wife, and his

brother John, who died before he had acquired the fame to which he would have arrived, but not before he had proved that he possessed much of the genius that had so widely spread the name of his surviving brother.

In spite of good or evil deeds above him, Thomas Bewick now sleeps well. In the very churchyard where he ran as a school-boy, or rode on gravestones as a sham-soldier with his comrades, he rests with his wife and his parents ; and it has not been one of our least pleasures in visiting the North, to tread the scene of his birth, and stand by his village tomb



View of Tynemouth

VISIT TO SEATON-DELAVAL.

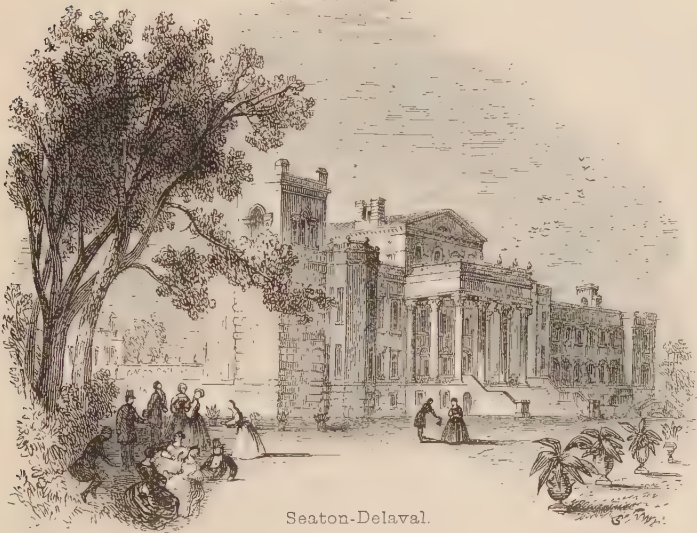
IF splendid remains of antiquity, a noble natural situation, and many great historical associations, could tempt us to linger by the way, Tynemouth Priory might claim a distinct visit. Yet it is a fact that I took it only in my way to Seaton-Delaval, and that I feel only disposed to give it the same passing notice now. It is true that it dates its foundation far off in the night of time ; that in the year 617, Edwin King of Northumberland, built a chapel of wood here, wherein his daughter Rosetta took the veil ; and if we could lift the veil again from the royal damsel's history, it is probable that we might come at something romantic ; but the historian has left us only the bare fact. Here the Danes committed great ravages ; here at various periods, kings and queens have been entertained ; here lie buried too, Malcolm, King of Scotland. and Prince Edward, his son,

both killed in battle on St. Brice's Day, in the year 1094 ; and here many a fierce assault has been witnessed. But all these things a hundred other places can boast, and we long to pass on. Beautiful are the lofty ruins of Tynemouth Priory, and noble must it have been in its days of glory, fit abode of lordly prior, and sojourn and refuge of queen and pious princess ; and still, with its lofty windows, its ancient arches, of mingled styles—Saxon, Norman, and later English—with its broken pinnacles, and scattered wide-stretching remnants of grey walls, it is truly beautiful.

It stands on one of the boldest and most airy of promontories. Stupendous precipices, at whose feet lie strown gigantic masses of rock, against which the sea dashes and roars, fill the imagination with a feeling of the sublime ; and far around stretch receding shores, the wide fresh ocean, scattered with glowing sails and smoke-trailing steamers ; and broad sands tempt the foot to tread them, and to watch the doings of fishermen, who are busy with their nets, and of fishermen's children, who are equally busy poring amongst the rocks, and digging in the sands, and turning over masses of wet sea-weed, for some fishy prey or other, of what kind and value they know best.

A delightful walk along the sea-shore brought me to the little port of Seaton-Sluice. The tide, thundering below me on the sands and amongst the fallen rocks, and groups of children near the villages playing along the edges of the waves, standing as the billows came roaring on, as if they would brave them out, and then scampering off as the growling, hissing, and fizzing breakers came sweeping towards them ; the gorse on the sandy strips of common on the margin of the sea smelling delightfully ; and bondage girls busy in the fields.

As I drew near Seaton-Sluice, Seaton-Delaval itself showed its ruins amid the woods on my left. This splendid abode, the seat of an ancient and most jovial family, has something far more melancholy about it than a ruin which has fallen into decay by the very lapse of time, or by the force of a revolution three hundred years ago. Till the last generation, it was the hospitable mansion of a race that



Seaton-Delaval.

seemed to live free and jocundly, as if they had a patent of exemption from care and casualty, and made all this part of the country resound with their jollity, and gay with the bustle of their friends and servants. Now all is deserted and melancholy. This little harbour of Seaton-Sluice is a testimony of the liberal spirit of the Delavals, and of their bold recklessness of labour and expense in everything that

contributed to the benefit of their estates and the good of their neighbours. It was originally of small extent, dry at low water, and difficult at the entrance. Sir Ralph Delaval, who was continually contriving improvements, made this port on his own plan, and entirely at his own charge, for the benefit of his tenants and himself, but without excluding anybody from its use. In the construction of this small harbour he found enough to exercise his skill and patience. The late Lord Delaval added greatly to the completeness of this harbour. Here, under the care and stimulus of the Delavals, coals were shipped, and an activity given to the collieries, by which a great number of people were employed. But the family became extinct in the male line. The estate passed into the hands of a distant stranger, and the neighbourhood felt a severe shock.

The house excites the deepest feelings of regret and melancholy. This house, which Scott, in '*Marmion*,' describing this coast, calls—

The lofty Seaton-Delaval,

was the finest erection of Sir John Vanbrugh, and one of the most splendid mansions in Northumberland.

In the north front of this magnificent structure, consisting of five stories, the whole of which is built of beautiful stone, and of the most excellent masonry, there is a flight of sixteen steps on each side of the uppermost landing.

The first room which you enter is a most stately hall, forty-four feet long and forty-four feet high. Here, all the ornaments strike by simple but grand uniformity. The floor is of a black and white marble, and the chimney-piece finely adapted to the great style of the room. The figures which support it are exquisitely executed, as are the basso-

relievos and all the decorations. Opposite to the door is a grand music-gallery, faced with elegant iron balustrades upon a fine entablature, and supported by beautiful consoles. In the uppermost niches are statues as large as life, admirably executed by the best Italian artists, with their attributes and symbols, representing Music, Painting, Geography, Sculpture, Architecture, and Astronomy; and in the interstitial solids are the pictures of Lord and Lady Delaval and their children. The ceiling is extremely elegant. To the right and left are passages, paved with marble, leading through lofty arches to handsome rooms, wainscoted with mahogany, in which are the pictures of Admiral Delaval, and others of Lord Delaval's ancestors, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and other good portrait painters; and also to the two grand winding geometrical stone staircases, seventeen feet in diameter, reaching from the bottom to the top of the house, of a structure which has been greatly admired by all who have seen them, having iron balusters of a very light and elegant form.

The hall leads to a splendid saloon, fronting the pleasure-grounds, seventy-five feet along, and from the door at which you enter it to the folding glass-doors on the opposite side, it is thirty feet wide. These open into a most magnificent portico, of the Ionic order, tetrasile, of which the columns are three feet in diameter. In this room there are eight majestic fluted Corinthian columns, of the most beautiful stone, and the same number of pilasters, which divide it into three spaces. The ceiling was executed by the famous Italian artist, Vercelli, and is exquisitely modelled, and admirably coloured. Here are several finely painted whole-length pictures of this family.

All the offices in the basement story, which are very

numerous, are arched with hewn stone, whence you now go on the same level to the east and west wings. In the former there are noble stables, the chief of which is sixty-two feet long and forty-one wide, the roof being supported by three superb arches, twenty-one feet four inches high. The divisions of all the stalls, and the niches for the hay, are of stone. In the east wing there is a gallery extending the whole length of its front ; and in the west wing there is a spacious and lofty kitchen and extensive offices.

It was an Italian palace, with all its native beauty and amplitude, translated to the north of England. It is now an empty ruin. About eighteen years ago fire swept through it, and laid waste all the painting, carving, statuary, the beautiful ceilings, and gay halls here described. The whole interior was destroyed, the wings alone escaping, and some fine articles of furniture and a few paintings being rescued. That noble hall now strikes you at once with its beautiful proportions, its amplitude, its loftiness, and its present desolation.

But the finest thing about this hall is the art by which it is made to command one of the most extensive prospects in nature. Your eye wanders over the most extensive stretch of landscapes. On one side you behold the sea dotted with ships : to the south there is a fine view over a verdant lawn to another bay of the sea, to Tynemouth Priory, and over several villages lying in the broad plain. A tall obelisk rises at about a mile from the house on another side, giving a feeling of solemnity, dignity, and space. To the west there is an avenue of a mile and a quarter long ; and to the north a view of a great part of Northumberland, extending over sixty miles, and confined only by the mountains of Cheviot.

The Delavals came over with the Conqueror. The long

line of the family from that period to the reign of Charles I. was often to be found in arms, or in the civil service of their country. In William III.'s reign George Delaval was Rear-admiral of the Blue, and afterwards Vice-admiral of the Red, and had a signal share in the glorious victory over the French, off Cape Barfleur, in May 1692.

It is since that period that the Delavals acquired their reputation for courtly splendour, profuse living, and open-house jollity, Sir Francis Blake Delaval and his brother, the late Lord Delaval, especially. Lord Delaval had a large family, as well as several brothers, yet by many of the sons not marrying, and, as it were, by a fatality, the family became extinct in the male line in the last generation, in the person of his brother Edward Hussey Delaval, and the change we have noticed ensued.

Strange are the stories told by the people of the neighbourhood of the mode of life of the Delavals of those two generations : the vast and almost perpetual crowds of company entertained ; the fêtes given, when this beautiful house and gardens became in truth a perfect fairyland of light and beauty and music ; with floating throngs of gay and lovely creatures, that were ready to rush into the most extraordinary frolics and scenes of mischief imaginable. The daughters of Lord Delaval, who were very handsome, are said to have been fond of assuming various disguises, and playing off in them various pranks. The Delavals were particularly fond of theatrical amusements, and on one occasion the whole family acted on the boards of Drury Lane, by permission of Garrick. Here, too, the same pleasures went on, and a variety of practical jokes of no scrupulous kind. The lovely Lady Tyrconnel was one of these daughters, who had hair of such rich luxuriance, that when she

rode it floated on the saddle. There is a portrait of her, as well as of others of the family, and amongst them of her husband, said to be the finest man of his time, at Ford Castle, and an arch and most lovely creature she must have been.

It is said that many were the contrivances in the house for carrying into effect practical jokes ; such as beds suspended by pulleys over trap-doors, so that when guests had retired after a carouse, and were just dropped asleep, they were rapidly let down into a cold bath, and awoke in consternation, finding themselves floundering in darkness and cold water. Another contrivance was that of partitions between sleeping rooms which could be suddenly hoisted up into the ceiling by pulleys, so that when ladies and gentlemen were retiring to rest, and had doffed all their finery, of wigs and hoop-petticoats, they were in a moment astonished to see the walls of their rooms disappear, and to find themselves in a miscellaneous assembly of the oddest and most embarrassing description.

A story illustrative of their amusements is told of the brother of Lord Delaval. He laid a wager to walk blindfold from some distant part of the garden into the house in a straight line ; but for this purpose he had provided a very fine silken thread as a clue to guide him. A boy, however, who had sharper eyes than the rest, perceived it, and silently pointed it out to the competitors, who speedily shifted the end from the grand portal, to which it was attached, and placed it in a direction right across a pond on the lawn. Mr. Delaval, therefore, boldly marching on, as he supposed to the door, soon plunged headlong into the water — a fact announced not only by his own disagreeable astonishment, but by the peals of laughter with which it was accom-

panied from all sides, and which gave him no little wrath and chagrin.

In such merriments and prodigalities, it is said, flew those days at Seaton-Delaval ; feasting was a daily matter of course and such good things did the farmers pour into the house, that on rent-days they had it is said, more frequently to receive money than to pay it. Lord Tyrconnel was a dissipated man, who kept several mistresses, and Lady Tyrconnel, on the other hand, was said to be the mistress of the Duke of York. It is no wonder then that the country people talk of the wickedness of the Delavals, and look on the extinction of this numerous family so rapidly and completely as a judgment on that account. Yet, if we may judge from other circumstances, the Delavals were rather mischievous to themselves than to their neighbours. They appear to have spent their estates freely amongst them, and to have been not only profuse, but generous, liberal, and sparing no cost to promote the good of their tenants, and those about them.

From Sir Francis Delaval's acquaintance with Foote and Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, we have more record of his character and life than of the rest of the family.

Sir Francis, indeed, was a thorough man of pleasure, and of the world : accomplished, handsome, good-natured, and fond of frolic, with talents for better things. Foote and he in early life formed an acquaintance, which continued to the death of Sir Francis, and it was impossible that such a friendship should not be marked by many pranks and strange passages of whim and folly.

They played, as it were, the first and second fiddle alternately ; and, provided the concert contributed to their own or the company's amusement, all was well. Sometimes

they regaled themselves over a bottle ; sometimes amused themselves in the green-room, sporting with the performers. Sometimes at *ridottos*, masquerades, &c. ; and occasionally making the *virtuoso* round, as they called it, which consisted in visiting all the curious exhibitions from the Tower to Hyde Park Corner.

Sir Francis carried this whimsical humour into the country, where, whether at his own house or at his brother's, the late Lord Delaval, Foote, as his *arbiter deliciarum*, arranged all the festivities. These were composed by turns of an ass-race, a puppet-show, a grinning-match, a shift-race by women, and lastly, though not least frequently, a sack-race, in which all the runners were close buttoned up to the chin in sacks, and in this condition the first who jumped to a certain distance was the winner.

These amusements drew a great deal of the company of the neighbourhood to Seaton-Delaval, where they all partook of the convivialities of the table, as well of the sports on the lawn.

All these gay follies dipped deep into Sir Francis' pocket. It was necessary to look out for a wife

Whose gold might gild his waste.

Foote soon pointed one out to him, Lady Nassau Paulet, a widow with 90,000*l.* In order to secure her, Foote and Sir Francis undertook one of the most extraordinary schemes imaginable. They set up as conjurers and fortune-tellers, and put the whole fashionable world into a ferment with the strange things they brought to light.

'It was said that in the course of a few weeks more matches were made, and more intrigues brought to a conclusion by Sir Francis Delaval and his associates, than all the meddling old ladies in London could have effected, or even

suspected, in as many months. Among the marriages was that of Lady Nassau Paulet with Sir Francis himself, which was the great object of the whole contrivance. As soon as it was accomplished, the conjurer prudently decamped, before an inquiry too minute could be made into his supernatural powers. Lady Nassau Paulet's vast fortune became wholly Sir Francis' by this marriage. Her ladyship died soon afterwards, and her fortune did not long continue to console her husband for her loss. The whole of it he contrived soon to dissipate.'

Sir Francis Delaval died at a comparatively early age. How melancholy now is the aspect of that abode which once witnessed so many of the gaieties and extensive follies and frolics of his family, when it was numerous, and to all appearance likely to descend in as long a line as it had hitherto reached. It is now a dreary ruin, where the name of Delaval lingers only as a remnant of the past!

Not far from the house, the dome of a lofty mausoleum shows itself above the trees, and seems already only another image of neglect and decay, as it is a monument of blasted hopes. It was raised by Lord and Lady Delaval, in memorial of their only son, the heir and hope of the house, who died universally regretted. In another direction, also shrouded in trees and not far from the house, stands the little chapel, which has stood there through all the fortunes of the family, since the days of the Conqueror; and if tradition and its own character have any weight, since Saxon days themselves. It is one of the most complete and beautiful little pieces of antiquity in England. Here divine worship has always been performed. Its roof is supported by massy and Saxon arches, rich with the zigzag, and raised on low sturdy pillars. As you enter, at the west end, you see in each

corner near you a recumbent figure. One is of a knight, and the other of a lady. They are both painted black, and have a grim and antique look. The legs of the knight are crossed, and that circumstance, and the shape of his shield, denote him to belong to the crusading ages. Various banners depend from the walls, now decayed into mere fragments. Six of these hung above the Delaval pew, with



Seaton-Delaval Chapel.

a steel cap and crest ; and the sword of a former Sir Francis suspended from his escutcheon, with his plate-armour to defend the hands. Banners again hang in the chancel, with helm and crest, and from them depending the armorial escutcheon. An ivory-hilted sword is also suspended ; and on a bracket stands the crest of the Delavals. Everything in this little chapel speaks of antiquity. It brings vividly before you the idea of that ancient house, whence warriors

and ladies have from age to age come hither, and kneeled in prayer for victory or in thanks for it. There hang the mouldering trophies of its martial pride, won generations ago ; beneath our feet they themselves sleep—and then comes the melancholy thought, that this long prosperous line is extinct ; and even their gay modern mansion, revived on or near the site of their ancient castle, is an empty ruin. The very chapel seems, in the recollection, to wear a deeper gloom, and the damp shade of the trees around to partake of the sentiment.



Mitford Manor.

VISIT TO MORPETH AND MITFORD.

THE next morning, as I pursued my way from the little seaport of Blythe, the sun rising on my right—the fresh clear morning, the short turf under my feet, and the rich and odorous gorse in full bloom, that blazed in gold on the sea-side heaths, gave a spirit and energy of life to me that is only felt in such situations.

The little old town of Morpeth is to me always more like a town in a dream than an actuality. It lies in its low vale so quiet and reposing. In its streets, the people moving as in a slumberous indulgence of the enjoyment of perfect ease

and content. Its old grey clock-tower ; its little chain-bridge, thrown over the Wansbeck into its meadows, and the sunny stillness and greenness of those meadows and the surrounding uplands.

But it is the valley of the Wansbeck, down to the ruins of Bothal Castle and to the sea, and up to Mitford, that is full of beauty and enchantment. Our limits will not allow us to pursue it both ways on paper, and therefore we shall choose the ascent to Mitford, because Mitford possesses some peculiar features to which we desire to call a moment's attention.

The valley from Morpeth to Mitford, about two miles in length, is one of the most lovely in England. The Wansbeck winds through it between lofty precipitous banks flanked with fine wood. The valley opens out here and there so as to leave sweet spots of meadow, which contrast calmly with the rocky banks and rushing river, working and struggling on its way over solid beds of shelving stone, and amongst the crevices which it has worn into it. The river has all the character of a northern river—lively and sonorous in its career, showing heaps of gravel and masses of trees, which it has torn up and borne down in its floods. The valley, sheltered and quiet as it seems, is still full of people. Thatched cottages, old corn-mills, and such-like rustic objects, peep out here and there in the bottom, and farm-houses on knolly heights and upland steeps, thrown up in all possible forms, and soft and green at that period as spring and cultivation could make them.

The scene at Mitford itself is at once very beautiful and very curious. To the eye of the poet and the lover of nature it presents a paradisiacal valley, a rich bit of English landscape poetry, hidden from the world in a profound

retirement of beauty and repose. To that of the historian and the antiquary it offers objects of equal interest. This sweet spot has been the abode of one family from the Norman times. The Mitfords of the present claim lineal descent from the Bertrams of the past, and the Bertrams at the Conquest came into possession by marriage with the heiress of the Mitfords. On the south side of the valley stands aloft on a huge knoll the gigantic ruins of the ancient castle of the Bertrams ; in the centre the ruins also of the manor house of the Mitfords, and on the high ground on the north-west of the valley shows itself their splendid modern mansion. Each one tells its own story ; and the three combined tell the story of England's changes from feudal warfare to the internal peace which succeeded the union of the Roses, when manor-houses arose instead of castles, and from the comparative rudeness of that time to the art and taste of the present. You see at a glance the peculiar necessities or predilections of each age. There stands the stern strength of the old castle, raised when it required mound and moat, portcullis and thick wall, to resist the enemy, who was probably at the same time the neighbour ; here in the bosom of the valley, rise the beautiful and slighter remains of the manor-house, raised when England had conquered for itself internal peace and respect for the laws. As taste and security have grown, again we see the lowly placed manor-house deserted ; and the proprietor once more mount upon a neighbouring hill, not like his ancestor, for strength, but for fineness of location.

But when he leaves his manor-house he does not destroy it. There it stands ! a ruin it is true, but an object of perpetual beauty ; while beyond, the sturdy walls of the far more ancient castle vie with it in the same fair attributes.

There is no place in England where all this is more perfectly combined than at Mitford ; and were it for that alone, it were worth a visit. The castle on its lofty mound, surrounded by green meadows and skirted by the swift Wansbeck, displays in massy fragments of ponderous walls the evidences of its once vast strength. Its great round arches, its shattered keep and dungeons now broken open to the day, all strike the inspector with a sense of its past greatness. To the left rose amongst their lofty trees the picturesque ruins of the manor-house, and the bell-tower of the church just visible amidst a world of wood that filled the valley. The scene in the calm shining of the evening sun was pre-eminently beautiful.

But the view of the old manor-house pleased me even still more as I approached it. Its battlemented tower, with large mullioned windows boarded up, and converted into a dovecote ; the arched entrance below, with the family escutcheon over it, and the beehives seen within it ; the broken walls ; the old yew-trees about it ; the part converted into a tenement covered with ivy, with its ancient porch supported on two stone pillars ; the simple garden ; the orchard ; the walks clean swept ; the lofty trees overhanging,—realised all that the poetry of rural life has feigned or imaged forth from such beautiful realities as this.

But peacefully beautiful as this scene is now, it has seen many a stern warrior its lord, and stood the brunt of many a fierce blast of war.

In the reign of Edward II. it was the property of Adomer, or Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. By the escheats of the 17th of that reign it appears to have been in ruins, having been sacked by the Scots.

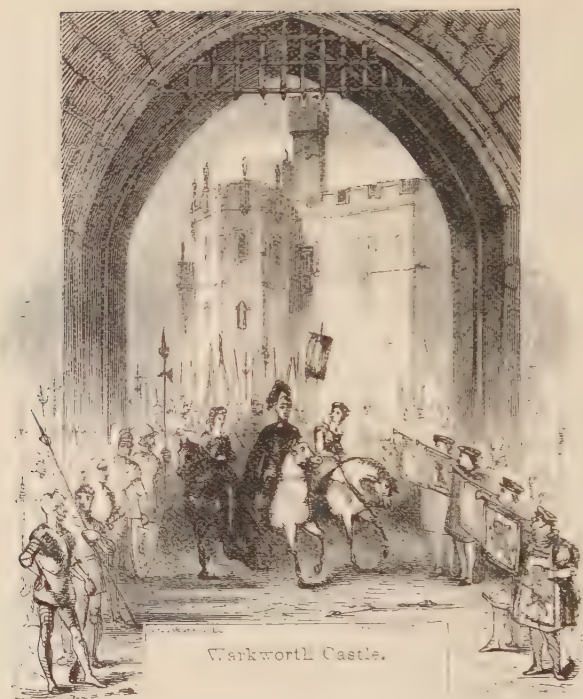
The manor of Mitford was restored to the right male line

by a grant from Charles II. ; and in the late peaceful years of the possessors, several members of the family have distinguished themselves in the fields of literature and law. Lord Redesdale is of this family ; and his elder brother is the well-known historian of Greece. Captain Meadows Taylor, the author of 'The Confessions of a Thug,' is by the mother's side, a Mitford. But who, while looking on the smiling beauty, and feeling the profound retirement of Mitford, would expect that out of it would go one of the most deplorable instances of misused talents, and one of the most pitiable victims of intemperance and want of prudence. Such, however, the great human wilderness of London can show, drawn from the bosom of the loveliest spots, and of the most distinguished and happy families. In Sykes' 'Historical Register of Remarkable Events in Northumberland and Durham,' stands this melancholy record :—

'December 1831, died, in St. Giles' Workhouse, London, Mr. John Mitford. He was born at Mitford Castle, in Northumberland ; had served as a sub-officer in the fleets under Hood and Nelson, and was related to the noble family of Redesdale, but whose depraved and vicious habits had long rendered him an alien to his kindred and an outcast of society. His name will be long remembered in connexion with Lady Percival in the Blackheath affair ; for his share in which he was tried, but acquitted. For many years Mitford had lived by chance, and slept three nights out of the week in the open air, when his finances did not admit of his paying threepence for a den in St. Giles'. Though formerly a nautical fop, for fourteen years before his death he was ragged and loathsome. He never thought but for the necessities of the moment ; and having had once given to him an elegant pair of Wellington boots, sold them for a shilling. The fellow who

bought them put them in pawn for fifteen shillings, and came back in triumph with the money. " Ah ! " said Jack, " but he went out in the cold air for it."

What a melancholy history ! In the whole catalogue of the calamities of authors, what is there more hopelessly wretched ? When I stood on the castle-hill of Mitford, and looked on the lovely scene around, I could not help, in my mind's eye, gazing ' on this picture, and on this ; ' and while I saw in imagination John Mitford as a boy, rambling through these fairy glades, all lightness of heart and happiness, I cannot describe the sense of darkness and insecurity that fell on me, in the promises and prospects of opening existence. When from such fair scenes one sees youth go forth with the brightest auspices to a fate so dreadful, one cannot help asking how are such horrors to be forced out of the track of life ? There will always be some victims to circumstances that are difficult to unravel from the skein of existence, but surely the strenuous inculcation of strong, clear, and high moral principles, and the early and careful fixing of such habits, must do much to diminish their number



VISIT TO WARKWORTH.

A little lowly hermitage there stood,
 Down in a dale, hard by a river's side,
 Beneath a mossy cliff o'erhung with wood ;
 And in the living rock, there close beside,
 A little chapel entering we descried ;
 Wherein the hermit duly went to say
 His orisons, each morn and eventide ;
 Thereby the crystal stream did gently play,
 Which through the woody vale came rolling down alway.

WARKWORTH has been to me from boyhood enchanted ground. The beautiful ballad of 'Bishop Percy,' the scene

of which is laid here, was known by rote amongst us at Ackworth School in Yorkshire, and many a time repeated, by one boy or another, by the winter fireside. It was the first thing which opened that world of native historical romance to us, which Scott has since so magnificently opened to the public at large. The chivalric contests of the Percy and the Douglas on the Borders ; the feudal life of those times ; the old castles of the Widdringtons, the Bertrams, and the Scots ; the heroism of warriors, and the beauty of high-born ladies ; the lowly hermitage and the hermit, with the entrancing story of his love and of his sorrowful adventures—all these charms seized on our young imaginations, and made Warkworth one of those places that it would become one of life's prime luxuries to see. The brave Lord Percy, the heroic Bertram and his faithful brother, and the lovely and unfortunate Isabel Widdrington, still seem to hallow all that neighbourhood, and preserve it as a portion of the fairyland of poetry. Shakspeare has given an immortal interest to the Castle of Warkworth by laying part of the scene of his 'Henry IV.' there ; but the Hermitage and its story still cling more forcibly to my affections.

On this occasion I looked forward with so much pleasure to once more rambling over this ground, that at three o'clock on a beautiful Sunday morning I set off on foot from Morpeth, walked to Felton to breakfast, and thence strolled along the banks of the Coquet to Warkworth.

The early morning was one of those cheering, fresh, and lovely ones, that makes one feel how full of enjoyment life is. There was a novelty too, in being in the midst of a strange country at so early an hour that was piquant. The larks making the sky one orchestra of rejoicing sound ; the

other birds, in hedge and tree, shouting and singing to each other ; the bright mists floating, and the sun beaming over the wide landscape, and the low distant roar of the ocean just sufficiently heard to remind you that *it* never slept. Yet at hand not a human creature stirring.

From Felton over the fields to Warkworth was equally delightful. The whole of this scenery was imbued in my imagination with the spirit of the times and personages of the 'Hermit of Warkworth.' The beautiful Coquet ran on, clear and lively, amid green meadows and overhanging woods, its hurrying waters seeming in full talk amongst themselves as they rushed rapidly along. When I reached a particular height, wide moors all silent, but blazing with the summer gold of the gorse, lay around me, and at some distance opened out the ocean, with its winding and sandy shores. There to the right lay amidst its woods the very castle of Widdrington ; far at sea rose the dark tower of Coquet Isle ; and to the left might be caught the summits of the lofty turrets of the Castle of Warkworth. It was over this very ground that Sir Bertram, after his recovery from his wounds, when he had put the helm sent him by Isabel Widdrington to the proof against the Scots—

All day o'er moss and moor had rode
By many a lonely tower

to his lady, and arriving at Widdrington had found the castle all drear and dark, and his lady long ago gone to seek him. It was over this very ground, too, that fair Isabel had ridden, when hearing of the sad issue of her martial present and message to her lover, she had set out to nurse him, according to the old nurse's relation—

For when she heard thy grievous chance
 She tore her hair and cried—
 Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
 All through my folly and pride.

And now to atone for my sad fault,
 And his dear health regain,
 I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
 And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
 One morn by break of day,
 And two tall yeomen went with her
 To guard her by the way.

The image of the fair damsel on her milk-white steed,
 attended by her two tall yeomen, till she met the Scottish
 chief—

Who slew her guards, and seized on her,
 And bore her to his den,

seemed still to belong to the landscape, especially as the very towers from which she set out still stood there amid their woods. But these towers are now ruinous, and have passed into other hands. From very early days, long before the stout Widdrington fought upon his stumps at the battle of Chevy-Chase, that castle and its broad lands belonged to the Widdrington family, and continued its property till the last Lord Widdrington involved himself, with the Earl of Derwentwater and others of the northern nobility and gentry, in the disastrous rebellion of 1715, when he was attainted, and though he escaped with his life, yet lost his estates.

The Castle of Warkworth stands on a fine commanding hill, with wide and charming views seaward and landward, with the winding banks and hanging woods of the Coquet. Below the castle clusters the town. At a little distance out at sea you observe Coquet Isle, with its ruined tower and

cell. Northward stretch away the shores, with the Farne Isles and the castles of Bamborough and Dunstanborough conspicuous ; and southward, villages and woods enrich the wide broad plains, and stud the winding strand and creeks.

The castle itself is well worthy of its site. There is something peculiarly stately and of feudal grace about it. The keep, or principal part of the building, stands on the north side, and is elevated on an artificial mound several feet higher than the other parts. It is square, with the angles cut away. Near the middle of each side of this square projects at right angles a turret, its end terminating in a semi-hexagon. These projections are of the same height as the rest of the keep, from the centre of which a lofty exploratory tower arises.

But this keep forms only a small portion of the extent of the whole castle. The castle and moat, according to an ancient survey, contained nearly six acres of ground. It includes in front of the keep an area of more than an acre, surrounded with walls and towers. These walls are in many places entire, and are thirty-five feet high. The gateway, or principal entrance, was once a stately building, defended by a portcullis, and containing apartments for several officers of the castle ; of which a few only now remain, which are inhabited by the person who has charge of the castle. There were similar towers about the middle of the east and west walls, which are also in ruins. To the west of the gate yet stands in the area one isolated ruinous tower, on one side of which still ramps the grim, half-simple, half-venerable image of a most rude figure of a lion, with three shields in the wall above it, bearing the arms of the Percys. In the middle of the area is a draw-well.

and near it two subterraneous apartments, probably to receive their cattle when in danger from an enemy.

The keep possesses many noble apartments, the chief of which appear never to have had the walls drawn, but covered, no doubt, with tapestry. Unfortunately for Warkworth the family became possessed of the still richer, though not finer castle and park of Alnwick, and consequently this sunk in interest before its rival. Now the roofless fabric is preserved with all the care that can be extended to it, short of replacing the roof; and so admirable is the masonry, that it will probably endure for many centuries. The floors are covered with a composition of pitch and sand, so as to defend them as much as possible from the wet.

In one of the lower apartments, which are arched with stone, yet remains the dungeon—a horrid testimony to the little feeling which, in the feudal times, was exhibited towards a captive foe. The access to it is by a perpendicular hole in the floor of the room, through which the prisoners were let down, and out of which they were again hoisted by cords. Here they were, during their confinement, in total darkness, and with all hope of escape cut off, except in the event of the castle being carried by their friends.

From the green and beautiful slopes of the castle-hill we obtain a lovely view into the hollow containing the Hermitage. The Coquet takes a fine sweep through this vale, and the sloping banks of the valley only being wooded, you see the whole amphitheatric sweep at once. The view opens as you advance, finely wooded on both sides. A walk leads up through these woods, with the Coquet on your right, and when you come opposite to the Hermitage, which is on the north bank of the river, and can be reached only by a boat, you are then about the centre of the valley

and become at once sensible of its profound seclusion and Arcadian beauty.

There is perhaps no such place in this country which in the flight of many ages has suffered less than this; and never did scene which had been impressed by poetry on the youthful heart so entirely realise itself. Dr. Percy has indeed admirably woven every attribute of nature and fragment of tradition into his poem. The tradition, as wrought and embellished by Bishop Percy, is this : that Sir Bertram, the lord of Bothal Castle, was deeply attached to the beautiful Isabel Widdrington, the daughter of his neighbour, the proprietor of Widdrington Castle. That the lady, in order to try her lover's affection, sent him a splendid helmet by her bower-maiden to Alnwick Castle, when on some high-day he was there feasting with other adherents of the Percy. She presented it in presence of this noble company, with the message of its fair donor—that if he aspired to her hand, he must try the temper of that helm in some bold enterprise. It was received by him with joy, and with acclamations on the part of the spectators. Lord Percy, who entertained a particular friendship for Sir Bertram, appointed a day to march against the Scots, on which occasion Sir Bertram did deeds of high valour, but fell, seriously wounded, in the contest. He was carried to the border castle of Wark, and news of the event reaching Isabel, in her grief and remorse she set out on horseback with two guards to visit and nurse him. She was met and carried into Scotland by a Scottish chief, who had before sought her hand. On Bertram's recovery, he and his brother went in different disguises in quest of her, and both discovering her retreat at the same time, though unknown to each other, the brother succeeded in rescuing her and in carrying her away, when he was over-

taken and slain by Sir Bertram, before they recognised each other. Isabel Widdrington was also, in endeavouring to prevent the mischief, accidentally, but mortally wounded by her lover. In his anguish and despair on learning the extent of the misery he had inflicted on himself, Sir Bertram renounced the world, built churches, chantries, and hospitals, according to the spirit of the age, and retiring hither to be near his friend Lord Percy, he scooped out this hermitage and chapel, with the tomb and effigy of his lost love, and his own figure at her feet in an attitude of eternal penitence. You find now everything wonderfully corresponding with Bishop Percy's description of the place when he wrote his ballad, and so strongly do particulars bear out the tradition, that from the inner apartment, which was the hermit's cell of penance, marked by an armorial shield over the door, with the crucifixion, and several instruments of torture, there is a window so placed that the person kneeling at this inner altar could still view the monument in the chapel.

Dr. Percy opens his ballad by supposing the son of Hotspur who, on the death of his father and grandfather in their rebellion against Henry IV., had been brought up in Scotland, now returned to take a view of his paternal estates, and having fallen in love with the daughter of Ralph Neville of Raby, the first Earl of Westmoreland, he flies with her, and reaches by accident the cell of our hermit in a storm at night. Here a recognition takes place. The hermit relates to the young lord the fortunes and present condition of the Percy family, and by means of an emissary, a brother recluse on Coquet Isle, effects a reconciliation with the Neville family, the marriage of the young couple, and the restoration of the Percy to his honours and estates through the influence of his lady's mother, half-sister of the king.

The beauty of the scene, and the tender interest of the story, bring great numbers of visitors hither in summer, and will do so while nature and poetry retain their power. We would advise every one before making such a visit, not to content himself with hearing the tradition, but previously to read over Dr. Percy's ballad. There is a delicacy and tenderness of sentiment about it that must ever charm the young and the pure and warm-hearted. Many parts of the poem have a rich romance and sense of the olden time in



Interior of the Hermitage

them, but the latter portions excel in a fine pathos, and sweet melancholy of feeling ; as in the scene where the hermit relates the sad tragedy of his jealous passion.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound ;
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spake never more—
 His precious life was flown ;
 She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
 Regardless of her own.

' Bertram,' she said, ' be comforted,
 And live to think on me ;
 May we in heaven that union prove,
 Which here was not to be.

Bertram,' she said, ' I still was true,
 Thou only hadst my heart ;
 May we hereafter meet in bliss,
 We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
 And flew to thy relief ;
 When lo ! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
 I met a Scottish chief—

' Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
 I had refused with scorn ;
 He slew my guards, and seized on me,
 Upon that fatal morn.

' And in these dreary, hated walls
 He kept me close confined ;
 And fondly sued, and warmly pressed
 To win me to his mind.

' Each rising morn increased my pain,
 Each night increased my fear ;
 When wandering in this northern garb,
 Thy brother found me here.

' He quickly formed his brave design,
 To set me, captive, free ;
 And on the moor his horses wait,
 Tied to a neighbouring tree.

' Then haste, my love, escape away,
 And for thyself provide ;
 And sometimes fondly think on her
 Who should have been thy bride.'

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
 E'en with her latest breath,
 She gave one parting, fond embrace,
 And closed her eyes in death.



VISIT TO ALNWICK CASTLE.

A VISIT to Alnwick is like going back into the old feudal times. The town still retains the moderate dimensions and the quiet air of one that has grown up under the protection of the castle, and of the great family of the castle. Other towns, that arose under the same circumstances, have caught the impulse of modern commerce and manufacture, and have grown into huge, bustling, and noisy cities, in which the old fortified walls and the old castle have

either vanished, or have been swallowed up, and stand, as if in superannuated wonder, amid a race and a wilderness of buildings, with which they have nothing in common. When, however, you enter Alnwick, you still feel that you are entering a feudal place. It is what the abode of the Percys has presented itself to your imagination. It is still, quaint, grey, and old-worldish. As you move along the streets, which chiefly retain the name of gates, there is nothing to disturb your ideas of what it was in past times. On the contrary, you look on houses that stood there in the days when the names of Douglas and Percy rung through the North as its two great names.

One modern object meets your eye conspicuously even before you enter the town, and that is a lofty pillar surmounted by a lion, erected by the tenants in honour of the late duke, and which is said to have cost 2,000*l*.

Having passed this modern object, you advance into Alnwick of the old time ; and close at its farther end find yourself in front of the ancient barbican of the castle. The effect of this, as you turn the corner of the street, and stand at once before it, is very striking and impressive. The plain square towers projecting in front, the octagon ones showing behind ; the armorial escutcheon over the massy gateway ; and the various figures of warriors in stone, mounted on the battlements, give a unique dignity to the whole, and bring back forcibly the times in which it stood high in Border fame. This impression was, moreover, highly strengthened as Mrs. Howitt and myself saw it at the first moment. The steward, at the head of the tenantry, and accompanied by the old piper, was issuing from the portal in order to proceed through the town to proclaim the fair. Nothing could more vividly restore the

image of the past times ; nor can this scene be again witnessed in its completeness, for on my last visit I found the old piper had long been dead, and no successor appointed. It is to be greatly regretted that the use of the Northumbrian pipes is so fast decreasing, and indeed so nearly extinct. These pipes are essentially different to the Scotch bagpipes. They are smaller ; and are not blown with the mouth, but by means of a small pair of bellows placed under one arm, as the bag is under the other. The Northumbrian pipe is a most lively and inspiring instrument ; and when the old marches and Border tunes, which so long animated the Northumbrian race in the contests with the Scots, or at their times of festivity, are played upon it, we cannot help wondering that it has become so much neglected.

The whole view of Alnwick Castle is noble, feudal, and worthy of its fame. In the castle itself, without and within, I never saw one on English ground that more delighted me ; because it more completely came up to the *beau idéal* of the feudal baronial mansion, and especially of that of the Percys, the great chieftains of the British Border—the heroes of Otterburne and of Chevy-Chase. As to the surrounding scenery, it is highly delightful, and one of its charms is, in my opinion, that its beauties are not all at once revealed to the eye. Above the town rise lofty hills ; and wide moorlands restore to you the feeling of the days of frays and moss-troopers. You come in one place to the memorial of the capture of one Scottish king ; in another, to the cross which marks the sudden destruction of a second. The winding Aln leads through the most delightful scenery of rocky banks, hanging woodlands, onward sweep of clear waters, with the most charming walks bordering them ; and in the

park, the ruins of the once proud monastery in which once dwelt the great biographer Bale, or to views into far Border regions.

To return again to the castle itself : nothing can be more striking than the effect at first entering within the walls from the town.

An idea may be formed of the scale of this brave castle, when we state that it includes, within its outer walls, about five acres of ground ; and that its walls are flanked with sixteen towers, which now afford a complete set of offices to the castle ; and many of them retain not only their ancient names, but also their original uses. The Great or Outer Gate, formerly called the Utter Ward ; the Garner, or Aveners Tower ; the Water Tower, containing the cistern which supplies the castle with water ; the Caterer's Tower, behind which are the kitchens, &c. ; the Middle Ward ; the Auditor's Tower ; the Guard House ; the East Garret ; the Records' Tower, still the *depôt* of the Archives of the Barony ; the Ravine Tower, or Hotspur's Chair ; the Constable's Tower ; the Postern Tower, or Sally-Port ; the Armourer's Tower ; the Falconer's Tower ; the Abbot's Tower ; and the West Garret.

The castle courts, except the centre one, are beautifully carpeted with green turf, which gives them a very pleasant aspect. In the centre of the second court is a lion with his paw on a ball, a copy of one of the lions of St. Mark at Venice.

Pennant in his visit here complained that 'Ye look in vain for the helmet on the tower, the ancient signal of hospitality to the traveller, or for the grey-headed porter.' On the latter score there is at least now no cause of complaint. One of the finest or most characteristic things about

the place is the old porter—a tall, fine looking old man in drab, who though he must have shown the exterior of the castle a thousand times, still continues to show it with unabated unction. Under his guidance, progressing through the inner court gate, which he called the Barneyside Gate, which is majestic, with its appropriate towers and figures, we passed through the second court to the ancient archway leading into the inner court—that is, into the centre of the castle. This archway, which is Saxon, and still retains the zigzag ornament, is eighteen yards through. The inner court is square, with the corners taken off; and on the wall opposite to the entrance are medallion portraits of the first duke and duchess. Near the gateway appear the old wheels and axle which worked the great well, over which is the figure of a pilgrim blessing the waters. Within the gateway you enter an octagon tower, where the old dungeon still remains in the floor, covered with its iron grate. It is eleven feet deep, by nine feet eight inches and a half square at the bottom. In the court are two other dungeons, now or formerly used for a force-pump to throw water up to the top of the castle; and one now not used at all, which could all be so closed down as to exclude the prisoners from both sound and light.

This court is by far the most interesting about the castle. You see many of those towers around it which I have already mentioned; and around, within the battlements, a broad walk on the wall, so that the guards and soldiers could stand and look out, at the same time that they were protected from the enemy. In the wall between Hotspur's Chair, or the Ravine Tower, and the Records' Tower, you see plainly where a breach has some time been made, which has always been known traditionally as the Bloody Gap, and

through which the Scots are said to have made their way, but of which there is no actual record.

The Constable's Tower is now the armoury, and the grand source of interest to our worthy porter. Hither he conducts you with particular pleasure, and here he displays, with much gusto, its treasures to your eyes.

As we looked over the terrace into the broad meadows on the other side of the river, which were finely spotted with cattle, the old man said that regularly on Shrove Tuesday he goes out into these meadows with two footballs, and there throws them down to be played with. They used to throw them merely out at the castle gates; but the people petitioned to have them thrown in the meadows, as great mischief and many accidents arose from it in the town, especially in the breakage of windows, which the duke *anciently* used to pay for, but that custom becoming defective, it was desired that this annual strift might be removed to the meadows. One ball is thrown for the freemen, and one for the non-freemen, that they may not interrupt the sport of the freemen. The duke gives the freemen 10*l.* to furnish them a supper and a dance.

On Easter Monday and Tuesday the people go into the meadows to throw balls and oranges. At the proclaiming of the July fair, the old feudal custom is kept up. The Scotch used to make inroads the night before the fair in July, the great fair of the year, and on the 12th of May; so the duke's tenants, and those also who owed suit and service, attended to keep watch and ward on those nights. This is a very ancient custom, and still in show kept up. Those owing suit and service are represented by four men from each of the townships of Chatton and Chillingham, Cold-

marton and Fowbury, Hetton and Hazlerigg, Fawdon and Clinch, Long-Haughton and Denwick ; and by two men each from those of Alnham and Alnham Moor, Tughall and Swinhoe, Lesbury and Bilton, Lyham and Lyham Hall, with the principal inhabitants of Alnwick. All those townships sending watchers are exempt from toll for twelve months. They used to watch all night, being posted at different parts of the town ; but now the watch is set at dusk, and towards midnight they turn off, and assembling again the next morning are supposed to have been watching all night. They then proceed down to the castle, the bailiff riding at their head, where they drink the duke's health with three cheers and disperse.

The ceremony of making free burgessess at Alnwick is at once so ludicrous and so rude, that it may as well be mentioned here while speaking of such things. On the eve of St. Mark's Day the chamberlains and common council assemble at the town-hall, where the qualified who are to be made free attend. After discharging the usual demands, and taking the oath, they quit the hall, and parade the streets with music. Early the next morning a large holly-tree is planted at the door of each candidate, as a signal to his friends to come and make merry. At eight o'clock they assemble in the market-place, each chevalier on horseback, and provided with a sword, where they are joined by the chamberlains and officers of the duke, armed with old halberds—this custom having formerly been rendered necessary by the danger of attack from the Borderers. Being arranged in due order, the candidates, not without difficulty, draw their rusty swords, and accompanied by an immense concourse of people, on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, with music playing, they proceed round a part

of their extensive domains—that is, on their town moor—till they come to a well or pond, about four miles from Alnwick, where their friends are anxiously waiting their arrival, provided with liquors and other refreshments.

Having arrived at the well, they instantly strip, and each candidate is soon arrayed in white, with a white cap, thus keeping up allusion to the word *candidatus*. The cap is adorned, however, with a bunch of ribbons on one side. Before they proceed to the edge of the well, their spirits are fortified with a glass of brandy. The sons of the oldest freemen have the honour of taking the first leap, and being all arranged, the signal is given, and in they plunge, and are soon immersed head and ears, and find it an arduous matter to scramble out from amongst the impediments that have been artfully prepared for them. Being helped out at the other side amid the mirth of the multitude, they are treated with another cordial glass, put on dry clothes, mount their horses, and proceed to perambulate the remainder of their extensive moor, where each young freeman is obliged to alight every quarter of a mile, and taking up a stone, to place it on a cairn, as a mark of the boundary, till they reach the Townley Cairns, where the duke's bailiff reads over the names of the freeholders of Alnwick. At a place called the Freeman's Gap, the new-fledged burgesses set off at full speed over rocks and steep declivities, at the imminent risk of their necks, each striving which shall be first at Rotten-Row Tower at the entrance of the town. Here the rest join them: the young freemen again draw their swords, and enter the town in triumph. They parade the streets with music, march to the castle, and drink the duke's health; then returning to their own houses, drink a friendly glass with each other around their respective holly-

trees, and finally assemble in the market-place, where a copious bowl of punch closes the scene.

Rude as is this custom, the young freemen regard the day as one of the happiest of their lives. They invite their friends to an excellent dinner, and spend the evening in jollity. There is a tradition that King John, being bogged as he rode over these moors, in his wrath instituted this as an indispensable introduction to the freedom of the borough, which, however, the inhabitants have contrived to convert into an occasion of merriment and good fellowship.

Having wandered thus round this noble pile, it is time to enter it. Of the interior, however, I shall not say much more than that it is at once a fitting modern residence for a nobleman of the high rank and ancient descent of the proprietor, and in admirable keeping with its exterior.

The house is full of beauty and good taste. There are few paintings—the great bulk of those belonging to the family being at Northumberland and Zion Houses. In the saloon are portraits of the present Duke by Lawrence ; his grandfather ; Algernon Percy, the admiral ; the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, by Lely ; and the ninth earl, so long confined in the Tower—a copy from Vandyke, by Phillips. This is an admirable picture. He is leaning on his elbow, under which lies a paper, and his fine and intelligent face is marked with all the melancholy of the captive. In the house are various others : as Edward Seymour and Lord Paulet, by Holbein ; but the paintings by no means make a marked feature of the place.

The chapel is very richly adorned. It has beautifully painted windows, with the family escutcheons. Its walls are divided into drab panels with gilt, purple, and scarlet mouldings. Three clustered pilasters branch out palm-like

from each side, and in each panel is an armorial shield in colours proper. Lists of pedigrees occupy a large panel on each side ; and the roof is full of tracery from each palm-like pillar. A tomb of white marble occupies the recess of the east window, in memory of Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, daughter and heiress of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, whose full-length portrait also hangs in the dining-room.

On the whole, it is a noble and highly satisfactory mansion ; but still it is when you get without again that you feel the real antiquity and proud dignity of the place. The fame of the Percy and the Douglas seems to be whispered by every wind that plays round those old towers. Otterburne, Homildon and Shrewsbury, Braham, and other great fields where Hotspur and his father triumphed or fell, gather their romance and their shadows round you.

For the 'deeds of arms' that afterwards distinguished the Percys we have to turn in successive ages to the fields of Northallerton against the Scots, to those in opposition to the tyrannies of King John, to the battle of Dunbar, under Edward I., to those which put down the weak favouritism of Edward II. and destroyed Piers Gaveston ; to the melancholy slaughter of Bannockburn, under the same feeble monarch ; and to the more successful and equally bloody one of Halidon Hill, under Edward III. The wars which raised the fame of England in France, and deposed Richard II. at home, reach to the days of Hotspur, and thence onwards the wars of the rival Roses still find the Percys high leaders in the field. For Henry VI. stoutly stood and stoutly fell the second and third earls ; one at the battle of St. Albans, and the other at Towton. The fourth earl was at Bosworth Field, the fifth at Blackheath

with Henry VII. and at the battle of Spurs with Henry VIII. The sixth earl, who in his youth, being deeply enamoured of Ann Boleyn, was thwarted by the arts of Wolsey and the passion of the king, died childless ; and his successor, still more unfortunate, opposing the proceeding of this king's daughter, Queen Elizabeth, and rising against her in the celebrated 'Rising of the North,' perished on the block ; and his brother and successor again falling under her fatal jealousy, by his attachment to the fair Queen of Scots, is supposed, in his imprisonment in the Tower, to have died by his own hand. The change of dynasty to the Tudors had been a melancholy change to this family ; and the ninth earl, whose interesting portrait we have referred to, for his adherence to the old religion, and suspicion of participation in the Gunpowder Plot, was immured sixteen long years in the Tower.

Then followed Algernon, the Lord High Admiral, who, with his brother Henry, Baron Percy of Alnwick, stood firmly by their monarch Charles I. in his troubles, and suffered much for it. From that time to the last duke, who also was a soldier, serving under Prince Ferdinand in the Seven Years' War, and in America, the Percys have maintained their high character for worth and amiability, which the present duke and duchess nobly sustain.

When you explore the country which lies round the castle, you find before you evidences of this ancient renown, and modern refinement and improvement. In the woods opposite to the castle, and near the north road, stands a picturesque cross, to mark the spot where King Malcolm of Scotland fell. If you follow the course of the Aln upwards, it leads you away by a winding road by the river side, through the most beautiful and retired scenery. The park

which lies in that direction is extensive and charming, with every variety of woodland, lofty and heathy hill, and dells delicious with hanging copses and sonorous with clear and rapid waters. You find yourself here in a little world of solitude and enclosed beauty. The pleasure grounds skirting the Aln and the park are fenced in with a stone



Malcolm's Cross

wall of ten miles in circuit, and the footpaths and roads by which they are traversed are said to be upwards of thirty miles in extent. In them you find the beautiful remains of the abbeys of Alnwick and Hulne, themselves very picturesque ruins, charmingly situated. Above you, on the left, from amongst its woods rises a striking object—the tower of Brislee.

The approach to it is well managed. It is through drear and solitary woods. Emerging from this forest region, you find a cottage, and a man ready to show you the tower. The view from its top is magnificent. It includes a wide stretch of ocean and of coast ; the Staples and Farne Isles, Holy Island, the castles of Bamborough and Dunstanborough, Alnmouth and Warkworth. Westward, the eye ranges over the vale of Whittingham, the Cheviots, Flodden Field, and the blue summits of the mountains of Teviotdale in Scotland. You have at once spread out before you, as a map, the whole wide district which for ages was the scene of constant combat between the Douglas and the Percy. Beneath you too the scene is beautiful. Alnwick with its castle and red roofs ; the ruins of Hulne Abbey, beyond the river, standing on a sweet green plateau, with long sweeps of the river in front, and flanked with woody glens, while behind, uplands stretch away into still moorland hills crowned with dark clumps of firs.

Returning towards the town, I passed the monument of William the Lion, another king of Scotland, who after ravaging a great part of Durham and Northumberland, was on this spot surprised and taken.

Besides the different old foundations which Alnwick possesses, the duke and duchess have each their own school here : in the former of which two hundred boys are taught ; and in the latter fifty girls are educated, not only in the ordinary elements of learning, but in the useful arts of knitting, sewing, &c.

What was the state of domestic rudeness in Hotspur's days we may imagine from the revelations of the Household Book of the fifth earl, in the days of Henry VII. and VIII., who was reckoned a very magnificent nobleman. A family

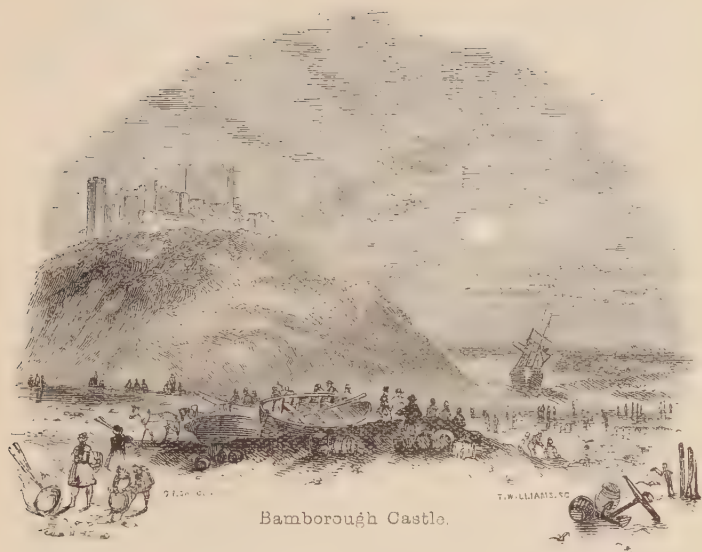
of 166 persons ; 57 strangers reckoned upon every day, making 223 ; and twopence-halfpenny per day, for meat, drink, and firing allowed for each. Pretty well of mutton and salt-beef, and 160 gallons of mustard per year to it. Only twenty-five hogs at two shillings each ; twenty-eight veals at twenty-pence, and forty lambs at a shilling each in the year, and these for the lord's table. Only seventy ells of linen, at eight-pence an ell, for this great family per year. This linen made into eight tablecloths for my lord's table, and a tablecloth for the knights. No sheets allowed ; and the tablecloths washed probably once a month, forty shillings a year sufficing for the whole washing. Drinking plentiful ; besides a bottle and third of beer per man per diem, ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascony wine a year. Pretty good fires, as wood was plentiful, though coal was little used, because say they, 'coal will not burn without wodde.' Look at this item too, and think of poor Hotspur's comforts : 'My lord passes the year in three country seats, all in Yorkshire --Wrysel, Leckenfield, and Topcliffe ; but he has furniture only for one. He carries everything along with him—beds, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils,' all which we may conclude were of a quality and structure not likely to suffer much injury by their carriage ; and for the conveyance of which seventeen carts and one waggon were enough.

Imagine the great Earl of Northumberland, and not only the earl but all the great nobles of those fine old English days, travelling bag and baggage thus, gipsy-like, from one naked and empty old house to another. And when they got there, contemplate the elegance of their table !—'My lord and lady have set on their table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red-herrings, four

white ones, and a dish of sprats. On flesh days : half a chyne of mutton, or a chyne of boiled beef.' For supper : 'A mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, a cheat, or finer loaf, and a gallon of ale. To be sociable after supper, there was left on the table, a manchette loaf, a gallon of ale, and half a gallon of wine.'



Monument of William the Lion



VISIT TO BAMBOROUGH CASTLE AND THE FARNE ISLES.

FROM the castle of Alnwick we take our flight to the castle of King Ida. Bamborough Castle is an object so bold, and stands on so commanding a rock by the sea, on the east coast of Northumberland, that no person can have travelled along the Great North Road between Alnwick and Berwick without being struck with it. Far and wide it meets your vision. After you have long left that neighbourhood, and are gazing on quite different scenes, you descry a lofty and very distant tower, and to your surprise learn that it is still Bamborough. You climb a mountain

some week or so after, where you are not dreaming of Bamborough, but a cloud-like pile in the horizon catches your eye ; you ask what is that, and it is Bamborough. To all voyagers at sea, along the north-east coast of merry England, the lofty rock-built citadel of Bamborough is one of the most familiar objects. It is of that bold character that cannot be overlooked. It is the more conspicuous from standing in a flat country and very open coast.

In natural strength there is not a situation in all North-umberland equal to that of Bamborough, nor one in anywise so well adapted to the ancient rules of fortification.

Such a strong and prominent position as this castle rock could not avoid from the earliest times seizing the attention of the inhabitants, and becoming one of their most famous strongholds. Accordingly, it is said to have had a castle erected on it by Ida, King of Bernicia, so early as A.D. 559, and named by him Bebban-brough, in honour of his queen Bebba. In every succeeding age, down to the reign of Edward IV., it became a stormy point in all the revolutions and contests for the crown which agitated the country. By a grant of the Crown in the time of James I. it came into the family of the Forsters, and was again forfeited by them in 1715, its then proprietor embarking in the rebellion for the restoration of the descendant of the benefactor of the family. It is singular, that the estates of the two English leaders of this rebellion became, by their forfeiture, devoted to two of the noblest charities of the country. That of the Earl of Derwentwater was given to the support of Greenwich Hospital—the asylum of old sailors ; and this, the property of the rebel General Forster, was purchased from the Crown by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham,

who had married Forster's aunt, and has become also greatly contributive to the benefit and comfort of seafaring men.

Lord Crewe's noble appropriation of this castle and manor to unconfined charitable purposes has been productive of more good perhaps than was ever produced by a private donation in this country.

The whole of the extensive accommodations of this castle, which includes within its exterior walls no less a space than eight acres, except the residence of the trustee, and library, are devoted to the objects of active benevolence. The upper part is an ample granary, where corn is kept ; and being ground at that windmill which is so singular an object within a castle wall, is distributed to the poor at the lowest possible price. There is a flour shop, which is opened every Tuesday and Friday to all those who are deemed objects of charity, without regard to distance or place of residence. At the infirmary, upwards of 1,000 patients of one sort or another receive assistance in the year. Besides these excellent institutions, there are in the castle large schools endowed for the gratuitous education of the children of the poor, both boys and girls. Twenty poor girls, called boarders, are taken at nine years of age, educated and supported at the expense of the trust. They are well supplied with meat, drink, washing, lodging, and an uniform clothing until they are about sixteen years of age or matured for service. They are taught reading, writing, the useful parts of arithmetic, knitting, sewing, spinning, &c., so as to train them up for good servants and good wives. When they are sent out to service, it is with a good stock of comfortable apparel, and a supply of money in their pockets to serve till wages are due ; and at the end of the first year's

servitude, if their behaviour has been such as to merit a good character from their master or mistress, they receive from the trustees a handsome donation of books and a guinea.

So far this is an admirable charity, and a constant fountain of incalculable benefit to the neighbourhood ; but the peculiar vicinity of Bamborough Castle to the stormy and dangerous navigation around the Farne and Holy Islands has made attention to the safety of those at sea, and relief to sufferers there, one of its most prominent Samaritan cares. Apartments are fitted up for shipwrecked sailors, and bedding is provided for thirty, should such a number happen to be cast on the shore at the same time. A constant patrol is kept every stormy night along this tempestuous coast, for above eight miles, which is the length of the manor, by which means numbers of lives have been preserved. Many poor wretches are often found on the shore in a state of insensibility, who by timely relief are soon brought to themselves. It often happens, too, that ships strike upon the rocks in such a manner as to be capable of relief, in case numbers of people could be assembled suddenly ; and to effect this, a variety of apparatus is provided at the castle, and many signals used.

In the court-room are various good portraits, and amongst them those of this worthy Lord Crewe, and his lady.

In the library are many valuable works. Fine editions of the Classics ; some curious Breviaries ; Handel's and other musical works ; and amongst many other things, a very beautiful and curious Missal, brought from Sarum, which, having the sacred services only written on one side of the leaf, some monk has amused himself with making on the other sides twelve paintings of the life of man, as if it were twelve months of a year, with quaint poetical mottoes.

This library is made subservient to public benefit in the same liberal manner as everything else here.

The external aspect of this grand fortress, it may be supposed, is impressive enough, standing as it does on a mass of volcanic rocks, some of which project into the sea and rise above it almost perpendicularly 150 feet ; but the exterior even does not affect you with an equal sense of awe, and of the indefatigable industry of those who raised it, as does the great Well which has not many years ago been discovered in the very heart of the castle. This is a dark and rugged gulf of 150 feet deep, descending through the hard whinstone rock seventy-five feet, and then down into the fine-grained red and white sandstone. It is a startling and stupendous sight as the man fixes four candles to the end of the rope, and lets it rapidly down from its rattling roller to show it you.

From this interesting place I hastened to pass over to the Farne Isles. These islands lie scattered off the shore between Bamborough and North Sunderland, at a distance of from one mile and a half to seven miles. They are about seventeen in number ; and the Staples Islands, about a mile and a half farther out, may add some half-dozen more to the number, though rather rocks than islands. Indeed the whole of these islands have the most wild and desolate aspect. The haunts of winds and sea-birds. Of old, St. Cuthbert and other monks made them of account by fixing their solitary abode there. The island of St. Cuthbert is the one nearest to the shore, and is called the House Island. There are still to be seen a square old tower, the remains of a church, and some other buildings on it. Two lighthouses are also now erected on it, and persons appointed to watch and give assistance in case of wreck or distress at sea.

The fame which St. Cuthbert gave to the Farne Islands of old has been in our day transferred to the Staples by a simple but heroic girl, Grace Darling—a fame the more true because she had not gone out to those desolate rocks to dream away her life in idle penance, but for the active service of her fellow creatures. Every one recollects the sensation which her bold and generous deed created when on the wreck of the *Forfarshire* steamer on those crags, in 1838, she adventurously went off to the rescue of the surviving passengers.

It was on the 7th of September of that year this catastrophe occurred. The *Forfarshire* was proceeding from Hull to Dundee. It was sent out in a very unseaworthy condition. Its boilers were in so defective a state that the fires had been obliged to be extinguished before leaving the Humber. After labouring along in a wretched manner, it finally drove on these rocks, and from thirty-five to forty persons perished in the waves. Those who escaped to the rock were surprised in the early dawn of the wild morning, and amid a dreadful sea, by the boat which approached for their rescue, in which were only an old man and a slight young woman. The fame of Grace Darling flew through the country with the news of this melancholy event, and crowds of persons hastened to the spot to see her, and to testify, by various presents, their admiration.

The circumstance did not less excite my admiration than that of the public in general. My interest was the more strongly awakened, because I had some knowledge of more than one of those that there perished. I was therefore quite anxious, being there some time after, to get out to Longstone Lighthouse situated on one of the most distant of the Staples Islands, where Grace lives with her parents, and where the

wreck occurred. Not finding the men at home at Monk-house, between Bamborough and North Sunderland, who generally take people out to the islands, I went on to Sunderland, and got a boat and two men. It was getting towards evening when we set out. The wind was rough and our little fishing boat, with a sail, skimmed away at a brisk rate over the great green billows, dashing the spray sometimes right over us, and sometimes lying so much aslant that the water fizzed along its very edge. We were however, very fortunate. We went it in an hour, and came it in an hour, though I was quite wet through by the time I reached land again. But such is the nature of this sea that it is reckoned lucky to go and return on the same day. The men said they went out with the artist who came to take Grace Darling's portrait, and they were obliged to remain in the lighthouse six days. We had, however, a splendid evening. As we approached the second island, the rocks, which are dark whinstone, as hard as iron, were covered with thousands of sea-birds. There is a row of tall, square, insulated rocks, rising out of the sea, near the island cliffs, called 'The Pinnacles,' the tops of which were covered with sea-fowl. It was one of the most curious and beautiful sights that I ever saw. They were chiefly guillemots and puffins. They seemed all to be sitting erect as close as they could crowd, and waving their little dark wings as if for joy. There was a sort of stratum of milk white on the top of the rocks, and a stratum of dark brown of their breasts and heads, their beaks all pointing upwards, and their little wings, as I have said, all in a flutter. On the sides of the cliffs, on little projections, sate gulls, looking very white and silvery against the dark arch.

We landed on this island, and went across it. It was

like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in all directions, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests since the world began. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the laughing gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly.

We found numbers of nests amongst the loose stones, and when we came to a part of the island where some grass grew we found also numbers there, as well as thousands of rabbits. Levying a tribute of one from each nest, I soon collected a glorious sample of the eggs of the island for my



The Pinnacles

boys at home ; some of them as large as my fist—those of eider-ducks, puffins, razor-bills, terns, gulls, cormorants, &c.—many of them very beautiful. Some of them were very finely tapered, coloured, and blotched with dark spots ; others white, others of an olive colour. These eggs are collected in thousands from May till the 1st of July, and sold, many being sent to London. Grace Darling's father, very characteristically, as he cannot at his lonely lighthouse surrounded only by black rocks and noisy leaping waters, keep barn-door fowls, keeps a large flock of terns or sea swallows, as white as snow. That is, he has laid sand for

them along the ledge of rocks opposite to the lighthouse, and does not allow them to be plundered ; and so they haunt there, in a flock of hundreds, and make a continual noise, which I have no doubt in that solitude and in the absence of other living creatures, is pleasant enough to him. He says none came there till he thus cared for them, and there are now hundreds which arrive in spring like other swallows, and stay the summer. Thus even wild creatures of the sea and air acknowledge kindness.



The Farnes Isles.

But where is Grace Darling all this time, and what is she like? Grace Darling is as perfect a realisation of a Jeannie Deans in an English form as it is possible for a woman to be. She is not like any of the portraits of her. She is a little, simple, modest young woman, I should say of five or six and twenty. She is neither tall nor handsome ; but she has the most gentle, quiet, amiable look, and the sweetest smile that I ever saw in a person of her station and appear-

ance. You see that she is a thoroughly good creature ; and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion.

She is just as modest ; has just that same sweet affectionate smile, void of conceit as heaven is of crime. She shuns public notice, and is even troubled at the visits of the curious. She has shown as much good sense and firmness as she did heroism, and would be as ready to-morrow to risk her life to save another's as she was in 1838.

When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not have got to see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her ; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So, when we had been up to the top lighthouse, and had seen its machinery ; had taken a good look out at the distant shore—and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down, and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly, but very simply dressed, in a plain sort of a striped printed gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided. Just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are.

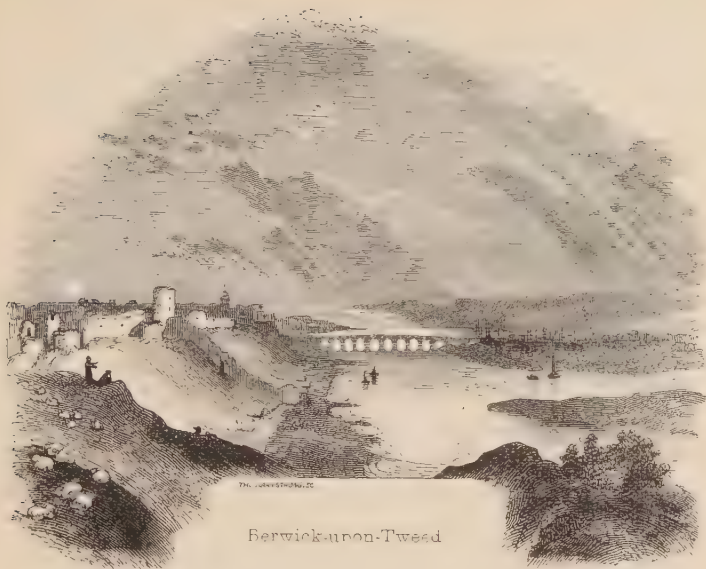
She rose very modestly ; and with a pleasant smile, said, 'How do you do, sir?' Her figure is by no means striking ; quite the contrary ; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness ; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one.

He that goes out and sees the savage and iron nature of those ruthless rocks, the position in which the wreck lay, and the mode by which Darling and his daughter got at the

sufferers, will not avoid wondering at the desperate nature of the attempt. The wreck lay on the rocks a little to the right hand of their lighthouse, as they faced it, and a long ridge of sharp and destructive rocks ran between them and it, so that to reach the place they had at first to let the boat drift with the wind southward, to the left, to some distance, and then bring her up under the lee of these rocks. The sea was running mountains high, and rearing up into tremendous breakers all round these black crags; and nothing but the most sublime self-devotion could persuade two people to hope to be able to return on the other side of this range of low rocks, and make head against the furious winds, so as to bring their boat up at the place of the wreck. The vessel ran on the rocks in the night, and at the first dawn of morning the Darlings descried the nine people on the crags. Darling's son, Grace's brother, who is usually in the lighthouse, was then ashore at Sunderland, so that they were deprived of his help. He, indeed, went off in a boat with others from Sunderland, to endeavour to carry aid to the vessel; but they found it impossible to reach her, and were compelled to put back. The vessel had been driven upon the rock in a high swell, and the moment the wave receded, its back was broken by the weight of its engine, and the hinder part of the vessel was instantly plunged with the bulk of the passengers into the sea, leaving only these nine poor people on the fore-deck, which remained aground. The vessel was apparently attempting to steer through a gap in the rocks; and had it passed but its own breadth to the left or right, I forget which, of its then course, would probably have escaped. It is true that the survivors had scrambled upon the rocks to a spot where they were for a time out of reach of the waves, but the returning tide would

have probably swept them off again, had they, drenched with wet, and exhausted with fatigue and fear, survived through the storm till then.

Grace Darling did not stop to weigh these chances. The moment she caught sight of them, she determined to save them if possible. Her father, who appears to be one of those grave, sensible, and superior men, whom we often find in these situations of important trust, told me that when she proposed to take the boat and attempt their rescue, it appeared to him, from the furious state of the sea, the most desperate and hopeless of adventures. No words of his had, however, any effect. She declared that if he declined to accompany her, she would go alone ; and that, live or die, she would make the attempt to save them. He then consented to the trial ; the boat was got out, and they succeeded ; and in no instance did the English public more rationally give way to the enthusiasm of its sympathy and admiration, than in its applause of this unassuming and heroic girl ; nor ever was that applause more entirely justified by the subsequent conduct of its object.



VISIT TO BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

IN our northern ramble we have now reached the limit of our progress—the ancient key of the kingdom on this side, and perhaps the spot on which more blood has been shed than on any other in the whole island. There is an air of antiquity and melancholy about Berwick that accords well with our memory of what has passed within and around it. As we approach it we see its old buildings clustering up the hill-side, and the wide river flowing at its feet, and cannot avoid reflecting how many thousand Englishmen have in former days gazed on the same objects with very different eyes and feelings! Then all was hostility, and now all is

peace. Then armed heads looked over the walls, the banners of Scotland waved on the towers, and fierce defiance was sent from sling and cross-bow, trumpet and bagpipe, musket and cannon, according to the age.

All now is silent, and deserted by the pomp and activity of ancient warfare. We advance winding up hilly and old streets, till we again reach the outskirts on the Scottish side, and see mounds and ramparts, ancient gateways, the walls and bastions of fortifications, and here and there a solitary tower now standing amid green crops, that testify at once to the violence which raged here for centuries, and to the long peace that has succeeded it. There is a dreamlike quiet about the place, which affects you with a feeling that with the union of the kingdoms the stormy and iron importance of Berwick had passed away, and for which nothing in the long reign of tranquillity succeeding has ever been able to present a substitute. It was the object of everlasting strife ; and the scene of perpetual beleaguering, surprises, desperate defences, bloody sallies, and bloodier stormings. Hangings, massacres, and the very mills set agoing with the torrents of blood that ran down these steep slopes from contending armies, are the images that meet us at every step in the history of this now quiet and old-fashioned town.

It was, however, during the reigns of the three Edwards that the most inveterate animosity raged round Berwick, and the contest for the mastery of Scotland here seemed to concentrate all its malignant fire ; and deeds were done, especially by these English monarchs, that are not to be exceeded in the wide world's history for horror and villainous shame.

Here Edward I. in 1292 gave the crown of Scotland to John Baliol, as his own vassal ; and four years afterwards, for his depredations on the English borders, again put him

down, and in the course of so doing stormed this place, and gave a dreadful example of his ferocity.

Edward III. succeeded to the throne, and the climax was put to the bloody history of Berwick. As if he had grown up under a continual sense of the dishonour which England, in the days of his father, had suffered from the Scotch, and with a burning desire to wash it away in blood, his iron heart burned to execute a more dreadful vengeance on that people than it had ever yet experienced. The valour of Edward III. was of the most savage kind. He was, at once, one of the most victorious and most ruthless kings that ever sat on the English throne.

His father, and his father's great antagonist, Robert Bruce, were now dead ; and Edward prepared to crush the Scottish people, or to annihilate them if they refused to bend to his yoke.

The Scotch were sensible that the reduction of Berwick would be one of the first objects of Edward's enterprise : they therefore put it into as complete a state of defence as possible. They threw into it a garrison of chosen veterans, appointed Sir William Keith the governor, and Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, keeper of the chief fortress or citadel. The King of England, full of youthful impetuosity, appeared before the walls, where he remained in person about a month ; but perceiving from the strength of the garrison and the resolute defence it made, that it would not easily be reduced, he marched forward with part of his army into Scotland. Carrying carnage and devastation in his train, he went on in this roving expedition of destruction as far as Dumbarton, and on returning, loaded with bloodshed and spoil, found, to his wrath, that the place still held out. He then changed the siege into a complete blockade, both by sea and land ; and

prepared to execute on the brave defenders acts of horror, such as should strike them with consternation and despair.

The garrison being now reduced to a scarcity of provisions, proposed to treat, which Edward complied with. The capitulation was concluded on the 15th of July, under the following conditions: That the town and castle should be delivered up to King Edward on the 20th, provided it should not be relieved by 200 men-at-arms, or by a battle. That, in this interval, a cessation of arms should take place. That, in the event of a surrender, the lives and properties of the inhabitants should be protected; and that the governor should be permitted to resort to the Scotch army to communicate the articles.

Now this Scotch army was lying before Bamborough under the Earl of Douglas, who marching to the relief of Berwick, had raised the hopes of the inhabitants to the highest pitch. It was a mighty army, every way capable of encountering that of Edward, and the people with exultation saw its approach, and looked from the walls with intense interest in the prospect of the encounter which would take place, and which they hoped would speedily liberate them from so fearful a condition as they were then in, and from so merciless a foe. How great then was their astonishment, when, instead of Douglas falling on the English, they saw him cross the Tweed, and in full view of the town proceed along the coast towards Bamborough Castle. The fact was, that Edward's queen lay in Bamborough Castle, which being deemed impregnable, had induced him to select it as a secure residence for her while he lay before Berwick. Douglas hoped by besieging his queen, to induce Edward to withdraw from before Berwick, and enable the Scotch to throw in supplies and reinforcements; but the English monarch

was too good a general to be moved from his purpose. Douglas blocked up Bamborough Castle for several days, and committed depredations in the neighbourhood, but in vain—Edward lay inflexibly still.

In the meantime the garrison, as we have seen, already reduced to a state of famine, and astonished at the apparent neglect of Douglas, entered into the capitulation we have mentioned.

Amongst the hostages delivered by the Scots for the performance of what related to them in the treaty, was the eldest son of Sir Alexander Seton, the deputy-governor, and who, as Keith the governor was gone out to the camp of Douglas, held the chief command till his return. The younger son of Seton was also a prisoner in Edward's hands, having been taken in a sally. Scarcely was Keith departed to the Scottish camp, and the post of trust confided to Seton, than a fiendish scheme suggested itself to Edward's mind. He insisted upon the instant surrender of the town, in defiance of the terms just entered into, and threatened, that if the governor refused, he would instantly hang up his two sons, the hostage and the prisoner, in front of the ramparts. This unexpected and barbarous message threw the governor into the most dreadful consternation. His feelings as a parent came into desperate conflict with his duty to his country. His honour and his affections drew him violently two ways. He remonstrated vehemently with Edward. He represented the grossness of his violation of all the laws of honour and of civilized life. All was in vain : Edward ordered a gibbet to be erected in full view of the town, and directly opposite to the governor's windows. Seton at the sight of this was distracted by the fiercest conflict of emotions that human nature can be submitted to.

The mother of these two sons, his own wife, while smitten with inexpressible anguish by the menace of their fate, suddenly started forward, and called upon him to stand firm to his honour and to his king ; and when she saw across the river the preparations actually making for the death of her sons, and beheld her husband at that dreadful spectacle again giving way, she drew him from the horrible scene, and thus saved his honour, though at the sacrifice of his children. The tyrant relentlessly put them to death !

Scarcely had this horrible catastrophe taken place, when Douglas recrossed the Tweed, and encamped at Dunse Park, Bothal or Bothville, in the face of the English army, which occupied Halidon Hill, about two miles and a quarter north-west of Berwick, and the well-known battle of that name—one of the most obstinately fought and the most bloody—was the consequence.

This high ground, fully commanding a prospect of all the approaches to the town, afforded a most advantageous position for attacking an army advancing against it on the side of Scotland. The Scots, however, not intimidated by this evident advantage, determined to engage the English on the Scotch side of the hill, with a view, as it would appear not only to secure a safe retreat, but also in case of subduing their enemies, by taking advantage of the flow of the tide when the Tweed is impassable, to render the escape of the English impracticable.

The Scotch army formed into four grand bodies. John Murray commanded the first, with Lord Andrew Fraser and his sons, Simon and James ; the second was commanded by Robert, Lord High Steward of Scotland, with the principal men of his kindred, and the Earl of Monteith ;

the third, by the Earls of Ross, Sutherland, and Strathern; and the fourth, by Lord Archibald Douglas, guardian of the kingdom of Scotland, and commander-in-chief.

The English archers, who were skilfully stationed in different parts of the hill, poured down showers of arrows on the close battalions of the Scotch troops, which made a shocking slaughter amongst them. They also suffered greatly by the rolling down of large stones from the heights, and in a short time were thrown into confusion. The English commanders perceiving this, ordered their spear-men and men-at-arms instantly to attack them, by which, being pressed while breathless and dispirited, multitudes fell victims to their relentless opponents. This forced the Scots often to retreat; but they always rallied again, and with great bravery returned to the field, firmly maintaining the conflict, till Douglas, their general, was mortally wounded by a spear, which fatal catastrophe reaching the ears of the Scotch forces, they became panic-struck, and a total rout ensued. The carnage which followed was dreadful; for the servants entrusted with the care of the horses fled, leaving behind them their masters, a prey to the devouring sword of a conquering foe. Edward, commanding in person a chosen brigade of cavalry, and archers equipped on horse-back, attended by Lord D'Arcy with his Irish troops, led on the pursuit and conducted the slaughter, so that the country for five miles round the field of battle was strewn with the carcasses of the slain. The English historians state that the Scots lost, on that fatal day, eight earls, ninety knights, four hundred esquires, and thirty-five thousand privates. Douglas, before he fell, displayed great bravery, and the place where he met his fate is yet called Douglas's Dyke. Berwick town and castle were immediately surrendered to

Edward, who remained some days there to refresh himself and army, ordered a public thanksgiving, and gave 20*l.* a year to the Cistercian nuns, near whose convent the battle was fought, together with complete reparation of all damages done to the conventual buildings.

The acts which Edward had done here were such as ought to have filled him with the deepest shame and remorse; but he seems to have been incapable of either. Berwick continued after his time to be the scene of various sieges and important historical events, down to the coming of James I. to England; but before the sanguinary splendour of Edward's transactions here, all others look pale.

I walked out of Berwick, by the Scotch Gate, to Halidon Hill. The country is bleak, and naked of wood, though now all cultivated. The hill is a high down on the right hand of the road; and from the steepness of the ascent shows us at once the great disadvantage under which the Scotch must have commenced an attack on a brave and numerous army on that commanding height. Where so many brave men lay slaughtered that day, I now found an old farmer quietly sowing his turnips, with his ploughmen and his bondagers at work with him in the field. On the brow of the hill there were yet discernible some faint traces of an encampment, but the old farmer said he had for thirty years past been levelling the mounds and filling up the trenches, which, when he first took the farm, were, he said, very plain, for it was all greensward then.

A vast extent of prospect lay all round, except on the north-east side. Below you, eastward, lay Berwick with its red roofs, its castle walls, its old bridge, and the Tweed sweeping out in a crescent to the sea; beneath the town the sea forming a fine bay, which was bounded southward by Holy Island

with its castle, and the Castle of Bamborough standing aloft, and near it the Farne Isles, and the lighthouse in which the Darlings live. A vast campaign country, through which the Tweed flows, filled nearly the whole prospect south and south-west, hemmed in by the Cheviots, with their wild knolly heights ; the hills beyond Hume Castle, and the castle itself, very conspicuous ; while northward lay a region of mountain moorlands all round by Dunse and Lammermoor.

In returning to the town I traversed its outskirts, and became aware of its former boundaries. Here were old mounds and trenches, in one place visible, in another eradicated, showing where once the ancient walls encircled the whole town. Then I approached nearer to the sea, and came to a long row of fishermen's houses, with all sorts of nets hanging out, and fish-traps lying about, with fragments of odoriferous fish, and other marine scents. I then came to an inner circle of strong and more modern walls, called Queen Elizabeth's Walls. These are all perfect, with their moats, fortifications, and drawbridges, and crowned with ramparts of earth and green turf.

The old castle stands a few hundred yards outside of these walls, but no doubt within the ancient ones. Extensive ranges of its walls yet stand above the river on the steep red-sandstone banks ; with a wall running down the declivity to the very edge of the water, and a tower at the foot of the hill, which was strongly fortified. These old walls and shattered towers which remain are crumbling with age, but show by their solid masses of masonry their former stupendous strength ; the archway under the tower by the river being fifteen yards through.

Opposite to the castle, on the other side of the river, is

still seen the place called *Hanſ-a-dyke-Nook*, where the young Setons were executed.

Berwick, besides its historical associations, has few objects that demand a particular notice in a visit. It has a remarkably fine salmon fishery, and various remnants of antiquity, more interesting to notice than to describe.



Norham Castle.

A STROLL ALONG THE BORDERS.

ONE of the greatest pleasures which I promised myself in Northumberland, and one which I most highly enjoyed, was a stroll along the Borders. History, the old ballad minstrels, with Bishop Percy and Scott in their train, have made all that district classic ground. The moors and mosses, the wild dales and defiles of the moss-troopers and the Border warriors—how are they all changed by the hand of modern industry and science! This change began to take place the moment James VI. of Scotland became James I. of

England. He gave orders to demolish every place of strength in these parts, except the habitations of the nobles and barons. Influenced by the same spirit, he reduced the garrison of Berwick to a company of a hundred men. The consequence was, that cultivation immediately took place ; the country, so often desolated by war, received new inhabitants, who brought with them, says the historian, not only flocks and herds, but also manufactures and commerce. The works effected in peace were soon distinguished. The barren wastes were put under the ploughshare ; towns and hamlets diversified the scene ; and increasing population enlivened every valley, which for ages had been marked by works of hostility. After the Union, those effects of peace were brought to the happy eminence now discovered on every hand.

Yet the plough and the shepherd have not been able to root out the marks and interest of the past. Many an old keep stands in ruin, but scarcely in decay ; a solemn memorial of historic deeds, and that amid scenes which are and must ever remain beautiful. The hills and the rivers art could not remove if it would ; and the spirit of poetry and of old renown dwells too strongly in the hearts of the inhabitants to allow them to see any landmark of past glory demolished, if it can possibly be prevented. Many an old battle-stone stands yet on its ancient site ; many a wide dark waste of heath yet lies here and there amid these regions of modern fertility, where tradition still stalks in all its ancient strength, and says, here fought the Briton and the Scot, and here the Douglas or the Percy fell. But the miseries of the past are the amusement of the present ; and while we wander on the banks of the Tweed, over the fields of Otterburne, round the walls of Norham or Hermitage ;

or trace the long descents of Redesdale and Tynedale, which ran for ages with blood, we find a strange and dreamy pleasure in all those wild remembrances which they present.

I reached the ruins of Norham Castle at an hour very much like that at which Marmion is made to appear at the same place. Nature presented the very same features; but the ruined pile could no longer boast of the proud circumstances with which the poet invested it :—

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone ;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking towers that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The scene was beautiful, but all ruinous and solitary.

The views from the ruined castle on the Tweed, which lies deep below, the village lying low also to the left, and the woods and banks of Lady-kirk beyond, are very beautiful. The stern old keep is now too ruinous to be ascended ; beneath it yawn the dark and strong dungeons, and around rise, grey and massy, those walls which, built on a lofty precipice above the river, were deemed impregnable till the invention of cannon. Sitting on one of the green heaps which now cover the ruined offices of the inner court, I reflected on the strange succession of personages and events which this now deserted hold had witnessed—Old Bishop Flambard ruined it in the twelfth century ; David I. of Scotland very soon afterwards destroyed it ; the famous Hugh Pudsey rebuilt it more strongly than ever, and raised that very tower which remains to this day. Here King

John and William the Lion of Scotland several times met; and on one occasion, through the intervention of the fair and amiable Queen Ermengard, ratified a peace.

Thrice was this castle, which was deemed almost impregnable, yet taken by the Scots; the last and most memorable time being that just before the battle of Flodden, when James V. is said to have won it by the advice of a traitor, whom he then hanged for his pains.

A capital little village inn I found a very good exchange for the ruins of Norham Castle, however poetical in themselves, and the next day marched forward through a very interesting tract. It was by Twizel Bridge and Tillmouth Chapel. The country is all along finely wooded, and the Till at Twizel Bridge runs, like so many of those northern rivers, between deep and rocky banks hung with fine woods. Here still stands the fine old bridge of one arch, which stood there in Leland's time, and over which Lord Surrey marched to Flodden. Above it, in a lofty situation, stands a huge pile, called Twizel Castle, which was built by Sir Francis Blake's father, but never finished.

At some distance on the other side of the river, you discern Sir Francis's handsome modern mansion. Below the ghostly unfinished castle, in the woods and by the river, lies St. Helen's Well, at which Scott represents the soldiers as drinking on their way to Flodden. There, too, may yet be seen the old hawthorns of Lady's Croft which he mentions. I plunged into these woods, following the course of the sullen Till, but on the opposite side, in quest of St. Cuthbert's Chapel. Here it was, down the Tweed from Melrose to where it receives this river, that the saint's corpse sailed in its boat of stone, and for some time was deposited in a chapel built there to receive it. When he pursued his

miraculous travels, which finally terminated at the mount of Durham, the stone boat-coffin was left here.

From the village of Cornhill I walked about three miles over the plain, to see the once strong Border castle of Wark, to which Bishop Percy represents his hero Bertram to have been conveyed after the disastrous proof of his lady's 'helm':—

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.

Wark's fair castle, however, proved to be now only a heap of stones standing in the midst of a village of farm labourers' cottages. Yet many stirring actions have taken place here, especially in the days of John and the Edwards, but the most remarkable circumstance is, that the Order of the Garter may be said to have originated here. Wark, in the reign of Edward III. was the property of the Earl of Salisbury, and the countess was besieged here by David Bruce, when the king, hastening to the relief of the place, became so much struck with the person and manners of the countess, as to commence that amour which led to the establishment of this order. It is impossible to conceive how a once proud castle should have now completely vanished, or been converted into a mere mound, and the warlike post become the most peaceful of agricultural hamlets.

A characteristic of these lands is the large quantity of gulls and other sea-birds which you see following the ploughmen, as you observe rooks elsewhere. It is singular to see their white wings flashing all around the ploughmen and the bondagers—their attendants by hundreds all the country over. A sort of black-headed gull, or tern, builds here too,

by thousands. At a place between Cornhill and Ford Castle--I think Pallinsburn Hall—it was amazing to see the myriads which were crowding about the old ponds in the woods. On some little islands, and on the tufts of sedge that grew in the shallows, they had built their nests in multitudes and kept up the most ceaseless and extraordinary clamour.

Passing Etal Castle, anciently the seat of the family of Manners, from which the present Duke of Rutland descends, but now the property of Lord Fitzclarence, a son of



Ford Castle.

William IV., I arrived at Ford Castle, celebrated for its connection with the battle of Flodden Field, which is said to have become so disastrous to the Scottish king through his stay here. By assaulting and taking Ford Castle, according to Drummond, James lost his crown and life; for it was here that he found and became enamoured of the fascinating Lady Heron, so well described in 'Marmion.' It was drawing towards evening as I entered its court, and looked round on its old towers and battlements, and felt how full of solemn feudality it was. It stands on a fair slope of more than a mile in ascent, and above and below and around it are high,

wild, craggy hills, and fine woods ; while westward lie in full view the green range of the Flodden downs, with the battle-hill in the centre, covered with dark fir-trees. To the south-west, at the distance of a dozen miles, the scene is bounded by the range of the Cheviots, giving magnificent views as they continually change their aspects with the weather.

Within, the house has quite the fashion and air of the old English mansion, and possesses that capital piece of old furniture, an old housekeeper who has spent the greater portion of her life in it, and is a part of it, bound up and living on it, its history, and its interests. Under her guidance I progressed through it, and found in the dining-room, portraits of Lord Delaval reading – a man of a philosophical and refined look ; Lady Delaval, also reading in an old book ; Miss Rhoda, who died young ; Lady Audley and Lady Tyrconnel ; Mrs. Cawthorn and Mrs. Fenton, as children ; Miss Susan Delaval, who died young ; Master Delaval in a red suit. This was the only son of Lord Delaval, who died when he was within a month of being of age, and to whose memory the mausoleum at Seaton-Delaval was built. Besides these were two Delavals in flowing wigs ; and an Admiral Delaval, with musket and bayonet, leading his troops to the assault of Cape Barfleur.

Here, too, one wonders how and why, are full-lengths of Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, the father and mother of Lady Noel Byron. Sir Ralph is reading, with a bust of some Greek or Roman philosopher before him. Lady Milbanke is a most interesting looking lady, much like Lady Byron in figure, draped in red with a green scarf ; before her a Cupid playing with a dolphin. There is a prince of Bohemia, and a child holding a pen in his hand, while a monkey pulls

at his skirts. This child, the old woman said, became a great warrior.

In Lady Delaval's dressing-room are two nice old cabinets, inlaid with pearl. In the breakfast-room are small likenesses of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, copies of those at Alnwick ; Duke and Duchess of Cumberland ; the sister of Lord Delaval, other Delavals, and old views of the castle.

In the drawing-room we have Lord and Lady Delaval again, young ; and two fine large cattle pieces by some good master. In the closet is a set of miniatures : Lady Tyrconnel in a curious hat and feathers, small and high-crowned ; in a riding-habit, with light curling hair lying on her shoulders ; a great clear muslin handkerchief on her neck and bosom ; and of a light complexion, with eyes full of life and fun. There is no wonder that she was thought very handsome and fascinating. Lord Tyrconnel appears in the costume of George III.'s time, with a ruddy and unintellectual face. Two children are beside them, much like the mother. The son, Lord Carlingford, died young, the daughter became Marchioness of Waterford, and mother of the present marquis. Lord Delaval and a lady with a hat tied on, said to be Miss Hicks, the mistress of Lord Delaval. A profile of Lady Delaval, with very fine features.

There is a large old gallery which contains a variety of paintings : Young lions at play ; a large hunting piece—Cutting open the Boar. Copies from some of the Cartoons. Portrait of a maniac—a melancholy girl. View of Seaton-Delaval. A fine painting called the Fair Diana, who sits with a spear in her hand, while a youth holds one foot as if he had been washing it ; and a Cupid discerned behind as if calculating mischief ;—with other pieces. In several

upper rooms we have Lord Delaval and others of the family in their acting costumes ; with other things of no merit.

A long stretch over level fields which seemed to grow before me to an infinite distance, at length brought me to Wooler. This little town has nothing particular in itself, but lies in a fine neighbourhood, which is full of the history and poetry of the past. About a mile on the west of it lies the little hamlet of Humbleton, or Homildon, where Earl Percy and his son Hotspur gave 10,000 Scots under Douglas a terrible overthrow, on Holyrood Day 1402, and where, so dreadful was the carnage, that the lands gained the name of Redrigs, which they yet retain. A stone pillar still marks the spot. But this battle, disastrous as it was to the Scots, proved not less so, eventually, for the Percys. It was from his refusal to give up his prisoners taken here that Hotspur was led into the rebellion which ended in his death at Shrewsbury, and in that of his father at Bramham.

But the grand features of the neighbourhood of Wooler are the Cheviot mountains. Here you are in the scene of the celebrated ballad of 'Chevy-Chase.' The ballad is founded, not on any battle actually fought in these hills, but avowedly, in the old version, on the battle of Otterburne. The power of poetry, and the many skirmishes which the Percy and the Douglas had in this neighbourhood, have invested the valleys of the Cheviots forever with the charm of this fine old martial lay. These hills are exactly in the position to become the scene of such contentions. They are partly in England and partly in Scotland. They were anciently afforested, and the resort of vast herds of deer. At present the valleys, watered with beautiful and rapid streams and scattered with trees, afford a delightful summer day's

resort to the Rambler. For those who love to trace the remains of antiquity, the Cheviots present several ruins, and traces of various British camps and Druidical circles, especially one on that fine mountain, called from its slope the Yeaving Bell. The mountains are green to the summits, and covered with sheep. The shepherds, whose huts are hidden in the different valleys, are a very intelligent race of men; and if any one wishes for a splendid view, let him climb to the summit of the main mountain, and gaze far into Scotland on the one hand, and England on the other.

Mounting the coach at Wooler, with a pleasant companion, I passed the two great stones called Percy's Leap, that are said to mark the distance which Sir Ralph Percy sprung when mortally wounded at the battle of Hedgely Moor in 1463, fighting for Henry VI., against the partisans of Edward IV.; and a little farther, on the opposite side of the road, Percy's Cross, which marks the spot where he died, exclaiming, 'I have saved the bird within my breast'—meaning that he had obeyed his conscience in his fidelity to his unfortunate king. I passed also the great dreary moor of Kimside, and being set down at Weldon Bridge, prepared to explore my way upwards through Coquet Dale, again towards the Borders, from which the great hills of the Cheviots had thrust me away.

This route from Weldon Bridge to Elsdon crosses unquestionably one of the most wild and yet interesting tracts which I traversed in the North, the Coquet winding rapidly along lovely meadows, while above me, ever and anon, rose wild bleak hills, or long ranges of precipice, and before me soared the huge distant bulk of Simonside.

The first object up this valley is the celebrated Priory of

Brinkburn, which, both for lovely retirement of situation and architectural beauty, is worthy of all its fame. It lies to the left of the road, on the brink of the Coquet, which here winds deep beneath steep banks and overhanging woods.



Brinkburn Priory.

You have to enter by the lodge gates into the private grounds of Colonel Cadogan, in which it stands, and indeed so near to his modern house, that you feel it like an intrusion to approach it.

With this single but serious drawback of the modern

house jostling away the congenial retirement of the ruin, it is a lovely spot and a lovely thing. The first peep at it is beautifully striking. A new road appears to have been cut through a rock, so that at once you come up to the northern side of the nave. First you see a tall grey pinnacle standing up amid the trees. Then the lofty wall of the nave, with its round-headed windows. Then to your left, reveals itself the high and square tower of the lantern with the walls of the transepts and chancel, and their tall narrow windows. You see through the windows the lofty clustered shafts of the transepts and the north aisle, and get various peeps at brackets on which have formerly stood images. Below, and full opposite to you, is a fine old Saxon doorway leading to the north aisle. This doorway has a quadruple arch, and the inner arch is encircled with beak-work down to the very ground.

The mixture of round and pointed arches in this beautiful fabric shows that it was reared when the Saxon style was still enwoven with the newer Norman, and accords with the alleged date of Henry I. Over each door is a lofty tricusped arch ; and in the chancel the east window has crossed mullions. It has only one aisle, the north, and on the south there is stall-work.

But the profound solitude of the situation, broken yet only by the proprietor's house, must always have added a great charm to this fine pile of ancient architecture. So thick were the woods formerly around it, that there is a tradition in Northumberland, that they obscured the rays of the sun at noon, and made it extremely difficult to discern the Priory. It is said that a party of Scottish Borderers endeavoured in vain to find it until the canons, supposing they had retreated, rang the bell, on which, noting the direction of

the sound, they cut a way through the wood, entered the monastery while the monks were at prayers, and, after pillaging the holy fabric, set it on fire with all its appendages.

ROTHBURY.

I took up my quarters for the night at the 'Three Moons' at Rothbury—a spot once so fierce and uncivilized that no man would pass through it, or indeed up the valley, that could help it. Such adepts were the inhabitants in the art of thieving that they could twist a cow's horn, or mark a horse, so that its owners could not know it again; and so subtle that no vigilance could guard against them.

It was into this place and neighbourhood that Bernard Gilpin, amongst other neglected places, used annually to come. Here he would stay several days, endeavouring to civilize and Christianize the lawless population. It was on one of these occasions that two hostile parties, happening both to come to church, could not there bear each other's presence without their blood rising into fury. They clashed their weapons in the very midst of the congregation, and rushed towards each other. Gilpin called on them to respect the sacredness of the place. For a moment the tumult somewhat ceased; but as he proceeded, they again brandished their swords and javelins, and once more sprang forward. Gilpin seeing the fray at hand, descended hastily from the pulpit, threw himself between them, put an end to the conflict for the time, and then ascending the pulpit once more, so plied them with the arguments of reason and religion that they became ashamed of their conduct, and promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country.

Rothbury stands in the midst of an amphitheatre of wild stony hills in the valley of the Coquet, and with a fine stretch of green meadows descending to the river. On the opposite side of the stream rises a steep and verdant bank, on which stands what is called Winton Tower, now the wealthy



Gilpin in the Church

parsonage. As I set out in the morning, I could not help admiring the whole surrounding scene—the farms and fields carrying cultivation up the broad slopes of the rocky hills, and all below fresh and sweet as a May morning though now the 7th of June : while the place itself brought to my recollection the general characteristics of a small Scotch or

Border town—marks which must have struck all who have been in such places. A few rows of low sturdy stone houses, with small sturdy windows, the jambs of stone. The houses thatched or covered with stone slates all black and dingy together. Streets hobbly with stones sticking up, which originally were thrown there, but never broken. The roads up through their hills all the same, just like walking on the tops of palisades. A good large ash-heap here and there, and plenty of old women and old sows. It a fishing village, creels, trunk nets, and other fish-traps by their doors. Other nets spread open to dry ; blue woollen jackets and trousers pinned up by the arms for the same purpose ; and rows of haddocks on a stick thrust through their gills hung in front of the houses, also drying ; while below, on their ash-heaps, are plenty of decaying cod's heads, broken starfish, and other relics of their trade.

My way up the valley to Elsdon and Otterburne became every step wilder, and to me therefore more attractive. It was a glorious day, at once sunny and breezy. The way laid along the foot of the high craggy fells on the one hand, here and there stretching out into cultivated uplands ; and on the other side of the valley rose the stern and dark mountains of Simonside. When about half-way—it was twelve miles—the roads became very bad indeed. I reached the crossing of the Coquet ; and here the wooden bridge was gone, some scattered fragments on the banks only testifying to its past existence.

I still advanced, as a farm-house was not far off on the other side, and the track led me to a row of stepping-stones, which evidently formed the people's way over, but were by no means a tempting way, for the water flowed with great violence over them. I had to cross and re-cross with the

windings of the stream, the valley becoming more solitary wild, and desolate.

About two-thirds of the way I came to an old park, which occupies the bottom of the valley and the sides of the hills for a large compass ; its old grey walls running over the black stony fells, and through the thick copses which fill the hollows. Its old gates, with large stone gate-posts, peeped out close to me unawares, amongst the alders in the bottom of the vale up which I was advancing, and deer and black cattle showed themselves on the distant slopes.

The place is most wild and solitary. Here and there, when you mount the road which passes over a vast hill skirt-ing the park, you can see a brown thatched hut standing in the open parts of the valley ; and on the high, partly cultivated slopes, the huts of shepherds and small farm-steads.

It was at an old peel, or tower, above this park that the old woman lived whom Winter murdered, and for which murder, most curiously discovered, he was afterwards gibbeted on Whiskersields Common, on the other side of Elsdén.

From Elsdén, not only remarkable for this transaction, but for being an old Roman station, and for, at present, being distinguished by a singular green mount called the Mote-Hill, about which antiquarians have had many conjectures, and by a quaint old tower of the Umfravilles, now the residence of Archdeacon Singleton, I betook myself to Otterburne for the night.

Otterburne is a name familiar as a household word to every lover of the ballad poetry of his nation. The battle of Otterburne, the greatest and most desperately fought, and the one attended with the most chivalric circumstances of

all that fell between the Douglas and the Percy, seems to have fired the spirits of the old minstrels to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm and of consequent success. Not only the two ballads under that name—one given by Percy in the ‘*Reliques*,’ and the other by Scott in the ‘*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,’ each fine in their kind—but the grand old ballad of ‘*Chevy-Chase*’ sprung out of this fervour of admiration. Scott himself is said to have kindled up into an expression of great animation when he has begun to repeat this ballad :—

It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When husbandmen do win their hap,
Earl Douglas is to the English wood,
And a’ with him to fetch a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays light,
With them the gallant Gordons gay,
The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
And Sir Hugh the Montgomery, upon a gray.

They have harried Northumberland,
And sac have they Bambro’s shire ;
The Otterdale, they have burned it hail,
And set it a’ in a blaze o’ fire.

The Earl Percy had sent his two sons, Ralph and Henry, afterwards so well known under the name of Hotspur, to resist this incursion of the Scots ; and in a skirmish Douglas took a pennon from Hotspur, when fighting hand to hand, and said tauntingly, ‘This will I carry into Scotland, and plant it on my castle of Dalkeith in token of the Percy’s prowess.’ ‘That,’ exclaimed Hotspur ‘Earl Douglas, thou never shalt ! Thou shalt not even bear it out of Northumberland.’ Accordingly, the Scots having retreated towards their own country with their booty, had arrived within sixteen miles of the Border, and staying to

assault the Castle of Otterburne, were there overtaken by Hotspur and his army. Froissart has given a very animated and full description of this battle, the main facts of which were these : Hotspur came upon the Scottish camp suddenly by night, and fell on it with great fury, crying, 'A Percy ! a Percy !' but having made the assault on the quarter belonging to the common men, it gave some time to the knights and men-at-arms to equip themselves, when they rushed forth crying, 'A Douglas ! a Douglas !' The Earl



Chevy-Chase.

himself forgetting, or not waiting, to put on his helm, ran forth with bare head, but with a ponderous mace in his hands, with which he struck down all before him, but was at length overpowered and slain. Hotspur and his brother Ralph were made prisoners, and Hotspur was carried by his captor, Lord Montgomery, into Scotland, where he built the castle of Polnoon for his ransom, now belonging to the Earl of Eglinton. The battle was fought on the 15th of August 1388. The minstrels and the historians all differ amongst

themselves respecting the forces brought into action on both sides.

There is no particular beauty or interest about the place exclusive of the fame of this action. Wide, wild moors and bleak hills appear around, apparently more convenient for the frays of Border warfare than they have shown themselves capable of modern improvement. A stone near the road side marks the spot where Douglas fell ; the body of the warrior itself being carried to Melrose.

Redesdale, up which I passed to Carter-Gate, the toll-bar where you enter Scotland, is also more famous for the daring and predatory character of its former inhabitants than for any very romantic features. It is wild and moorland. Near the Carter-Gate, and on the left hand before you arrive there, you see the Redswire, the scene of another Border skirmish, well known to all the readers of the *Minstrelsy*. It lies on the slope of the great range of the Carter Fell, and the fray arose out of a dispute between the Wardens of the Marches, Sir John Carmichael for the Scotch, and Sir John Forster for the English, who were met with their men to settle the usual complaints on the Borders.

One of the most striking views in the north country is that which burst on me at the Carter-Gate. It is the first view that you get of Scotland after descending out of Redesdale to the Ridge of the Carter Fell ; and a strange and impressive scene it must have been to our countrymen in former ages, when they came hither as invaders and assailants. To my right was the great back of Cheviot, with the multitudinous summits of his lesser attendants ; the Kurch, a chain of singular height, its green ridges running nearly in a direct line from the Cheviots towards me ; far to the right the hills of Dunse ; nearer and in the direct view

before me, the triple rounded summits of the Eildon Hills, near to the left, the long, high, and mottled ridge of Ruberslaw; and all to the left, southwards, the Ettrick and other mountains.

By the directions of the men at the Carter-Gate, I steered my way over the wide moorlands to the left, in order to make a shorter cut to the toll-bar at the head of Liddesdale, which has the singular name of the Nott-of-the-Gate. The country people being at work on the moors, cutting and piling their peats for fuel, I was enabled pretty well to proceed in the right direction. I followed a stream which I learned was the Ravenburn, and kept in view a hill called the Dodhead. Yet I soon found it one of the most solitary and trackless regions I ever was in. The curlews and pewits rose and soared round me in numbers, accompanying me the whole way with their melancholy cries. A long wade through deep heather—a single shepherd going his round barefoot, and a woman or two looking out from a lonely hut. as I passed, where perhaps no stranger is seen twice in a life—and I found myself on—Dandie Dinmont's Farm!

Yes! I was now at the head of Liddesdale, once the grand retreat of Border thieves—the land of the Armstrongs and Elliots—and on the very ground which supplied Scott with the prototype of one of the most genuine rough diamonds of humanity which his own or any works have presented to public admiration. The farm-house lies on the Jedburgh road, not far from the Nott-of-the-Gate. It is called Hindley Farm. James Davidson was the hearty fellow's name, whose character was so well known, and so exactly touched off by Scott, that everybody immediately recognised it, and he bore the name as if it were really his own. It was believed or asserted that another person was originally

intended for Dandie Dinmont by Scott, but the character so exactly fitted James Davidson that it was at once and by everybody applied, and much to the annoyance of his family, who it seems had not the discernment to perceive at once the high honour of this distinction. There could be no mistake about the matter ; for the honest, generous heart—the rough-and-ready hospitality—the broad racy humour—the otter-hunting and fishing—and the pepper and mustard dogs, were not likely to be all found together in the possession of many men at once. But Dandie and his family, his Peppers and his Mustards, are all vanished, not only from this farm, now occupied by a Mr. Pringle, but from the North ; and as we are not likely to meet with such men every day in our rambles, it was a satisfaction to me even to see the spot where such a noble specimen of rustic nature had lived ; to walk over his farm, and follow for some distance the windings of his rocky and rapid stream, where his little Peppers and Mustards had kept a sharp look out for the lurking otter.

HERMITAGE CASTLE.

The most interesting place in Liddesdale unquestionably is Hermitage Castle. History and tradition, and its present state, as well as the beauty of its situation, all combine to make it so. It was at one time the property of the Soulis family. William Lord Soulis, the most famous of the name, forfeited his great possessions by entering into a conspiracy to wrest the throne from Robert Bruce—Soulis being of royal descent. It is tradition, however, which has invested this nobleman with his widest and most awful fame, and which to this day makes the peasant shudder, and

look with fearful eyes on the old castle, where the power of his spells is yet supposed to remain.

Lord Soulis was, in reality, on the proof and confession of his treasonable design, confined for life in Dumbarton Castle, and all his estates were forfeited ; but tradition has given him a very different and more horrible fate. His character and fate cannot be better related than they are by Scott :—

‘ Local tradition, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of the chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering ; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruel avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event in life in a great measure to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery ? Thus he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer ; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland. For which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal ; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate that the Scottish king, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners : ‘ Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him.’ Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission, which they accomplished, by boiling him on the Nine-Stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been preserved at Skelf-Hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and Hermitage.

Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the king to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration, but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The Castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground, and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conference with the evil spirits is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that demon to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look, for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow, inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled or stripped of its bark when drawn back.'

The castle became the property of the Douglasses, and afterwards of the Earls of Bothwell. It was during this period that the notorious earl of that name, being severely wounded by a desperate freebooter, the Queen of Scots hearing of his mischance, rode from Jedburgh to this castle to visit him and back in an October day, the whole distance thither and back being little short of fifty miles. She must at this period have entertained the fatal passion for that nobleman which led to such melancholy results. It was at the narrow risk of her life that she performed this journey, and perhaps it would have been better both for herself and her subjects had she then terminated her career. Crossing the moorlands between Hawick and Hermitage, her white palfrey foundered in a morass, out of which it was with

difficulty that steed and rider were extricated, and on the following morning her great exertions, and probably anxiety of mind, brought on a violent fever, which threatened her life.

I was told that this castle was not worth visiting, but I found it quite the contrary. It stands about five miles off the highway from Carlisle to Jedburgh ; and nothing could give you a more vivid idea of the old Border castle. It is situated in a pleasant valley, surrounded by high, green, but still somewhat distant hills. The Hermitage Water, as it is called, is a lovely mountain stream running over its bed of rock, overhung with fine old alders with massy branches, and leaves then green as with earliest spring.

The castle stands upon the north side of the river, upon a strip of level land between the stream and a low range of hills. It is a square grey mass, and seen from whatever point of view shows well against the bulk of the mountains beyond. Like many of the old keeps, it seems to have trusted to its own strength, and to the bogs and wildernesses around it, rather than to the strength of immediate position. It has, east and west, a tall portal, at which, when you arrive, you find no entrance, but a blank wall built within ; as if the object of the builder had been to attract the persons approaching to them, when they would find instead of a gate, various loopholes and an open space above, whence arrows and stones could be cast down with tremendous effect. Indeed, on all sides of the tower are slits and small windows, and round holes with the large stones through which they are cut scooped outward in such a manner that an arrow could be sent far aslant. In fact, it would not be possible to approach the castle in any direction without arrows being shot at you by those unseen within.

Beyond the keep, which is well moated, lies, about a hundred yards off, the burial-ground, where the ruins of the ancient chapel may yet be traced. Beyond the burial-ground there seems to have been another ground or building, fenced and moated in, and some fortifications seem to have run up the hill opposite to the chapel, and down in the direction



Death of the Cout of Keildar

of the castle moat. There are headstones of Armstrongs, Telfers, and others, of as recent a date as 1834. But the most remarkable monument is the gigantic grave of the Cout of Keildar, marked by two rude stones, one at the head and one at the foot. The story of the Cout's death is one of the most interesting in the history of the warlock Lord Soulis. The Cout was chief of Keildar, a place in the

mountains just on the other side of the Border. He was a fine fellow, the very antipodes of Soulis. He was young, brave, generous ; and what particularly recommended him to popular esteem was his being the enemy of Soulis. He was called the Cout, it is said, from his strength and agility being as that of a colt. Dr. Leyden has written one of his best ballads on the death of the Cout of Keildar. He is invited to dine with Lord Soulis. His wife warns him against going ; and the Brown Man of the Moors being invoked, appears and prognosticates evil. Still the Cout goes, trusting to his armour of proof and to his charmed weapons.

In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree ;
And my casque of sand by a mermaid's hand
Was formed beneath the sea.

But as they sit at table, enchantment fixes to their seats all the Cout's men. He alone bursts forth, and is pursued by the warriors of Soulis. Their weapons have no effect on his armour, but stumbling as he escapes across the river, they hold him down with their spears, till he is drowned in a pool just below the castle, still called the Cout's Linn.

The holly floated to the tide,
And the leaf of the rowan pale ;
Alas ! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keildar's course
Along the lily lee ;
But home came **never** hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

Within, the whole construction and strength of the castle well accord with its outward appearance, and with the character of its former master. There is the dungeon where

the prisoners were immured ; a cage so safe that no captive could possibly escape from it, except the castle was taken by his friends. To arrive at it you must mount up by a ladder, for there is neither door nor window below, and then descend into it from above by means of another ladder. It is enclosed in walls so thick and massy that despair must have been the only sensation of those who descended into it. This is the room which the people believe is closed by the keys given to the spirit Redcap by Lord Soulis when he went away, and that therefore no mortal can find the door of it.

In the kitchen, the place is still seen where the great copper stood, in which they boiled beef for the troop of hungry hunters or reivers ; and an old stone mortar in which, when besieged, they could pound their corn. There is also the well, as usual, within the walls of the building—a necessary provision for time of beleaguerment. The heads of arches on the outside, just peeping out of the ground, and in one place a bracket where an image has stood, show that the earth has accumulated round the castle in the course of ages, and has thus no doubt given rise to the superstitious belief of the people of its having sunk partly into the earth with the weight of the warlock's sins.

There is a beautiful, but solemn, solitude about the place, which in winter, and by night, must give a feeling of awe to those who have been brought up amid the terrors of its traditions ; but in summer and in broad day, nature assumes her authority, and love and light-heartedness find the banks of the Hermitage Water beautiful as ever.

This castle, as all this district, belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch. It is kept locked up, to prevent depredations. In order to obtain the key, you have to call on the duke's

agent at Newlands, about a mile before you reach the castle. From him I learnt, to my great satisfaction, that the annual Liddesdale games for both Scotch and English Borderers were to take place the next day at Newcastle-town, a few miles farther down the dale. These games have been revived or encouraged by the Duke of Buccleuch ; and his brother, Lord John Scott, was to be there to witness them. This was an opportunity not to be lost ; and accordingly the next day I took my way towards the meadow where were to be celebrated these

ANNUAL BORDER GAMES.

They were to commence at twelve o'clock ; and as I went towards the appointed spot, numbers of the young people were streaming thitherward from all quarters. It was an excellent opportunity to see the muster of the Border youths from both sides ; and a finer or more healthy race need not be seen. I found a ring in the centre of a meadow marked out with stakes and a rope. There were several hundred young people of both sexes already on the ground and the number every moment was receiving fresh accessions. There were also booths raised on one side of the field for refreshments ; and many a shepherd from the hills, wrapped in his plaid, and with a face that wore the hue and hardness of resistance to a thousand storms, was waiting with impatience the commencement of these contests, in which he had once won glory, and for which his sons or village neighbours were now to strive.

It was interesting to me to recollect that some years ago Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was one of the most active participants in these scenes. He was generally an umpire, and

full of the spirit of the contest. It was equally interesting to hear the names of those called over, and to see them step into the ring : the Robsons, Scotts, Daags, Elliots, and Armstrongs ; all names that any one acquainted with the North would assign with the utmost ease to their respective districts. There was a Leyden from Denholm, the very neighbourhood of Dr. Leyden, and a branch of the same family. For strength and activity he appeared almost as remarkable as his celebrated relative was for the grasp of his mind and memory.

The first game was that of flinging the hammer—a sledge hammer weighing fourteen pounds. This ponderous and monstrous weapon was flung to and fro, till acquiring the full sweep of the athlete's arm, it was swung away to perhaps a distance of a dozen yards or more. It appeared a most dangerous machine, for as it was swung to and fro it was difficult to calculate exactly in what direction it would be discharged, and even the most accustomed spectators might, by the unskilfulness of the thrower, or by an accidental slip, be surprised by its coming their way ; and if it struck, it would probably kill. It was impossible to witness its discharge without anxiety : on more than one occasion the people were obliged to run ; and in one case it reached a flyer from the crowd, and gave him an awkward blow with the handle. Leyden was the victor.

The heavy ball was next thrown. This weighed twenty-three pounds. The principal contenders were Leyden, Scott of Newcastle-town, Robson of Emmethaugh, and Matthew Daag of Wauchope. Scott was the victor. Then followed the throwing of the light ball, or one of nine pounds only, the combatants being the same, and Matthew Daag the victor. Then came leaping, which was contested chiefly by

Little of Denholm, a remarkably light and nimble fellow, Robson of Emmethaugh, a Douglas, and a Rutherford. Then the single leap, the competitors the same ; and then the high leap over a bar.

In all these feats of leaping, Little of Denholm carried off the prizes with the utmost ease. The candidates stripped to their shirts and drawers, and leapt in their stockings on the grassy turf of the meadow. The leaping, as well as the throwing, appeared to me admirable ; but all the old men said, 'O, it's nothing to what we've seen ! Our dalesmen have degenerated somehow of late years.' These men, it must be understood, were not only from Liddesdale and the neighbouring parts of Scotland, but also from Tynedale, Redesdale and other places in Northumberland. The last species of leaping, however, was to me a total novelty, and so performed as made me utterly deaf to all talk of degeneracy. This was what they call the Hitch-and-Kick. A pole was brought, and set down in the centre of the ring. On it was placed a strong sliding wire, standing out horizontally about a foot from the pole, and having a large ring at the end, as if for the reception of a lamp. Instead of a lamp, however, upon this ring was laid a sort of drum-head of parchment, or small tambourine. The wire was slid down the pole to the distance of six feet from the ground. The thing required of the contenders was to take a short run, give a little hop, or what they call a hitch, then spring up, and with the same foot from which they spring kick off the tambourine, alight again on the same foot, and give another little hop or hitch. If they failed in any one of these particulars they failed altogether. The leaping in this case was the finest gymnastic practice I ever saw. The manner in which they flung themselves up into the air, and kicked away

the tambourine at six feet from the ground, recovering themselves and giving the necessary hitch before they put the other foot to the ground, was splendid.

Next came on the wrestling. As this is one of the exercises for which the North is famous, no less than two-and-thirty pairs were found to have entered themselves, and their precedence in entering the ring was decided by lot. There were men here from Cumberland, which particularly prides itself on its wrestling. Matthew Daag and Robert Mitchell Hill were the first drawn, and I watched with interest the proceedings of these northern wrestlers, so opposite to the practice of the men of the West of England. There, they stand at arm's length, trying by all the art they can to lay hold one of the other, and preventing the getting a hold by all possible vigilance. A hold once gained, be it only with the thumb and finger, by the jacket sleeve, they speedily close, and then comes the tug of war. But here, advancing at once, they lay their heads on each other's right shoulders, plant their chests firmly together, and throw their arms round each other.

When, at length, one or both finds that he has got a good clasp of his antagonist's waist, and low enough, the contest is decided in a moment. They strain each other with a boa-constrictor compression, and one of them, almost before you are aware that they have got hold, is lifted from his feet and laid on his back.

I watched several rounds between Robert Newton of Falstone in Tynedale and Robert Rutledge ; John Blair of Sowport Mill and Scott of Newcastle-town ; Andrew Scott and a man of Bewcastle ; and one or two more, and then I left the ground, as the remainder of the matches were likely to occupy the greater part of the day. As I took a farewell

glance at the group, I was more struck than when in the midst of it with its Border-like character. The mixture of colour in the costume—the English dress and the Tartan. Shepherds in their plaids, having about them the look of their out-of-door life ; and others with beards, rough heads, and plaid caps, that reminded one for all the world of the old race of reivers—the Dicks o' the Cou. and Jocks o' the Side, that formerly gloried in their cunning, and their defiance of all danger and effeminacy. Tough as badgers, hard as door-nails, and reckless as the storms that blow over the Liddesdale Hills.

The wrestling is succeeded by foot-races, and the whole is wound up by a steeple-chase, in which a whole troop scour away, dash through the river Liddel, and hold on up the opposite hills over stock and stone to a certain distant object, for a specific prize. This is said to occasion more fun and laughter than all the rest of the games. My time however did not allow me to wait to witness it ; and as I withdrew through the meadows I came to the remains of a strong square keep, just one of those small but sturdy peels which stood on the Borders, and in which one wonders how the freebooters when pursued could manage to camp themselves, with their horses and cattle. I asked what this had been—and it was Mangertoun—the chief residence and original seat of the Armstrongs ! I did not see it before, but now it came clearly upon me in all its appropriateness, why the Border Games had been held in this meadow. It was the classic ground of Liddesdale !—the chief head-quarters for many an age of the once great proprietors and leaders of this noted portion of the Border. Johnny Armstrong's tower at Gilnockie was but an offset from and subsequent affair to this ; this was the centre, round which all the moss-

trooping interest of the whole surrounding district had gathered ; it was Mangertoun of the Armstrongs ! When looking at it, and admiring into what a small heap this once formidable residence of a formidable race had shrunk, one could not help feeling that after all the Armstrongs had been harshly used.

I quitted the old tower of Mangertoun, thinking that nothing inspired a feeling of finer melancholy for this last faint trace of a once powerful family than the first of the only two remaining verses of Armstrong's ' Good-Night ' itself—

This night is my departing night,
For here nae longer must I stay ;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes me away.

KEILDAR CASTLE.

I now hastened back over the Borders into Northumberland. My course was over high, green mountains, without track and without tree. The moorcocks rose noisily from the grass around me as I went on ; the sheep fled like wild deer as I approached ; and far and wide nothing could be seen but green and naked hills. So lonely, so pathless was the whole region, that had the Brown Man of the Moor started up, I should scarcely have felt it stranger than seemed the whole unusual scenery about me. My directions from a countryman, however, were to steer south over these hills till I saw a great patch of black woods lying in the midst of these green and silent mountains.

At length I caught sight of the grey battlements of the castle, and entered the open gates of its court with some caution, lest, as a stranger at that time of night, I might be set upon by some large dogs. I now heard the merry sound

of bagpipes within, and approaching a door whence a light came—for nobody was in the court-yard, nor could I see a bell—I discerned a large kitchen, with a famous peat fire, and before it a woman with a child on her knees. This was Mrs. Daag, the wife of the Duke of Northumberland's head keeper here, and mistress of the house. I explained to her that I wished to visit the scene of the ancient abode of the Cout of Keildar, and that I was afraid that I must petition for a night's lodging, as I understood that there was no inn within eleven miles. Mrs. Daag, who was a tall and intelligent-looking woman, looked rather strange at this proposition, but said that she was expecting her husband every moment from the Liddesdale Games, and she had no doubt he would accede to my request. She then asked me to sit down, and begged to know my name. Presently, two young men entered, who seemed well acquainted with books; and we sate, most unexpectedly to me, talking of literature, and the legends and history of the Border, till twelve o'clock. Mr. Daag did not appear, and I felt a reluctance in retiring to rest in a man's house without seeing him, after having walked into it in so unceremonious a manner; but my new friends thought he possibly would not come, and so there was no alternative. The first thing which I saw on looking out of my window the next morning, was a man in front of the castle, with one child on his shoulder, another on his arm, and two or three pulling at the skirts of his coat. When I came down, he hastened to me, gave me a hearty shake of the hand, a hearty welcome to his house, and to breakfast, which was waiting. He was fond of hares, of hunting, and all field sports; was full of the games where he had been the day before as an umpire, and where he used often to clear off the prizes himself in running and leaping.

This hearty and genuine specimen of Northumberland worth and sense insisted on accompanying me down the valley to some distance when I set out—attended by his dogs, amongst which was one of the real Dandie Dinmont breed—pointing out the beauties of the situation of the castle, amid its birch woods, on its pleasant brae, and surrounded by its green and lonely hills.

My course now, long and interesting in itself—down the north vale of Tyne, once so famous for its martial tribes, by Falstone, Charlton, the seat of the Charltons, one of the oldest and formerly most numerous and powerful families of Tynedale; Bellingham, Chipchase, and other places, full of historical and present picturesque effect, but not of such variety of detail as to claim separate notice—brought me to the Roman Wall at Chesters, above Hexham; where, after pacing its still visible foundations, entering one of the old towers yet remaining, and now occupied by an old woman and her spinning-wheel, I dropped down to Hexham, surveyed its antique church, and thence to Dilston, where I beg leave to turn over my readers to the account of that beautiful and highly interesting place, and of its former unfortunate possessors, drawn up for me by Mrs. Grey, the lady of John Grey, Esq., of Dilston Hall itself. Mrs. Grey has had access to original papers, and has here presented the only good account yet given of the share which the Earl of Derwentwater had in the rebellion of 1715.



VISIT TO DILSTON HALL.

DILSTON, the ancient seat of the Earls of Derwentwater, is beautifully situated on an eminence, within a mile of the river Tyne, at its confluence with the 'Devil's Water,' three miles east of Hexham, and eighteen west of Newcastle. Dilston is a corruption of Devilstone, and was originally the residence of the family of that name. William, son of Aluric, was Lord of Devylstone in the reign of Henry I.

The ruins of the tower still remain but the mansion-house, which was erected in 1616, by Francis, the first earl, was allowed to fall into decay after the execution of the unfortunate James Earl of Derwentwater and the confiscation of his estates, and in 1768 was completely removed.

The situation of Dilston Hall and its surrounding

scenery is highly picturesque. The stream called the Devil's Water encircles two sides of the proud knoll on which the house stood.

The terrace on which the house was placed rises nearly a hundred feet above the bed of the rivulet, and commands an extensive view over a highly cultivated plain, through which flows the river Tyne. The park was at one time very extensive. The 'Deer park,' on the opposite side of the rivulet, was approached by a bridge of one handsome arch, which is still entire ; and the remains of terraced drives and rides may yet be traced in the adjoining woods ; nearer the mansion, the ground was laid out in courts and gardens. An avenue of noble chestnut-trees still exists ; broad walks, once gravelled, and extending in the form of a cross from the western entrance of the mansion, may be easily traced. A slightly hollowed space in the centre marks the site of a fountain ; while the squares between the limbs of the cross seem to have been laid out in variously shaped flower-beds ; but now no flowers, excepting a few wild roses, remain for the imagination to dwell upon.

The high wall of the orchard was only removed a few years ago ; and some of the fruit trees to which it gave support are still standing. One of these, a venerable apple-tree, was blown down by the hurricane in January 1839 ; and even in its prostrate condition continues to blossom and bear fruit ; and may 'seem to a fanciful view' an appropriate emblem of its unfortunate owner, whose benevolence and amiable qualities are still held in lively estimation amid the scenes of his early life.

The mansion, erected in 1616, occupied three sides of a square, enclosing a handsome court, paved with black limestone, in the middle of which was a fountain, supplied with

water brought in pipes from a hill at a considerable distance ; but now

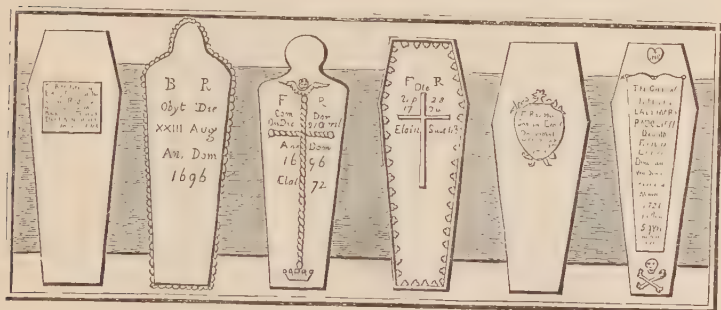
The fountain's stream is choked and dry,

and the only part of a once noble edifice which remains is the old tower, two or three apartments of which are still distinguishable.

The vault of the adjoining chapel was opened in 1805,¹ by desire of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, in order to ascertain whether the Earl of Derwentwater's head was buried with the body, which had been doubted. The body, which was found to be deposited in several coffins, was embalmed, and the head lying by it, with the marks of the axe clearly discernible. The hair was quite perfect ; the features regular, and wearing the appearance of youth, and the shroud but little decayed. On this occasion, a sufficient guard was not kept over the vault ; for many of the country people got access ; and a blacksmith in the neighbourhood extracted several of the earl's teeth, which he sold for half-a-crown apiece, and which, like other relics, multiplied exceedingly with the demand for them, some scores of teeth having been sold as genuine. Three years ago, in consequence of the accidental loosening of some of the stones, Mr. Grey was induced again to open and inspect the vault. On this occasion, no one was permitted to enter but the members of our own family, one of whom made the accompanying plan of the coffins as they are situated in the vault, the decorations, and the inscriptions they bear. They are all of lead ; the outer coffins having now decayed, with the exception of that of the last earl, of which the sides, nails, and gilt ornaments are in tolerable preservation. The earl's

¹ *Tyne Mercury* newspaper for 1805. Surtees, in his *History of Durham*, says 1807.

coffin was not reopened ; but a square leaden box, which before appears to have been overlooked, was discovered, nearly buried in dust, below the coffin, in which, on part of the lid being opened, the heart, &c. were found to have been deposited. It was removed to a safer position, and the entrance of the cemetery again sealed. Two low brick walls are built across the vault, to support the coffins and keep them from the earthy floor, in which bodies at one time must have been deposited, the *débris* bearing clearly the marks of 'human mould.' Adjoining the chapel is an ancient



gateway, which led into the Fountain Court, facing the principal entrance of the mansion. The initials F. R. (Francis Radcliffe) and J. R. (James Radcliffe), and the date 1616, are quite perfect.

The family of Derwentwater is of ancient and honourable descent. They are supposed to have had their origin from the Radclyffes of the county of Lancaster, who for some ages bore the title of Earl of Sussex, and were highly distinguished in the state. But the earliest authentic record is derived from a genealogical chart copied from the Heralds' Office, now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society in

Newcastle.¹ In it we find 'Sir Edward Radclyffe of Cartington Tower, Northumberland, Lord of Dilston, Knight Banneret, jure uxoris—High Sherrieff of Northumberland, 17th Henry VII. Knight of the Body to King Henry VIII.' Sir Francis Radclyffe was the first of the family who was advanced to the dignity of the peerage. His wish was to have revived the title of Earl of Sussex, for in articles (of which a MS. copy still exists), dated May 1672, preliminary to a marriage between his son and Lady Charlotta, a



Dilston Hall Gateway

daughter of Charles II. and the Duchess of Cleveland, the last article runs thus : 'When the estate is thus settled, and the young people are married with years of consent, the king to confer the title of Earl of Sussex upon Sir Francis and his heirs male.' The proposed match, however, did not take place. And previous to the marriage of Edward Radclyffe, son of Sir Francis, to Lady Mary Tudor, a daughter of Charles by Mrs. Davis, Mr. Lennard married

¹ For a sight of this, and several valuable pamphlets, I am indebted to the kindness of John Adamson, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

another daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland, and the title of Earl of Sussex was conferred upon him. Sir Francis was therefore created Earl of Derwentwater the year after¹ his son's union with Lady Mary Tudor, which took place in August 1687, when the lady was scarcely fourteen years of age. The following is a copy of an original letter (in the office at Dilston) from Sir Francis to his second son :—

'Ffrank.—I am extreemly well satisfied with what you have don in order to his Maistie's command. I confess I thought myselfe obliged to use my utmost indeavours for the Ladie's conversion, or at least hir promiss of it before marriage, but seeing his Maiestie is of another mind, I doe most humbly acquiess, knowing that non is more tender in that point than his sacred Maiestie, whom Heaven preserve.' (He gives the rental of his estates as 5033*l.*, to be settled upon the marriage) 'according to my proposalls to his Maiestie,' (Out of this he states) 'My Sonne is to make choyse of 2000*l.* per ann. present mentenance, wher he pleaseth, onlie Dilston excepted.' (From this sum the lady was to have 400*l.* a year) 'for cloaths, if desyrd.'

Francis, the first earl, died in 1697, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried at Dilston. He was succeeded in the earldom and estates by his son Edward, who had married Lady Mary Tudor. Edward died in 1705.

In 1706 his widow married a second husband, and he dying within the year, she was in 1707 led to the altar for the third time !

Earl Edward left three sons : James, 'the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater ;' Francis, who died unmarried ; and Charles who after a life of adventure, was beheaded in 1746. James, third Earl of Derwentwater, was born June 28, 1689, and succeeded to his father's extensive estates and immense wealth in his seventeenth year. He was educated at St. Germain's, along with the Pretender ; a circumstance that gave rise to an intimate friendship between them, and,

¹ 4th March—seventh year of James II.

cemented by his alliance with the blood-royal through his mother, issued in that attachment to the House of Stuart which induced him to take part in the unhappy rebellion for which he suffered. After his return from abroad he resided chiefly at Dilston, in the exercise of almost princely hospitality. He was regarded with affectionate veneration by men of every rank, and was in the habit of visiting the cottages upon his estates, that his own eye might discover, and his own hand relieve, the wants and distresses of the poor. He is described to have been rather under the middle size, slender and active, with a countenance handsome, prepossessing, and indicative of a mild benignity of disposition.

The following extract from a letter, written soon after his return home, by Dr. Radcliffe, founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, gives attestation to this character :—

These, To Sir Wm. Swinburne at Capheaton.

'My Lord Derwentwater, his brother, and Mr. Fenwick, are come safe from Holland and are very well—we shall drink your health together this night. My Lord intends to be with you very speedily in the country. I do not doubt but you will extremely like his conversation ; for he has a great many extraordinary good qualities, and I do not doubt he will be as well beloved as his uncle.'

A letter from Sir William Swinburne may also be added, as illustrative of his life at this period :—

'To my Lady Swinburne at Capheaton—These.

'Dear love ! My Lord Derwentwater is very well pleased with Dilston, and says it answers all that he has heard of it ; but he is resolved to build a new House, though Rodger Fenwick told him he thought his Lordship need not alter a stone of it. Upon thursday my Lord dines at Dilston. * * * My Lord's leg is a little troublesome, but he intends to hunt the Fox to-morrow, and it is the rule all to be abed at ten o'clock the night before. * * * My Lord killed a *squirrel* (squirrel) and Sir Marmaduke a pheasant or two, and myself one, this morning.'

In 1712 the Earl of Derwentwater married Anna Maria,

eldest daughter of Sir John Webb, of Canford in Dorsetshire, soon after which he wrote as follows :—

'To Lady Swinburne Junr. of Capheaton.

Katherope, July 13th, 1712.

Dear Cousen !—I was married to my great content in every respect on thursday last. My dear wife, her father and mother charme me more and more every day. I could wish with all my heart you were a witness of my happiness, and that I had your opinion upon my choise, which if approv'd of by soe good a judge would double my pleasure, and augment the obligations ever due to your Ladyshippe from your humble and obedient servant

DARWENTWATER.'

It was thought that Lord Derwentwater did not enter into the rebellion of 1715 so heartily as was expected, for he might doubtless have brought into the field a much greater force. His large estates, the great numbers of men employed in his lead mines on Alston Moor, his interest among the Catholic gentry, and above all, his popularity in the county, could not have failed to procure him many hundreds of followers had he been zealous in the cause. It is generally known that the rebellion commenced in the eastern part of Scotland, about the end of August 1715, under the auspices of the Earl of Mar, the Marquis of Tullibardane, Lord Breadalbane, and others. Measures had also been concerted by the Pretender's friends in London, and by them communicated to the Catholic gentry in Northumberland who were friendly to the House of Stuart, and preparations were made to enable them to appear in arms upon the first warning. It was considered unsafe to employ the usual mode of carrying on so important a correspondence, and therefore there were (says Patten) several gentlemen from sundry parts of the kingdom riding from place to place as travellers, pretending a curiosity to view the country, and thereby carrying intelligence, discoursing with persons, and settling and appointing their

business. All these rid like gentlemen with servants, and were armed with swords and pistols, and they kept always moving till things ripened for action. The ministry of that day, knowing the earl's powerful interest in Northumberland, were aware that his taking up arms against Government would be the signal for a large party to join him ; they therefore issued a warrant for the apprehension of himself and his brother Charles ; but the design being known at the Secretary of State's office, one of the clerks, from affection for his Lordship, communicated the secret to his friends in London, who immediately gave him warning of messengers having been despatched to secure his person. Lord Derwentwater was in consequence obliged to quit his home, and take refuge in the cottage of a humble but faithful retainer of his family. Desirous, however, of an interview with his wife and child, he stole secretly into his own residence, when Lady Derwentwater reproached him with some asperity, saying, 'It was not fitting that the Earl of Derwentwater should continue to hide his head in hovels from the light of day, when the gentry were up in arms for the cause of their rightful sovereign ;' moreover, so history saith, 'she at the same time threw down her fan, indignantly exclaiming, "Take that, and give your sword to me!"' Her reproaches decided him at once to risk his fate with the rebels ; and without waiting to muster a larger troop, he ordered every man and horse about the castle to be in immediate readiness—even the coach-horses were put in requisition for the occasion—and assembling his small company in the court-yard, he commanded them to draw their swords and follow him. At this juncture Mr. Forster, a Protestant gentleman of Northumberland who had been chosen general of the rebel forces, requested all who were

well affected to the cause to muster their followers and meet him at a place called Greenrigg, on October 6, 1715. About twenty gentlemen had already repaired to the rendezvous, and then proceeded to the top of a hill called the Waterfalls, from whence they could reconnoitre the approach of either friend or foe; and presently they perceived the Earl of Derwentwater and his troop advancing to join them. When the whole party was assembled, it was found to consist of about sixty horse, most of whom were gentlemen, and their attendants. Amongst them was Charles Radcliffe, Lord Derwentwater's youngest brother, who was then in his twenty-second year; he was a youth of spirit and courage, bold and daring even to rashness, and appearing to set no value upon his life where honour might be won or service performed. This intrepidity rendered him a favourite with the rebel chiefs; and although he had never been in the army, induced the earl to appoint him captain of his troop. The party proceeded northwards to the river Coquet, where they were joined by a number of friends, and then went on to Warkworth, a small town on the sea-coast, their numbers increasing on the way. Here Mr. Forster, in disguise, proclaimed the Pretender in the streets as King James III.—Warkworth being the first place in England where that ceremony was performed. On the 10th of October they came to Morpeth, where they were joined by sixty Scots horse, by which their number was increased to 300. The next attempt was to attack Newcastle, and Charles Radcliffe, by his brother's orders, seized the post at Felton Bridge without opposition, 'for as yet nobody did oppose them.' Their designs upon Newcastle were frustrated by the alacrity with which the inhabitants prepared to defend the town, and the rebels turned aside to Hexham—'an ancient town famous

for its privileges and immunities, and its once stately but now ruined cathedral, formerly for many years a bishop's seat, of whom three were canonized.'¹

From this place they were led, few of them knowing whither, to a large heath or moor adjoining Dilston, and there they halted, waiting for an opportunity to surprise Newcastle ; but, as Patten observes, 'Newcastle is not a place to be entered as an open village, but has an old and very strong stone wall about it, and very good gates.' And upon this occasion the townspeople '*walled up the gates with stone and lime, very strong,*' in case of any attempt. But General Carpenter having arrived there in pursuit of the rebels, the insurgents again retired to Hexham, where they proclaimed the Pretender, nailing the proclamation to the Market-cross, where it was allowed to remain several days after they had left the town. General Carpenter continuing his pursuit, a council of war was held ; Mr. Radcliffe proposing to commence an attack before the king's troops should recover from the fatigues of their march ; but the other officers objected to it, because most of their men were raw and inexperienced, while those of General Carpenter were well disciplined ; they therefore proceeded to join the Scots forces headed by Lords Kenmure, Nithsdale, Carnwath, and others, and together entered Scotland, where they were assured of a large body of adherents. On the horse arriving at Jedburgh, they learnt that General Carpenter had attacked their foot, who were considerably in the rear. This threw them into consternation, and Charles Radcliffe, mounting his horse, called on 'all those who had any courage' to mount and follow him. Some gallant spirits obeyed his voice, and galloped to the relief of their friends: the alarm proved

¹ Patten.

false, so they returned, says Patten, 'worse frightened than hurt.' From Jedburgh they marched to Hawick, and at a house belonging to the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Derwentwater, his brother, and other chiefs were hospitably entertained.

While lying at Hawick, the Highlanders who had joined the rebels became disaffected, refusing to march into England, and having separated from the rest of the army, they retired to a rising ground, and resting on their arms declared their determination not to stir a step further, but to fall back upon the west of Scotland and join the clans there, or to offer their assistance to the Earl of Mar, in attacking the Duke of Argyle's party. While this humour lasted, they would allow no one to speak to them but the Earl of Wintoun, who had worked upon their ignorance with the assurance that if they entered England they would assuredly be all cut in pieces, or sold as slaves. The English troops, on the contrary, were resolved to march into England. Lord Derwentwater and his brother alone took part with the Highlanders, being of opinion that they would be better able to serve the cause in which they were embarked by joining the army in Scotland, than by continuing their route to England, where it was uncertain what assistance they might obtain, many of their friends there being men of fortune, and having too large an interest at stake to embark in the affair without strong assurance of success. Lord Derwentwater conceived it the wiser policy to strike a bold stroke in Scotland, and endeavour to complete the conquest of that country, which would enable them to raise a powerful army and march upon England with an overwhelming force, possessing, at the same time, resources for supplies, and a place of retreat in case of any disaster. Whereas in England, should they be defeated, the cause would be ruined, having

no means of retrieving the misfortune. The leaders having refused to listen to this prudent counsel, Charles Radcliffe begged for only an hundred horse, that with them he might take his fortune along with the Highlanders. This also was refused, lest it should weaken their forces. At last, after many consultations, the Highlanders consented to remain with the army so long as it should remain in Scotland, but on no account to cross the Tweed. After moving for some time from place to place, the English leaders became impatient, and announced the receipt of letters from Lancashire, which they said contained assurances that upon appearing there they might command a reinforcement of 20,000 men. Whether they ever received such assurances is doubtful, but they urged the advantages of the measure with such vehemence as to bear down all opposition. Lord Derwentwater continued strongly to protest against it, as certain to end in their ruin, which the unfortunate event too fully proved.

The Highlanders having separated from them, the army proceeded by rapid marches into Lancashire, and after various adventures arrived at Preston on November 10, where a number of Papist gentlemen and their retainers joined the ranks. An alarm being given that the king's forces were about to attack the place, the rebels prepared for a resolute defence; they quitted the town, posting themselves in a lane which commanded the bridge of the Ribble, a place easily defended, for 'the lane is indeed very deep, and so narrow that in several places two men cannot ride abreast.' By some unfortunate oversight, the rebels abandoned this advantageous post, and took up their position in the churchyard at Preston, under the command of the Earl of Derwentwater, Charles Radcliffe, and some others. Both the brothers displayed great bravery, animating their men with words and

example, and maintaining their ground with a resolution which obliged the king's troops to give way. The earl is said to have stripped to his waistcoat, that he might be less encumbered in the fight, and to have given the soldiers money to induce them to cast up trenches and make a vigorous defence. 'He ordered Mr. Patten to bring him constantly an account from all quarters how the attack went, and where succours were wanted, which Mr. Patten did till his horse was shot under him.' But being encompassed on all sides, his bravery was of no avail, and he was obliged, with the rest of the rebel army, to submit to a capitulation. Mr. Charles Radcliffe, however, with his usual intrepidity, declared 'he would rather die sword in hand, like a man of honour, than yield to be dragged like a felon to the gallows, there to be hanged like a dog.'¹ After this defeat, many of the prisoners of inferior rank were shot; but the leaders were brought to London, the Earl of Derwentwater being committed to the Tower along with the other nobles, and Charles Radcliffe and the rest of the gentry to Newgate. Having lain in the Tower till the 9th of February 1716, Lord Derwentwater was carried to Westminster Hall for trial, and the articles of impeachment having been read, he pleaded guilty, and was allowed till the 19th to prepare his answer. In his defence he pleads his youth and inexperience, and declares that 'he rashly, and without premeditation, engaged in the affair;'² that the truth of this was evinced by his having no preparation of 'horses, arms, or other warlike accoutrements;' that he took the first opportunity of submitting to the king's mercy, and was solicitous to prevent any further destruction to his Majesty's

¹ *Memoir*, 1746.

² *Proceedings in Parliament*, published by order of the House of Peers, 1716.

subjects but rather induce them to submit ; and concludes with relying on his Majesty's clemency and goodness, which will lay him under the highest obligations of duty and affection to his Majesty. In spite of these arguments, however, he was condemned to suffer death in its most horrible form, with all the aggravated tortures which the cruel temper of the times permitted. His sentence was afterwards mitigated, and orders were given that he should be beheaded and his body given up to his friends.

Great interest was made with the Court and both Houses of Parliament on behalf of the earl. His countess, attended by her sister the Duchess of Cleveland, and several other ladies of rank, were, by the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans, introduced into the king's bed-chamber, where she implored his clemency for her unfortunate husband. His Majesty's reply having been unfavourable, she went on the 21st into the lobby of the House of Lords to beg their intercession, but here also her petition was disregarded. The next day she went to Westminster with a numerous attendance, to petition both Houses of Parliament. The Duke of Richmond, a near relative of the earl, consented to present her petition, yet voted against it. The House appeared inclined to show clemency, but decided to leave the case to his Majesty, which at once determined the fate of this unfortunate nobleman ; for so resolute was the king in his intention of making an example of the leaders of this rebellion, that those who ventured to speak in their favour drew down upon themselves his marked displeasure. The same evening orders were given for the execution on the following morning. At daybreak on the 23rd of February several detachments of Guards were stationed on Tower Hill ; and at ten o'clock Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure were conveyed in a hackney

coach from the Tower to the Transport-office on Tower Hill, where a room hung with black was prepared for them ; from this room a railed gallery, clothed with the same mournful drapery, led to the scaffold. Lord Derwentwater was first conducted to the fatal spot. He was observed to look pale, but his behaviour was resolute and serious. He requested to be allowed to read a paper he had drawn up, which was granted. This address is not in accordance with his former declaration at his trial, for in it he asserts—‘I never owned any other than King James the Third for my lawful sovereign, having had an inclination to serve him from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had to his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy ; and though he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being thereto bound by the laws of God and man.’¹ After reading the paper from which the above is an extract, he turned to the block, and examining it closely, he found a rough place, which he desired the executioner to chip off, ‘lest it might offend his neck ;’ he then fitted his head to the block, telling the executioner that upon his repeating for the third time the sentence, ‘Lord Jesu receive my spirit,’ he was to perform his office, which was done by severing the head from the body at one stroke. The evening before his death, Lord Derwentwater sent for Mr. Rome, an undertaker, to speak to him about his funeral, and requested that a silver plate might be put upon his coffin, with an inscription importing that ‘he died a sacrifice to his lawful sovereign ;’ but Mr. Rome scrupling to comply with this, he was dismissed. This was the reason why

¹ *Proceedings in Parliament against James Earl of Derwentwater*, 1716.

no hearse was provided for his body at his execution ; his head was merely taken up by one of his own servants and put into a clean handkerchief, and the body being wrapped in black cloth, they were both conveyed to the Tower. The remains were subsequently said to have been buried at St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, London. Whether a sham funeral took place, or they were afterwards disinterred, is not known ; but it is certain that they were carried into Northumberland, and deposited in the family vault at Dilston. During her lord's imprisonment Lady Derwentwater rented the house at Dagnam Park near Romford, and not far from Thorndon, Lord Petre's residence ; the chapel was fitted up with oak in the Catholic style, and in it Lord Derwentwater's body rested till it could be conveyed to Dilston ; and a story was propagated that his ghost walked in the adjoining gallery. There was, some years ago, in the almshouse at Ingateston (founded by Lord Petre's family) an old woman who had frequently heard from her mother (what indeed was otherwise known) that she assisted in sewing on the head.¹ At Thorndon there is an oaken chest, with an inscription in brass, engraved by Lady Derwentwater's orders, containing Lord Derwentwater's dress which he wore on the scaffold—coat, waistcoat, and breeches of black velvet ; stockings that rolled over the knee ; a wig of very fair hair, that fell down on each side of the breast ; a part of his shirt, the neck having been cut away ; the black serge that covered the scaffold ; and also a piece which covered the block, stiff with blood, and with the marks of the cut of the axe in it.

¹ This does not agree with the account of the head having been found detached, but is given on the authority of a letter from Mr. Howard of Cowley Castle.—*Surtees' History of Durham*.

The impression made by Lord Derwentwater's fate was deep and painful in proportion as his early promise had been great, and the apparent cruelty of his execution led to his being esteemed in the light of a martyr : handkerchiefs steeped in his blood were preserved as sacred relics ; and when the mansion-house was demolished amid the regrets of the neighbourhood, there was great difficulty in obtaining hands to assist in a work of destruction which was considered almost sacrilegious. The ignorant peasantry too were not slow to receive the superstitious stories that were propagated ; and often has the wandering rustic beside the winter's hearth listened to the fearful tale—of how the spouts of Dilston Hall ran blood ; and the very corn which was in the act of being ground came from the mill tinged with a sanguine hue on the day the earl was beheaded. The *aurora borealis* was observed to flash with unwonted brilliancy on that fatal night—an omen, it was said, of Heaven's wrath ; and to this day many of the country people know that meteor only by the name of ' Lord Derwentwater's lights.'

At the time the earl joined the rebels, he sent all the family title-deeds to the same cottage which had afforded him a place of refuge. Here they remained hid under a bed till removed to Sir William Swinburne's at Capheaton, where they were concealed between two walls behind a chimney. A slater in the neighbourhood, who was a rigid Presbyterian, when engaged in some repairs discovered the place of concealment, and saw the chests with the Derwentwater arms upon them. He gave information to Sir William Middleton, who in 1745, being deputy for the Duke of Somerset when he searched Capheaton for arms, was observed to measure particularly the space between the windows, both externally and internally, and on discovering the spot described in the in-

formation, he caused the wall to be broken into, and found the records deposited there. These were seized and carried to London, and are now at Greenwich Hospital. Prior to this, Government lost some trials, in consequence of not being able to produce all the title-deeds. Lord Derwentwater's only son died in France, at the age of nineteen, *it is said*, in consequence of his horse having taken fright and dashed through a doorway with him, by which he was so much injured as to cause his death. His daughter Anna Maria, born in 1716, after her father's death married Lord Petre—1732. Lady Derwentwater died of small-pox at the age of thirty, and was buried at Louvaine. The fate of Charles Radcliffe, though protracted to a later period, was no less disastrous than that of his brother. He was arraigned at Westminster for high treason, May 8, 1716, to which he pleaded not guilty ; but having little to say in his own defence he was found guilty. A few days after, he (with eleven other rebel chiefs) was taken to Westminster to have sentence of death passed upon them. On the way thither, when the coach which conveyed Mr. Radcliffe was going along Fleet Street, his Majesty George I. happened to be passing with his retinue on his route to Hanover for the first time since his accession to the throne. 'This obliged Mr. Radcliffe's coach to stop, which happening opposite a distiller's shop (the third door on the right hand towards Temple Bar), he called for half-a-pint of aniseed, which he and his fellow prisoner drank, and then proceeded to Westminster, where sentence of death was pronounced upon them.' He was several times respited, and might in the end have been pardoned ; but fearing to trust to so uncertain an event, he determined to effect his escape, in which he with several others at length succeeded. On the day appointed for the purpose

the rebel chiefs gave a grand entertainment to their friends in a room called the Castle, situated at the upper part of the prison. Mr. Radcliffe was dressed in a suit of black, and when the party were in the height of their merriment, observing a little door in the corner of the room open, he went out followed by thirteen of the rebels. The passage from this door led to the debtor's side, where the turnkey, ignorant of their persons, and supposing them to be strangers who had come to visit the prisoners, let them out. Having got clear of Newgate, he escaped to France in a packet-boat, and lived there in a state of great indigence till the Pretender being obliged to quit the French dominions, Mr. Radcliffe followed him, and subsisted on a pension allowed him by that prince. After remaining with the Pretender for some time, he returned to Paris, where, in 1724, he married Lady Charlotte Mary Livingstone, Countess of Newburgh in her own right, widow of Thomas Clifford, Esq., son of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. In 1733 he visited England, and resided publicly in Pall-Mall ; but so long as he gave no disturbance to the Government, it was not thought expedient to molest him. In 1735 he again came to England, and endeavoured, though without success, to obtain a pardon. At last in 1745, when the rebellion was revived in Scotland, this restless and ardent spirit was again roused to action, and with his son, accompanied by several Scotch and Irish officers, embarked for Scotland on board the *Esperance* privateer. They were pursued by a man-of-war and taken, and the prisoners lodged in the Tower. His son, when captured, was supposed to be the youngest son of the Pretender ; but the mistake being discovered, he was sent to France in exchange ; for having been born in France, he could not be considered a traitor to the King of England. On Novem-

ber 20, 1745, Charles Radcliffe was again carried under a strong guard to Westminster, to be arraigned under the former charge of high treason. On this occasion he endeavoured to perplex the Court as to his identity, contending that he was not Charles Radcliffe, but Count de Derwentwater, a subject of the French king. The trial was therefore deferred till witnesses could be procured who could swear to his person. One —, 'close shaver' to Newgate, deposed to having operated on the individual before him as Charles Radcliffe at the time he shaved the prisoners taken at the battle of Preston. Three witnesses were also brought from Northumberland, who had not seen him for thirty years ; one of these had been his schoolfellow at Corbridge, a village near Dilston. These persons recognised him by a scar on his face, the effect of a wound he had received when a boy, playing in a blacksmith's shop at Dilston, and watching the forging of a horse's shoe, a piece of iron flew off and struck his face. Tradition says that not one of the three persons who thus received the ' price of blood ' died a natural death ; one of them fell off his horse dead on the road, near Dilston, not far from the spot where his unlucky companion received the fatal *mark*. On December 8, 1745, thirty years after his first sentence, and at the age of fifty-three, Charles Radcliffe was executed on Tower Hill. He came upon the scaffold dressed in a scarlet suit, faced with black velvet ; gold laced waistcoat, scarlet breeches, white silk stockings, and a white feather round his hat. ' He conducted himself,' says Chambers, ' throughout the dreadful scene with a manly courage and proud bearing, which seemed to indicate that he held the malice of his enemies and the stroke of death in equal scorn.' After his execution his body was conveyed to the Nag's Head, Gray's Inn Lane,

from whence it was removed in the dead of night to a house in Red Lion Square, and afterwards to St. Giles' in-the-Fields, and notwithstanding the secrecy with which the funeral was conducted, a mob was collected, who rose to oppose his burial on account of his being a Roman Catholic.

The Derwentwater estates were confiscated to Government after the execution of James in 1716, and were held by trustees until 1735, when they were conferred upon that noble and truly national institution, the Royal Hospital for Seamen, at Greenwich.



Dilston Hall Chapel

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL,

Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
 My fathers' ancient seat ;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.
 Farewell each kindly well-known face,
 My heart has held so dear ;
 My tenants now must leave their lands,
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn gray ;
No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
The lav'rock's wake the day :—
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Foster ever true—
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu !

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down ;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our king has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my Lady dear,
Ill, ill thou councill'dst me ;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee !

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed
That carried me aye so free ;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
Last time I mounted thee,
The warning bell now bids me cease ;
My trouble's nearly o'er ;
Yon sun that rises from the sea,
Shall rise on me no more !

Albeit that here, in London Tower,
It is my fate to die,—
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my fathers' grave to lie.
There chant my solemn requiem,
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My fathers' ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

WITHDRAWN





